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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 22, 1965

Vol. 33, No. 17

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WORTH REPORTING

AFTER reading about Rufus the Rhino in our August 11 and August 18 issues a reader wrote to us about Hermione — a baby hippo.

The reader, Miss J. Cornell, of Urrbrae, S.A., told us that at a party in the London flat of Armand and Michaela Denis, well-known for their "On Safari" TV films, they invited her to "come and see our baby."

"I was taken into the bathroom and there, happily sitting in the bathtub was Hermione, a baby hippo," Miss Cornell said.

"She was still being fed from a baby's bottle and seemed quite happy despite her strange surroundings. Apparently orphaned and too helpless to be left in Africa, Hermione had been adopted by Armand and Michaela."

Because Hermione was only a baby she deserved a certain amount of fuss, but she had to contend with other occupants of Mr. and Mrs. Denis's flat—a gibbon monkey, a bilingual parrot, a baby lion cub, and the landlord's cat.

"The parrot was a large, evil-eyed bird with an incredible vocabulary," said Miss Cornell. "It spoke English and French with a South American accent."

"Armand and Michaela Denis are amazing. They have the knack of making each creature they adopt feel comfortable in its foster home."

"They are devoted to all animals — even reptiles."

On location Armand and Michaela Denis rear orphaned creatures as well as film write and study the habits of wild creatures in different countries.

Of the party in London, Miss Cornell said: "A more delightful couple I have yet to meet, and the charming informality of the evening was unique!"

★ ★ ★
IMAGINE the consternation of the British tour courier whose suitcase disappeared from Ostend railway station and turned up weeks later after a return trip to Moscow.

He can't sleep wondering how it got through the Iron Curtain by itself.

OUR COVER

• Modern maternity fashions have flattering lines: this white lace party dress is threaded with blue ribbon at the midriff and sleeves. The dress is available (in pink and blue lace, too) in stores throughout Australia; sizes XSSW to W. For more Australian-made maternity fashions see pages 24 and 25.

Tapestry pictures

OUR recent article on ways to make money at home prompted Mrs. Rose R. Smith, of Wahroonga, N.S.W., to tell us about her tapestry pictures.



• Mrs. Smith

Partially crippled by arthritis, Mrs. Smith, 84, works the tapestry patterns to keep her hands supple.

She donates them to charities, which have raffled her work for as much as £103/15/- each.

"They've brought in just over £1000 to the charities," Mrs. Smith said.

She also gives her tapestries to her six children, 13 grandchildren, and 19 great-grandchildren.

One very special design, "Linden House," Parramatta, N.S.W., was raffled to help the fund restore the house.

"Linden House" was built in 1828 by one of Mrs. Smith's grand-aunts, who used it as her residence at the girls' college she founded at Parramatta.

Bouquets to architect

ARCHITECT E. J. Whitehead designed Australia's largest shopping centre, the nearly completed Roselands, in Sydney, but at the recent Press tour of the Grace Bros. project he demurred when introduced as "our brilliant architect."

"I'm not brilliant at all;

I'm just a boy trying to get on," he said.

Mr. Whitehead conceived the idea for the £26,000,000 multi-level shopping complex in 1962 "sitting in the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago when it was too snowy to go out and do anything else."

(Asked on the Press too what feature in the under-one-roof centre pleased him most, Mr. Whitehead answered obliquely, "I don't see, or am not conscious of something I don't like — even people.")

Recently an American colleague sent him a cutting from a New York newspaper that proposed just such a shopping centre and suggested it could be built within the next seven years.

Mr. Whitehead sent a letter to the newspaper: "Come to Australia and see it being done today!"

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said: "I wonder if you are as guilty as I over the waste of food. In the old days, a family could live on what we throw out now. I'll bet today you throw things out of the fridge that would have made a nice stew or hash. And how many times have you thrown out a half loaf of bread because it was slightly stale — and the next day bought a fresh loaf to make a seasoning for a chicken? When you think of the starving people in this world of ours, doesn't it give you a guilty feeling?"

Mamma's moral: Never waste the household scraps. Open the window and let the neighbors hear them.



• Armand and Michaela Denis ... a hippopotamus in the bathtub.



HAPPY WEDDING PARTY gathered round Jill and Phillip, now Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, when they signed the register after their wedding at St. Stephen's Church of England, Gardenvale. From left, maid of honor April Hanlon (Tommy Hanlon's daughter), matron of honor Mrs. Graham Evans, of Sydney, the bridegroom and bride, best man Frank Wilson, and Tommy Hanlon, who gave the bride away.

JILL WARWICK'S WEDDING DAY

Pictures by Lea Gorrie

● Jill Warwick, the girl responsible for hundreds of other people appearing on TV, stepped into the spotlight herself when she married Phillip Robinson.

GTV9 newsreel cameras were in the front rank of the many waiting to welcome popular "It Could Be You" and "Take the Hint" researcher and personality girl as she arrived at St. Stephen's Church of England, Gardenvale (Melbourne), for her five o'clock wedding.

And, true to tradition, Jill confessed she was as nervous as any of her proteges as she walked up the aisle on the arm of Tommy Hanlon, who gave her away.

"I was in a complete daze until I saw Phillip waiting for me. Then, everything was wonderful," she said.

By Berenice Craig

At first Jill and former Sydney sales executive Phillip, who recently joined the staff of GTV9 sponsor Kevin Dennis, thought they would just slip away and be married very quietly.

They reckoned without the enthusiasm of friends and workmates.

Many of these braved the rain to cheer Jill and Phillip as they left the church.

The reception was held at the Park Royal Motel.

Welcoming the 70 guests were Jill's mother, Mrs. Eileen Watkinson, and Phillip's father, Mr. P. A. Robinson, of Sydney, who flew to Melbourne.

"Take The Hint" compere Frank Wilson was Phillip's best man and Myke Dyer (producer of ICBY and production executive of TTH) and Bill Beames (director of both shows) acted as ushers.

To Jill's regret, her godfather, Mr. R. J. McArthur, of Melbourne, who has acted as her guardian since the death of her father when she was very small, was not well enough to attend. She and Phillip had a special, quiet luncheon with him the week before. ("Warwick," incidentally, was a name Jill adopted.)

Among the wedding guests were GTV9 General Manager, Mr. Nigel Dick, and Mrs. Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Rod Kinnear, and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pearce.

BRIDE Jill Warwick with TV's Tommy Hanlon, who gave her away when she married Phillip Robinson.



A SON seriously injured in a traffic accident, a daughter who died suddenly, aged seven, then actress Patricia Neal, three months pregnant, last February suffered a massive brain haemorrhage. But she fought her way back to life with undiminished courage—and had her child, a daughter named Lucy (pictured below), last month—as this story by her husband, writer Roald Dahl, reveals . . .

My DWife, Patricia Neal

The story of her struggle for life by her husband, Roald Dahl



WHEN PAT goes off to play in a movie, we all go with her. This happens only once a year, which is just right. Twice would be too much. It would uproot the family and disorganise the children's schooling.

But to get away once in every twelve months, to pack one's bags and shut the house and fly off to another country for a few weeks, is a very pleasant thing to be able to do.

Last year we went to Honolulu for Otto Preminger's film "In Harm's Way."

This year it was to be California, for "Seven Women," directed by John Ford, the old master himself.

The film was to be made during February and March, and it would be splendid, we all thought, to be away from England during those icy months, and to return home in the middle of April when the daffodils were out and the warmer winds were coming in from the west.

We flew to Los Angeles toward the end of January and settled ourselves down in a pleasant house we had borrowed from our friend Martin Ritt, who directed Pat in "Hud" when she won the Oscar.

Dashed off to studio

There were seven of us—Pat and myself, Tessa, 8, Theo, 4½, Ophelia, 9 months, our nurse, Sheena, 23, and Angela, 22. Angela had offered to do the cooking in exchange for the ride.

Pat entered Tessa in the nearest primary school and found a nursery school for Theo.

Then she dashed off to the studio for the usual dress fittings, sessions with the hairdresser, and talks with the director.

It seemed as though shooting would begin any moment.

But it didn't. And all through those first 14 days of February Pat hung around waiting and waiting, becoming more and more anxious every day.

She had good reason to

be anxious, too, for although nobody knew it except her and me and her obstetrician in England, she was already nearly three months pregnant.

"Do you realise," she said to me, "that I'm going

to be nearly five months pregnant by the time they're shooting the last scenes of this film?"

"You'll never make it," I said. "You had better resign now."

It was not her fault that she found herself in this situation.

She had originally been told that shooting would begin on January 7. Now it was the third week in February, and her baby was one-third of the way through its period of gestation.

"I'll give it two more days," she said. "If they don't call me in two days, I'll have to pack it in."

That evening the phone rang, and they asked her to work the next morning.

She left the house at 6

a.m. and returned at 5.30 in the evening.

Like all actors and actresses starting on a new job, Pat was excited and enthusiastic. Everything was wonderful.

She loved John Ford and Eddie Albert and Margaret Leighton, and, most wonderful of all, she was working again with her oldest and closest friend, Mildred Dunnock.

She worked a second day, and then a third.

Her third day was on February 17, and she came home at around 5 p.m. She was as bright and cheerful as ever.

She had had to ride a donkey, she told us, and she

her voice becomes slightly deeper, her whole face glows, and a tiny spark of excitement dances in the centre of the pupil of each eye.

She was like that when she told the story of the donkey.

At six o'clock, Tessa said, "Mama, will you bath me tonight in your bathroom?"

Pat led her upstairs. Ophelia was already in bed asleep, and Theo, I think, was being bathed by Sheena in the other bathroom.

Ten minutes later I wandered upstairs myself to see how things were going. As I walked into our bedroom Pat was coming out of the bathroom, pressing the palm of one hand against her left temple.

"Most awful pain"

had not fallen off once. Tessa and Theo wanted details. She told them the whole story.

At any time she is a woman of exceptional beauty, but when she is elated, as she was now, she becomes more lovely than ever.

Her movements quicken,

"I've got the most awful pain right here," she said. "I think there's something wrong."

I went over to her.

"I've been seeing things," she said.

"What sort of things?"

"I don't know. I can't remember."

She was speaking slowly.

She seemed bewildered and distressed.

"Are you seeing things now?"

"No, not now. But I feel ill. I feel rotten."

She walked over to the edge of the bed and sat down, still pressing the palm of her hand against the left temple. I sat down beside her, watching her closely.

I saw her lean her head back on the pillows and close her eyes. Then she opened them again. "The pain is terrible," she said.

"Is it only in one place?"

"Yes . . . it's here . . . right here."

Suddenly, somehow, in that instant, I knew for certain, beyond any shadow of doubt, that somewhere inside her skull Pat was haemorrhaging. I felt deathly frightened.

"Don't move," I said, and I ran into the study which adjoins the bedroom. I wanted a telephone number.

The number I wanted, along with several other numbers, was written on a scrap of paper, and the paper was thumb-tacked to the wall above my desk. It was the unlisted home telephone

She pressed a hand against her left temple

number of a brilliant neurosurgeon.

Why did I have this number?

For the past four years, ever since Theo had been hit by a cab in New York when he was four months old, Pat and I had been living upon the periphery of the neurosurgical world.

From the multiple head injuries Theo sustained, he developed hydrocephalus, and this required the insertion of a tube or shunt running from the ventricle of the brain to a place where the excess of cerebro-spinal fluid could be continually drained off and absorbed.

Usually, the tubes are led down through the external jugular vein into the right atricle of the heart.

Sometimes they run into the pleura, or farther afield. And where they pass under the skin of the skull there is incorporated a little non-return valve and pump.

These shunts are lifesavers, but as any neurosurgeon or any parent of a hydrocephalic child will tell you, they are only makeshift mechanical devices. They do not cure, nor do they remain competent indefinitely.

Sometimes they become infected. More frequently they block.

In either case, another operation becomes necessary, and the shunt, or a part of it, has to be replaced.

Theo has had no less than eight of these "revisions," some in New York, some in London, each one a major operation, a craniotomy.

Three times he has become completely blind as a result of intra-cranial pressures, and three times he has miraculously recovered his sight after the blocked shunt was removed and a new one inserted.

It is a long fight and a hard one to keep a hydrocephalic child going.

The shunt blocks, the pressure builds, the eyes go foggy.

Then comes the drive to

the hospital, the walk through the snow (it is always snowing) to the hospital entrance, the swift elevator ride to the neurosurgical floor, and suddenly there you are again, standing in the pale yellow corridor with the child in your arms, handing him over, consigning him, trusting him to the ruthless but precise alchemy of the neurosurgeons — the sub-dural taps, the lumbar punctures, the monometers, the milograms, and finally, inevitably, the operation itself.

When it is over you go into the ward and see on the bed a great turban of white bandages, a small pale face, two huge blue eyes that are wide open, desolate, bewildered.

The eyes look at you and they are saying, "Why did you let them do this to me again?"

Pat has attended her son every time he has been to the hospital, spending hundreds of hours beside his bed.

Gave strength

She has always been steadfast and indefatigable, giving strength instead of taking it, pouring out encouragement and love instead of requiring it for herself.

But long before Theo had his eighth operation we began to wonder whether it might not be possible for us to encourage the design of a more competent shunt than the ones available.

We went to see an old friend of mine, an English inventor, Stanley Wade, of undisputed brilliance in his field. We told him what was wanted.

Stanley agreed at once to have a try, and for the next three years, with me acting as little more than a catalyst and a liaison between him and the neurosurgeons, he gave his entire time, free of charge, to perfecting what we believe to be an excellent (though still not foolproof) valve for the hydrocephalic shunt.

Our little valve is now

being used effectively in many parts of the world, including Africa, India, and the Far East, where cost is important.

We are a non-profit enterprise, and can, therefore, sell at one-third of the price of the better-known valves.

That, then, is why I happened to have the home telephone number of a Los Angeles neurosurgeon tacked to the wall above my desk. This surgeon had two of our valves, and I had been speaking to him only a couple of days before.

I ran into the study. I snatched the piece of paper from the wall.

I ran back to Pat. Her head was on the pillow, but her eyes were open, and she watched me as I picked up the bedside phone.

"Who are you calling?" she asked.

"A doctor," I said.

I dialled the number. I got the busy signal.

Instantly I dialled again. It was still busy.

I dialled again. This time it rang. The neurosurgeon answered himself. In the background I could hear his children laughing and talking. When I spoke my name, he said, "Hi! How are you?"

"This is an emergency."

He reacted like lightning. I heard him give a sharp order to the children. Their laughter stopped. "Yes," he said, "go on."

"It's Pat."

"You mean Theo . . ."

"No, I mean Pat." I described her condition. He asked a couple of fast questions. I answered them. As I was doing this, I saw Pat's mouth falling open. The jaw was limp.

"She's losing consciousness," I said.

"Right. Here's what we'll do . . ."

"Now she's vomiting. Can you come at once?"

"No," he said. "I'll meet you at the hospital. It's quicker. I'll send an ambulance. I'll be there when you arrive."

He rang off.



● Patricia Neal and her husband, Roald Dahl, when the actress went to hospital for the birth of her fifth child.

Pat was now completely unconscious. I turned her on her side to prevent her swallowing her tongue, then I ran downstairs to the kitchen to get a spoon.

There was a young actor in the living-room who had come to take Angela to supper. I'd never seen him before. I told him to run upstairs to Pat.

"Make sure she doesn't lie on her back," I said.

He looked startled, but went at once. Angela went with him.

In the kitchen I found a teaspoon. Upstairs, I found a handkerchief.

I ran back to the bed, wrapping the handkerchief around the spoon handle as I went.

I wedged the handle between Pat's teeth to stop her biting her tongue. I felt, as I did it, that she was so critically ill it wasn't going to make much difference whether she bit her tongue or not.

But it was the only practical thing I could do to help her.

I saw Sheena shepherding Tessa quickly out the door. I had forgotten all about Tessa, stranded in the bathroom.

Tessa! At the age of three and a half this child had stood upon the sidewalk of

Madison Avenue, in New York, and watched her brother's perambulator being smashed to pieces by a cab.

Then she had accompanied the tiny, mutilated body to the hospital in a screaming police car.

At the age of six, she had lost her beloved elder sister, Olivia, who died in a few hours one evening from measles encephalitis.

Since then, Pat had done everything she possibly could to restore some security and gaiety to this splendid little girl.

Now, as she went through the bedroom in her nightgown, she stared at her mother with a look of utter desolation.

Siren's wail

I continued to hold the spoon handle between Pat's teeth. Angela and the actor, whose name I should have known, but didn't, stayed around.

The house was very quiet. None of us in that room had anything to say.

Down the passage, Sheena had closed the door to the children's bedroom. She was in there with them.

After maybe five minutes, Pat began to regain consciousness.

Far off in the distance, I heard the ghastly wail of an ambulance siren. The vehicle was approaching at great speed.

It turned into our block

and rushed past the house, siren screaming. The noise was frightful.

Poor Tessa, I thought. This will finish her.

I sent the young actor down on to the road to flag the ambulance next time it came by. This he did.

I was by the bed when the two ambulancemen walked in. One of them was carrying an oxygen cylinder.

Oh, God, I thought, I've seen this before. I have seen this identical act not so very long ago.

Two ambulancemen are walking into the bedroom, and one of them is carrying an oxygen cylinder, and I am sitting on the side of the bed, watching them.

What difference does it make if it is another house, another country, another time?

It is the same script, and the same play, and the scenery is identical.

One actor, though, is missing. Olivia is missing, and Pat is playing her part.

The ambulancemen came up to the bed. Pat was quite conscious now. She was speaking coherently, but her memory had gone.

"Who is in this house? What are the names of the people in this house, please?"

"Who are they? You must tell me the names."

"You mean the children's names?"

● Turn to page 12



● The Dahls' home at Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire, England.



Shining hair, so beautifully held ...it's the loveliness of Gossamer

Gossamer keeps your hair beautifully in place without stickiness or lacquer. There's no dulling film with new Gossamer...it's diamond bright to keep your hair shining. Gossamer accents

the natural beauty of your hair with lustrous highlights. Gossamer brushes right out leaving your hair with a just washed feeling. Everything you want a hair spray to do, Gossamer does best.



Princess Alex takes Angus on a royal tour

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

● When Princess Alexandra visits Tokyo this month to attend the British Industries Fair, it will be a royal tour with a difference for her — she will be accompanied by her husband, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy.

THE PRINCESS has made it known that she wants her husband to see with her many of the places she visited before their marriage.

So her trip to Japan, with a visit to Hong Kong, a stay on the way home with the Shah of Persia and King Hussein of Jordan — places she has been before — this time will be shared with Angus.

And so would any future visit to Australia.

Since her marriage, there has been a change in Princess Alexandra.

She has still the enthusiasm and natural charm, but she has lost the slight gaucheness and the bouncy outdoor manner.

A friend of Princess Marina, who has known Alex since she was five, said: "Mark my words, Princess Alexandra will be one of the great women of her generation."

She recalled when she first noticed that the Princess was becoming more serious, more grown-up.

Deeper interest

"It was some months after her marriage," she said. "We were talking about royalty and their responsibilities, when the Princess said, 'Looking back, I realise I made too little effort for my position in the royal family. I took too much for granted. Yet it needs a lot of thought and training.'"

"All that is changing," the friend said. "Alex has a much greater sense of responsibility and is consciously developing it. She is reading much more seriously and taking a deeper interest in the constitutional workings of the monarchy."

But the serious side of Princess Alexandra does not overshadow the young woman who is envied as the "princess who has everything."

"What is so nice about Alex and Angus is that, having everything, they are still quite natural, unselfish, and unspoilt," the friend said.

This summer they cut short their vacation on the Emerald Coast, Sardinia, to return to England to prepare for their visit to Japan.

Leaving Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon to continue their holiday motoring

in Italy, Alex and Angus returned to a whirl of preparations.

More than 600 British firms will exhibit at the British Trade Fair and there will be a fashion spectacular of British coats, dresses, and suits valued at £500,000.

Princess Alexandra is taking a stunning wardrobe.

John Cavanagh, who made her wedding dress, has designed special clothes, and her milliner, Madam Vernier, is making her hats based on the latest Paris designs.

Alex will also take many off-the-peg clothes.

It was in off-the-peg dresses that she went into the lists of the world's ten best-dressed women.

The Ogilvys' holiday this year started in Spain.

Alexandra did not go with Angus to see a bullfight. Letters commending her poured into the London newspapers, although the Spanish were disappointed.

Later, in the carefree atmosphere of the Aga Khan's hotel in Sardinia, they went ahead with plans for a place of their own on the Emerald Coast.

Much of the time they spent discussing plans with the architects and the builders.

Back in London, Princess

Alexandra took over the nursery; the nanny went on holidays.

Alex loves nothing better than to have her son to herself. His nanny has a day and an afternoon off each week, when she takes charge.

Alex is sometimes credited with being a good cook, but she denies this.

"I can't cook or sew," she says. But she is a very good gardener. Her hard work is reflected in the garden of her home, "Thatched Lodge," Richmond Park.

Economy class

The Ogilvys live simply by royal standards.

Their home, both their families, their work — his in the city, hers a round of royal duties — are sufficient.

When they travel together they go economy class on aeroplanes. Angus goes to work by Underground. "It is quicker," he says.

Neither are their cars ostentatious. Alex drives a Mini, and they have a chauffeur-driven Rover.

They go to the local cinema at Richmond. They also enjoy a game of bingo.

When Alex is wheeling James in his pram in Richmond Park she will sometimes call at a record shop to pick up a new disc Angus wants.



PORTRAIT OF MOTHER AND SON by Cecil Beaton shows Princess Alexandra with 18-month-old James Robert Bruce Ogilvy. Alex recently took over the nursery while James's nanny had a holiday.

Angus is a familiar figure in the local library choosing books.

They have been known to walk to the bus stop hand-in-hand, queue with the rest, and climb on top of the bus.

The long periods of rest and the more simple life they are leading have done a great deal to help Angus to relax. He finds this difficult with his active mind, and it has been a contributory factor to the illnesses he has had in the past year.



START OF A HOLIDAY as Princess Alex and her husband leave London for their summer holiday. They visited Spain and Sardinia.



DANCING TOGETHER at a ball in Paris during the visit Alex and Angus made to France last May. The Princess hopes to take her husband to many places she has visited as the Queen's representative.

DALI'S KINGDOM

● Every spring Salvador Dali's big house on the Costa Brava, on the north-east coast of Spain, is painted a dazzling white before the artist and his wife, Gala, arrive from their winter in New York.

In this home of the king of surrealism a stuffed bear draped with jewellery greets you in the hall, an oval sitting-room is designed as the inside of an egg, another wall bears a vastly enlarged cutting from a Spanish newspaper on the Keeler case.

But many things about the house, like its surroundings, are most beautiful; and here Dali has been working on a series of large religious and historical paintings very different from his other work.

The self-proclaimed genius (long ago he awarded himself 18 marks to Leonardo da Vinci's 20) and self-confessed paranoiac has spent most

of his 61 years painting from obsessions. He was long preoccupied with decay and fetish images — crutches, ants, limp watches, carcasses. Above all he has always had a colossal sense of showmanship.

Today, unexpectedly, it is being suggested that he is no longer a surrealist. He himself says he was the only one who pursued the course of surrealism logically by sublimating his perversions ("and I had all the perversions") in art and progressing into mysticism and classicism. "Where formerly I saw monsters, now I see angels."

So now the artist who became rich and famous by exploiting the more lurid inventions of the subconscious mind finds himself upbraiding artists of today for being attached to what is ugly.



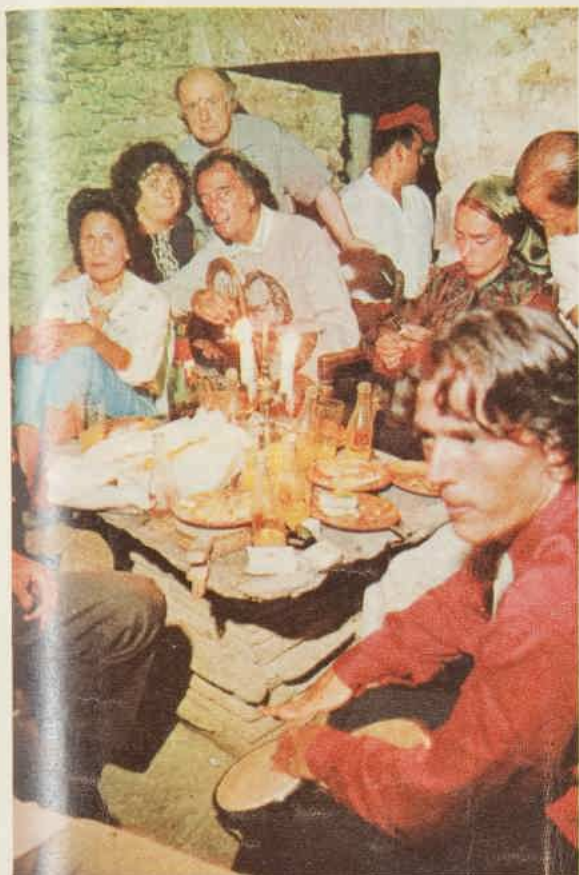
WHEN DALI and his wife were first married they lived in a fisherman's hut. Now this hut and five others, built strongly of stone, form part of their spreading villa, where the artist's weird taste in decor gets expression.



ON A PATIO. Dali is wearing a sequin-spangled velvet jacket.

SALVADOR AND GALA in the egg-shaped sitting-room (the seat runs right round it). Gala, born in Russia, became the wife of the French poet Paul Eluard, and in Paris was queen of the surrealists when Dali joined the movement and became its king. They married in a registry office in 1935; for six years lived in poverty in Spain; in 1958 married again, in a Catholic church. Dali has painted and drawn her thousands of times, signed much of his work with her initials intertwined with his own, attributes to her the fact that he is not in the madhouse. Said a friend: "She moulded his career. She took him over, body and anarchistic soul."

• **The famous surrealist
(but is he still one?)
works on in Spain in the
usual orgy of publicity**



HOLDING COURT. At a candle-lit gathering of the young intellectuals of the district, Dali presides as the master among his disciples. By many people he is detested as a poseur, by many others adored as a flamboyant but authentic personality. Meantime, he enjoys the favor of dictator Franco.



EVEN IN REPOSE. Dali's exhibitionism wilts as little as his moustache, pointing up like antennas.



THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO, dreaming perhaps of himself as a young man as he includes the figure of a local youth in a large painting. Much of his work lately has a moral and religious flavor; one project under way is 300 watercolor illustrations for a new edition of the Bible ("Its price," he says, will be astronomical.") This is the man who designed his "Dream of Venus" for the 1939 New York World Fair: 17 "mermaids" milking underwater cows and playing imaginary music on piano keys painted on the bodies of rubber women. Now his eyes may be raised "toward the angels," but he still lives and works in an orgy of publicity. ("Dali," he has said of himself, "does not love publicity; publicity loves Dali." They seem well mated.)

Pictures by Robert Frason

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 22, 1965

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● Wheel-back Hepplewhite chair (above) belonging to Sir Roy and Lady McCaughey. Left, Lord and Lady Portarlington's Regency mahogany dining chair.

Chairs through five centuries

● What is believed to be the most valuable and extensive collection of antique chairs ever to be shown in Australia will be on display at Farmer's Blaxland Gallery from September 22 to 28.

THE exhibition, which will aid the Kuring-gai Truby King Mobile Clinic committee, has been organised by the president, Mrs. Peter Hull Smith, and committee members, who have collected 114 chairs.

"Actually the idea occurred to me after admiring antique chairs belonging to my friends," said Mrs. Hull Smith. "Then it was decided to hold an antique-chair display for our one big function of the year."

The oldest and most remarkably preserved chair in the exhibition is the 500-year-old wrought-iron French nobleman's chair, which belongs to the Art Gallery of a leading Sydney store.

It is a fine example of smith-art, and is thought to be one of the oldest of its type in the world.

Two bronze lions mounted on the sloping arm-rests are in perfect condition except for a slight "balding" on one lion's head where the right hand rests.

One of the most elegant chairs in the exhibition is the Earl and Countess of Portarlington's Regency mahogany dining chair.

The chair, which was designed by the Adam brothers in the late 18th century, is one of a set of six which the Earl and Countess brought out from England.

"The rich color of the mahogany was probably obtained by the dragon's blood, used to stain the chairs," said Lady Portarlington.

"It's not real blood, of course," she added, smiling.



● French chair of 15th century.

"That was just a popular name for a vegetable dye used before the introduction of french polishing."

One of Sir Roy and Lady McCaughey's set of six Hepplewhite dining chairs will be on display. It is known as a wheel-back Hepplewhite because of the circular spoked effect on the back-rest.

"We saw an advertisement for the chairs and drove to an old farm at Windsor, where they were to be auctioned," said Lady McCaughey.

"How lucky I was to get them! Only a few weeks later I heard that six identical chairs were sold in London for nearly £5000."

Even though the exhibit of antique expert Mr. G. L. Auchinachie is not an antique chair, it will create just as much interest for collectors.

It is an edition of Chippendale's "The Gentleman and Cabinet Makers' Directory," published in 1754, which Mr. Auchinachie bought for a few shillings in a Sydney antique shop.



JUST MARRIED. Dr. and Mrs. Neville Lunn with their attendants, Miss Susan Kisky, Mrs. Clive Nelson, and Miss Louise Burn, after their marriage at the Church of the Holy Cross, Woollahra. The bride was Miss Lesley Kisky, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Kisky. Dr. and Mrs. Lunn will make their home in London for three years while Dr. Lunn does postgraduate work there.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

A STAY with friends in a quaint 14th-century fortified village near St. Tropez, called Ramatuelle, where they had to carry water from an ancient pump in the village square, has been a highlight of Mrs. Marcel Pile's three-month trip abroad.

In a letter to her husband this week, she explains that although there is water laid on in the houses a water shortage has meant villagers using the old well.

Mrs. Pile (who, with her small daughter, Dominique, has been staying with Mlle Jacqueline Nikler) writes the most colorful description of the surrounding district, which she says is like a Van Gogh painting, with tiny pink villages nestling on the hills.

During her stay there, she was thrilled to read in the local papers glowing reviews of the performance of the Australian Ballet with Fonteyn and Nureyev at Frejus.

Mrs. Pile plans to leave Dominique with an old friend who lived in Sydney four years ago—Mme Violet Rogier—while she visits Rome, Florence, and Venice before her return to Sydney early in October.

LATEST news for Mrs. Jimray Banks from her daughter Sheena comes from Europe, where she is touring with a group of friends in the small car which she took over with her in March. After driving through Austria, Yugoslavia, Italy, Greece, and France, Sheena will arrive in London in time to start her term on September 27 at the Byam Shaw Art School, where she completed a year two years ago. During the two years she plans to attend the school, Sheena will share a flat in Hyde Park Gardens with a fellow student, Catita Lieb, who comes from Barcelona, Spain.

BRIGHT cocktail party Sydney girls Rosie Bath and Julie Zerky are planning on September 25 at Julie's home at Vaucluse will welcome pretty young English girl Jane Bennion to Australia and at the same time reintroduce her to Australian friends she made skiing in Zurs two years ago, where Rosie first met her. Jane, who flats in Knightsbridge, London (when she is not at home in Wales), with Australian girl Sue Sweet, arrives in Sydney aboard the Oriana on September 24 and will spend part of her six-month holiday here with the Ken Chapmans at Vaucluse.

I LIKE the gesture of appreciation Mrs. Roscoe Hoyle and Mrs. John Davoren are making on September 22 to members of the sub-committee with whom they worked prior to the law conference in August. They have arranged a luncheon in their honor at the home of Mrs. John Wailes, when appropriate "thank-yous" will be said.

LOOKING regularly for calls from the postman is Mrs. Neville Pixley, whose two daughters, Helen and Elizabeth, are both in different parts of the world just now. Helen, who left at the beginning of August with Robin Reid in the Himalaya, is in Tokyo, where she has an interesting "holiday job" with the British Trade Fair for a month. Elizabeth, who has been abroad for fifteen months, is due to arrive home by air in about the third week in December.

EVEN if the expected full moon isn't to be seen on the night of September 25, guests at the Asthma Foundation's barbecue at Lindfield at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Broun will still see plenty of the moon. An enthusiastic committee has been busy making dozens and dozens of blue and silver moons, which they'll hang in the marquee and in the garden for the party, called The September Moon Affair. I can't wait to see "the man in the moon," who, I'm told, will direct the parking of cars.

ROUND of pre-wedding parties for bride-to-be Anne Carpenter includes a dinner party which her sister, Sandra, has arranged for her at her home, "Toll-Bar," Cooma. Anne weds Peter Croft, of "Wongalee," Uralla, on October 6 at St. John's Church, Cooma, with a reception to follow at the Cooma Golf Club.

TREK back to the snow for Mr. and Mrs. Neville Christie, who had one week at home after their five days at Thredbo at the Coach House Inn and then left again with their two children, Louise Victoria and Robert, to spend the school holidays up there.

DATES for your diary . . . September 21, when the Lewisham Hospital women's auxiliary has arranged a garden inspection of two historic Hunter's Hill homes; and September 25, when the University Club's annual late-afternoon party will be held at the club.

—MOLLIE LYONS



WED. Mr. and Mrs. Graham Kerr after their marriage at St. Martin's Church, Killara. The bride was Miss Penny Haigh, daughter of Mrs. F. E. Weber, of Avalon, and of Mr. H. R. Haigh, of Sydney. After a honeymoon in Fiji they will make their home on a property just out of Yass.



AT RECEPTION. Miss Joan Sutherland with the president of the National Council of Women of N.S.W., Miss Jean Arnot (centre), and a member of the council's executive, the Mayor of Lane Cove, Alderman Marjorie Propating, before the luncheon for 400 guests given by the council at the Chevron Hotel in honor of Miss Sutherland.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth White at the reception at the Australia Hotel which followed their marriage at St. Giles' Church, Greenwich. The bride was Miss Robyn Dorman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dorman, of Bathurst. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George White, of Greenwich. After a honeymoon at Thredbo they will make their home at Ascot Vale in Victoria.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Carr with their attendants (from left), Miss Elizabeth Finlay, Mr. John Hayden, Mrs. Rod Lowe, and Miss Solly Carr, following their marriage at Xavier College Chapel, Melbourne. The bride was Miss Jenny Montague, daughter of Mrs. J. A. Montague, of "Osterley," The Rock, and the late Mr. Montague. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Carr, of "Logoon," Bear's Rock, Victoria.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Geoff Martin (left) and Mrs. R. Fitzgibbons at the display of flower arrangements by members of the N.S.W. Flower Club at the Warrane home of Mrs. George Carson. Called "A Burst of Spring," the display was arranged by the Wahroonga Torch Bearers for Legacy.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie leaving St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, after their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Virginia Lydiard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lydiard, of "Dunglear," Walgett, who afterwards received guests at a reception held at The Queens Club.

NEXT WEEK

★ Sixteen-page lift-out:

**DRESSMAKING
FOR CHILDREN**
with
BRIDGET MAGINN
(who recently toured
Australia and N.Z.)



Here's practical advice on making inexpensive children's clothes: problems answered, quick and easy sewing tips, plus how to alter patterns, how to measure . . . and more, too.

And:



★ For your
gardening
book:

12 pages on



AZALEAS

and

RHODODENDRONS



And:

★ Pictured in color: nine smart Melbourne kitchens — with their owners' favorite recipes as well.



PLUS

The perfect
answer to the
question "what
food?" when
teenagers give
a party: we've
the menu!

And:

★ Ready for
decimal currency?
LOOK!

Our latest needle-
work offer is, anyway:

A DECIMAL CURRENCY CLOTH



And:

★ In color —
the very latest fashion news
from the

PARIS AUTUMN COLLECTIONS

Concluding . . .

"Yes! Yes! The children's names!"

The ambulancemen lifted her off the bed on to a chair, and in that way carried her downstairs.

At the front door they put her on a stretcher and wheeled her down the path between the grass lawns to the ambulance. It was a brilliant sunny evening.

The time was about 6.20 p.m. Maybe 18 minutes had elapsed since Pat had first started to feel ill.

I said to the driver, "Don't turn on that sir until we're well clear of the house."

Then I climbed into the ambulance and sat down on a very small metal seat behind Pat. We drove off.

When we got to Sunset Boulevard, the driver switched on the siren and began to drive at high speed.

We dashed through all the red lights. We swerved around all the waiting traffic.

I saw people in other cars watching us as we flashed by, and their faces, as they turned toward us, were passive, unemotional, relaxed.

"It's all right," each of them was saying to himself. "It's quite all right. It's not me."

In less than ten minutes we pulled into the emergency entrance of the hospital. They wheeled Pat inside on the stretcher. She was fully conscious, quite able to speak.

Several white-coated young doctors were standing around. They moved aside as my friend the neurosurgeon came forward. It was good to see him.

"Just one thing," I said to him. "She's pregnant, about three months." He nodded.

He took her into an examination cubicle. A few minutes later he was out again. He seemed a bit puzzled.

"We may be too early," he said. "We got her here so fast. There are no positive signs yet of a haemorrhage. There's no stiffness in the neck. We must wait a while . . ."

I went into the cubicle. "What's the matter with me?" Pat asked.

"Nothing much," I said.

Signs there

She sat up. "My God," she said, "I've got an early call tomorrow morning. I've got to be at the studio at seven-thirty."

As she spoke her hand went suddenly up to her left temple once again, and she cried out with pain.

I took her head in my hands and moved it sideways. "Does this make your neck hurt?" I asked. "Yes," she said. "Oh, yes!"

I went out. The neurosurgeon went in. The signs were there now. The blood, leaking out from an artery around the brain, was seeping down the spinal column. When the neurosurgeon emerged again, he was looking grave.

Behind him came an assistant. The assistant was holding a test tube containing cerebro-spinal fluid tapped from the spine. The fluid was scarlet.

"We're going straight to X-ray to do arteriograms."

"Is she haemorrhaging badly?" I asked.

The neurosurgeon didn't answer me.

"When you X-ray, please screen the baby," I said.

"Use lead aprons."

"We'll do that."

Suddenly, a friend was standing beside me. It was Dick Shepherd. News travels fast. Together, we walked through the hospital corridors until we came to X-ray.

We stationed ourselves in a narrow passage outside the room where Pat was, and there we waited.

An arteriogram is an X-ray photograph in which the arteries of the brain are made clearly visible by the introduction of a radio-opaque medium into the bloodstream.

It is by no means a simple or a quick procedure. The radiologist has only seven seconds in which to take his picture after the medium has been injected, and a great number of pictures are required to explore the whole area.

This involves frequent injections of the medium and, of course, a general anaesthetic.

For about three hours we waited in the corridor while all this was going on.

At about 10 p.m. the neurosurgeon called me into the X-ray viewing-room, one wall of which was almost entirely covered with X-rays of the inside of Pat's skull. It was an eerie sight.

"She had another haemorrhage just now," the neurosurgeon was saying. "That was her third. It happened while we were X-raying. It was a bad one."

"Were they all in the same place?"

"Yes." He pointed to one of the X-rays. On it there was a small but brilliant patch of white alongside the internal carotid artery, near the left temporal lobe.

The white patch was blood which had burst out through the wall of the artery.

"Ruptured aneurysm," the neurosurgeon said.

("Aneurysm" is the term given to an outpouching or ballooning of one particular little spot in the wall of an artery. This ballooning is caused by a weakness, probably congenital, in the wall itself.)

Over the years, the aneurysm balloons out more and more, until suddenly, without any warning, it ruptures and begins to leak.

A ruptured aneurysm, more common in females—57 percent—than in males, is therefore not usually caused by high blood pressure or by the problems of old age. It can get you any time, at any age.

The neurosurgeon said, "Her condition is critical."

"Are you going to operate?"

He paused. Then he said slowly, "I doubt she would survive an operation."

"What will happen if you don't operate?"

"If I don't operate, then she is certain to die."

"In that case," I said, "I would like you to operate. Will you operate at once?"

This exceptionally humane man seemed to be almost as affected as I was. "Yes,"

My D Wife, Patricia Neal

he said. "All right. But, please, don't be too hopeful."

"How long will it take?"

"I don't know. Maybe five hours, maybe seven. If you wait on the second floor, I'll try to send word to you as we go along."

Dick and I went up to the waiting area on the second floor. The long vigil began.

By now the bad news was beginning to spread among Pat's friends around the town, and soon after midnight they started arriving at the hospital.

Came quietly

They came quietly. They settled themselves in chairs or walked silently up and down the corridors, waiting for news.

Mildred Dunnock, Pat's beloved colleague, came in, her face ashen with grief and with the outrage of it all.

The night nurses moved in and out of the rooms where other patients lay, and in the waiting area itself, where most of us sat, nervous expectant fathers shared the sofas with us. The maternity wing was just around the corner.

Down in the operating-room the neurosurgeon and his team were calmly going about their business.

Pat's head had been shaved. The anaesthetic was administered. The skin-flap was laid back . . . burr holes were placed in the skull, then connected with saw-guide and saw . . . the bone flap was reflected . . . with infinite care, an incision was made in the temporal lobe . . . a large hematoma was entered, to compress the dura . . . the dura was opened . . . a subdural hematoma, measuring nearly ten centimetres in diameter, was removed . . .

At about 3 a.m. word came up that Pat was still alive, and so far was tolerating the operation.

I caught a glimpse of the wife of the neurosurgeon sitting quietly and alone on a bench near the lifts.

She was sharing the night with her husband and was trying, I felt sure, by her mere presence in the same building, to give him endurance and strength.

. . . a clot was removed from inside the temporal lobe . . . the optic nerve and carotid artery were identified . . . and now the aneurysm could be seen, close to the third nerve . . . clips were applied . . . then a clamp . . . the bleeding was controlled . . . a special surgical glue was draped around the clamp and around the aneurysm . . .

At around 4.30 a.m. the



● Actress Patricia with John Wayne, her co-star in a Paramount film she made last year titled "In Harm's Way." She plays a nurse.

Slowly she began to walk, talk, and smile again

telephone rang at the nurse's desk. I walked over to her, waiting.

"They expect to be finished in another couple of hours," the nurse said.

... the dura was closed with silk sutures ... the bone flap was replaced ... screen mesh was laid over the burr holes ... the skin flap was laid down and closed with more sutures ... a tracheostomy was performed ...

Soon after 6 a.m. I stationed myself on a seat near the elevator, out of which I knew Pat would eventually emerge.

Through the window behind me the sun was coming up in a primrose sky and a new day was beginning.

At a quarter to seven the day nurses began arriving to take over from the night nurses.

At seven o'clock the elevator doors slid open and they wheeled Pat out upon a bed. I stood up to look. Once again I saw a head swathed in a great turban of white bandages, but this time it was not Theo's face below the turban, and the eyes were not open.

She was pale, and she lay very still. They took her straight to the Intensive Care Unit.

The neurosurgeon came up. He looked desperately tired.

"She's a strong girl," he said.

"Will she live?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "All I can tell you is—it was a good operation."

This, as I discovered later, was the understatement of all time.

For the first few days Pat lay motionless upon her bed in the Intensive Care Unit. Her right arm and leg were paralysed, rigid, quite inflexible. Her left side seemed unaffected.

Loving care

They fed her by intravenous drip, and kept her on a cold blanket to maintain her temperature below normal.

The neurosurgeon called early in the morning and late in the afternoon every day, examining, testing, giving new instructions, and sometimes doing a spinal tap.

I got to know the sound of his footsteps as he approached along the corridor, the fast, firm, competent steps of a man who knows what he is about, and I always felt much better when he arrived.

There were about eight beds in the Intensive Care Unit (ICU), and a team of picked nurses always on duty.

It was wonderful to watch them work. They were swift, adroit, and calm.

These girls didn't make any mistakes, and except when they were writing their reports they never sat down. They labored over Pat with such loving care and such extraordinary skill that without them I am sure she would not have survived those early days.

They deserve immense credit, as indeed does the

whole of that magnificent Los Angeles Medical Centre.

Over the next three weeks I spent a great deal of time beside Pat in the ICU, and I witnessed a marvellous thing—the slow, mysterious recovery of a brain that had been severely insulted, and the gradual return of consciousness of the owner of that brain.

I have forgotten precisely how it went, but the timetable was roughly as follows: First week, completely unconscious. Eyes closed.

On the fourth or fifth day, intravenous drip feeding discontinued. Liquid food given by a tube that went through the nostril directly into the stomach. The stuff looked like pea soup, and tasted, I thought, delicious.

Second week, still unconscious. Eyes closed.

But it was evident that the patient was becoming "lighter." She was moving about a great deal, and the left hand had to be tied down to prevent it from reaching up and pulling the feeding tube out of her nose.

A response!

And then, suddenly, dramatically, came the first evidence of a response.

Her left hand, when I squeezed it in my own, began squeezing back!

The squeezes were good and strong, and there is little doubt that in her semi-consciousness she was trying to communicate.

I had been talking to her constantly from the beginning, sometimes speaking loud, sometimes whispering in her ear.

Every day I had given her news of the children. I had told her what each of them was doing and what they were saying and even what they were eating.

The neurosurgeon appeared cautiously optimistic. I said to him, "She's going to live now. You've saved her."

He answered, "Yes, I have. But I don't know yet whether I've done her a favor."

That made me think.

Third week: Somewhere in the middle of the third week she opened an eye! Her right eye opened wide and stared at me for about five seconds, then closed again.

Soon it was opening quite often. A couple of days later both eyes opened together. Then all at once she smiled!

It was one of the first things she did after becoming conscious of her surroundings. She was smiling long before she could utter a word of any kind.

I took John Ford in to see her. She opened one eye, gazed at him for a few seconds, then gave him a big grin. He went away elated.

Mildred Dunnock called, and got smiles galore.

Other close friends were admitted—Katie Marlow, the Shepherds, Betsy Drake, Hope Preminger, Cary Grant, Chloe Carter, Jean Valentine, Sheena, Angela ...

Although Pat was now suffering from aphasia—the inability to speak—one could see that she was completely aware of everything that was going on. She was all there.

And from the way she began to go on about the business of recovery and rehabilitation, ruthlessly, impatiently, and cheerfully, I could almost hear her saying to herself, "Let's get the hell out of here fast and start moving."

At the end of the third week, words were beginning to come. Not many of them meant very much, and few of them were in the dictionary, but they were words nonetheless.

Then she began to sing.

It was an extraordinary sight, to walk into the ICU, that holy of holies, that place of oxygen tents and tubes and intravenous drips, and to see, over in the far corner, Pat propped up in her bed with a nurse beside her, the two of them softly singing "Down in the Valley" or "Jimmy Crack Corn" or "My Darling Clementine." It was a splendid and exhilarating spectacle.

The right arm and leg, responding to therapy, were beginning to lose their rigidity, and she was even managing to move them very slightly on her own. Then she began feeding herself with her left hand.

Fourth week: Progress continued. They moved her out of ICU into another room. She became impatient to go home.

The neurosurgeon, who must have realised by now that he had indeed performed "a good operation," gave his permission.

And so, precisely one month to the day after she had been admitted, we summoned an ambulance and drove her back to the family.



● Patricia and Tessa, aged eight. One month after her admittance to hospital Pat was at home again with her family.

She fought all the way. She had no self-pity, and she received no sympathy from us.

We pushed her hard. She had to get up at 7.30 for breakfast, and get up alone.

She had to put on her own shoes and brace, she had to find her own clothes, and make her own way downstairs. It was a rough school she was in.

Her speech is coming back now, but she still has plenty of trouble finding the words. When she can't find the ones she wants, she invents others.

Some of them are better words than the ones we use ourselves, and I have been

"Somebody get Pat an oblogon."

Pat: "Now stop it! I don't mean an oblogon. I mean a ... a ... a crooked steeple. I'll go crazy if I don't have one. I'll jake my dioddes."

So we give her a cigarette.

To England

On May 17, precisely two months after Pat came out of hospital, we all flew back to England. The patient was still wearing a black eyepatch for her double vision and a steel brace for her weak ankle, but she walked on to the plane by herself.

When we arrived home our house was ablaze with

or sometimes a friend, arrives to give her reading and writing.

At 10.25, she is driven to the large Royal Air Force Hospital in the next village for an hour's physical therapy.

At noon, she has lunch, then rests until 3 p.m.

From 3.15 until 4.30, my mother's housekeeper comes to give her more reading, writing, and perhaps a game of checkers or dominoes until 5.30.

But this is not all. At 6 p.m. a professional speech therapist drops in and works with her for another 45 minutes.

At 7 p.m. she goes into the kitchen and helps to prepare the supper.

It's a tough program for a pregnant woman convalescing from major brain surgery, but this is a battle. If it is going to be won well, it must be won fast.

The momentum must never slacken, and Pat knows this as well as anyone. At the time of writing this postscript we have been home for three weeks.

Her speech, though hesitant, is now extraordinarily good, and she no longer makes up any funny words.

She can read slowly just about any sentence you give her. She can write neatly but not very fast, and she can spell moderately well. Were it not for the fact that she is seven months pregnant she would certainly be able to walk without the brace.

By next Christmas, with a bit of luck, she may be ready to leave school.

FOOTNOTE: The Patricia Neal story is working to the happy ending her husband forecast—as the picture of the actress at home with her baby daughter on page 4 shows.

No self-pity — and no sympathy

There were hugs for all the children and celebrations throughout the house. And all at once Tessa began to smile again.

A physical therapist and a speech therapist started coming every day. An ankle brace was made to support her right ankle. She was given an eyepatch to alleviate the maddening effects of double vision.

On her feet

But she refused to remain in her bedroom, so I started carrying her downstairs for meals.

Within three more weeks, she was going down on her feet. She staggered and tottered like a drunken sailor, and things were made no easier by the fact that she was by then nearly five months pregnant.

But somehow, miraculously, she always managed to remain on her feet.

noting them down very carefully. Here is a typical conversation:

The time is 6 p.m. Four or five of us are sitting around having a drink, smoking.

Pat: "Listen, will someone get me another ... another sooty swatch."

"A what?"

Pat: "Oh, you know—a soapdriver."

"You want a big soapdriver or a small one?"

Pat: "Oh, come on! You know quite well what I want."

"What?"

Pat: "A red hairdryer."

"You want another drink, don't you?"

Pat: "That's right! A drink! A drink!"

"Why didn't you say so?"

Pat: "You make me skitch, that's what you do. You give me the sinkers."

And then later—

Pat: "I want a ... a ... I want an oblogon."

flowers in every room, and the kitchen table was stacked with homemade cakes and food from friends in the village, including a bottle of champagne from the pharmacist.

That first evening we opened the champagne. Pat drank a glassful. Then she removed her eyepatch. She stared at us for a few moments and said, "Listen! I don't have it any more! It's gone!"

"What's gone?"

"My double eyes!"

It was true. Suddenly, miraculously, and it seems permanently, the maddening double vision had disappeared.

And now, here at home, we are pushing her harder than ever. She gets up every day at 7.30 a.m. and has breakfast with the children. Then, while I drive Tessa and Theo to school, she dusts and cleans the living-room, using her right hand.

At 9.15, one of my sisters,

GONE...the **HEADACHE** that was!



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LUMBAGO **NEURALGIA**
SCIATICA **TOOTHACHE**
COLDS and SORE THROAT

INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: Floor coverings

By MARY BROKER

● What a pity the current spate of new share issues didn't come in the ready-money period of 1963/64!

IN happier days the market would have reacted quite buoyantly to the present great flood. For, following the recent announcement by the Bank of New South Wales of plans to raise £6.6 million by a one-for-five premium issue, the market is now required to provide about £45 million for listed companies.

And among those are such heavyweights as BHP, asking for £16 million; Woolworths, asking for £6 million; CSR, asking for nearly £5 million; and the big fertiliser complex of ACF & Shirleys, asking for about £1.6 million.

In different circumstances these opportunities would have had market followers bounding with joy. But today, coupled with the drain on the money supply caused by a number of private debenture issues and other off-market money raisings, each new announcement simply results in a big groan from the investing public and a fall in the prices of stocks where new issues are imminent, and in the share market generally.

Phenomenal

Shares in the Bank of New South Wales, for instance, dropped by 2/- to 57/6 following the announcement of its plans. BHP are now around 48/3 compared with 49/11. Woolworths are now about 14/6 compared with 15/9; while CSR, now ex-rights, are 52/9 compared with 63/- to yield what is a phenomenal 4.7 percent for this stock.

However, for the long-term investor with any money to spend, this is of course a good time to buy.

When things pick up again, as in this country they must, prices of such stocks as these will of necessity be pushed up.

Anybody, therefore, who can take the opportunity to buy up relatively cheaply stands to gain in the long run simply by the laws of capital appreciation which have been proved in so many market researches both here and in the more sophisticated share markets of London and New York.

But to my discussion for today, which centres on MINSTER LTD. This is a really magnificent company which, over the years since listing in 1953, has proved itself able to weather even the most severe

economic storms without too much disruption, and has an excellent record of rising profits.

Last time I had a look at this stock, some 15 months ago, shares had been subject to a sharp price rise. The market was proved to be right in pushing up the shares, for in March this year a one-for-three bonus issue was made, the third bonus issue since 1956.

Minster's business, of course, is floor coverings, and it is interesting to note that the company's tremendous growth has come from beginnings less than 20 years ago.

The reason for its success can probably be found in its original aim, which was to manufacture a specialised type of carpet "suitable for Australian conditions."

Subsidiaries

Since then activities have been diversified, mainly with the object of providing the carpet division with a fully integrated background.

One subsidiary, for instance, manufactures flock; another is the sole Australian manufacturer of reclaimed rubber dispersions; another is a rubber engineer; while the fourth operates as an industrial steriliser. The subsidiaries, while mainly supplying companies within the group, also supply outside manufacturers.

The most recent large venture was the formation early in 1962 of Balatum (Australia) Pty. Ltd., which manufactures felt-based linoleum—thus giving Minster an interest in every room of the house.

Minster has a 49 percent interest in this company, which was formed in conjunction with a Belgian company said to be one of the biggest manufacturers in the world of this type of floor covering.

Big rise

As I said earlier, Minster has an excellent profit record. When I last spoke of the company, the 1963 profit of £719,000 was the latest to have been reported, giving an earning rate of 43.8 percent. This rose by 29.4 percent in 1964 to £930,000, to give an earning rate of 56.7 percent.

The 1965 profit, just out, was £940,105, to give an earning rate of 49.1 percent on capital increased by the one-for-three bonus. Dividend has been a steady 7 percent since 1959.

One hundred 10/- shares at the present price, around 60/-, would cost about £306, for a dividend of £10 a year.

A mink-trimmed hourglass

Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

BEAUTIFUL Fran Jeffries, who scintillated her way through a guest-star spot on TCN9 "Tonight" show with Don Lane, has ruined one of my secret ambitions.

It was to possess an hourglass figure, and wear one of those wonderful show-business dresses that flow over it and end tight round the ankles in an explosion of tulle or feathers.

These dresses are timeless — think back to pictures of Edwardian beauties, of Mae West, of TV variety shows with, say, Lorraine Desmond.

Fran Jeffries (her real name is Makris), half-Greek, half-French, has the hourglass figure — 37, 23, 37 — and stands 5ft. 8in. barefoot.

She also has THE hourglass dress that glissades over her shape and ends in an exciting explosion of mink.

A happy dress

The mink-black diamond — slinks sinuously round the hem of a black Italian lace dress, not once but twice.

I think if I were more primitive I would have snatched the dress and run. Instead I stayed, and saw another that stirred me, but not to the same extent.

It was another hourglass of black chiffon basically, embroidered all over with multi-

colored rhinestones, and ending in a deep, lush band of black fox about 9in. deep.

Fran said, holding the black mink and looking at me through her thick, black-mink eyelashes, that the rhinestone dress is a happy dress, one she always enjoys wearing.

Viewers would enjoy to see it, too, except that the ladies would probably turn pea-green with envy.

As well as the figures and the clothes, Fran has brilliant ginger-brown eyes, olive skin, long narrow feet and hands, with long, almond-shaped nails.

She sings, dances, appears on TV and in movies.

Her first movie appearance was in "The Pink Panther," with Peter Sellers.

"It was more a screen test than a part," she said. "I wore black tights and a black jersey top embroidered with beads, and I danced and sang in a crowd scene in an Austrian ski lodge."

Her next was "Sex and the Single Girl," with Tony Curtis, and just before she came to Sydney for a season at the Chevron Hilton Hotel she made "Harem Scarem," with Elvis Presley.

"Elvis is a marvellous performer," she said. "He is actually a better actor than a singer. He has a great sense of comedy, and is a great



FRAN sings, dances, appears on TV, in films.

man for an ad lib — he made up a lot of his own lines for 'Harem Scarem.'"

Fran, who is only 26, was married to Dick Haymes for nearly seven years before they were divorced. She is now married to movie producer Richard Quine.

She and Haymes had a daughter, Stephanie, 6, who lives with Fran and is at present at school.

Fran is a regular TV performer in the States, and has appeared in all the big-name variety shows. She has just crashed successfully into the highly paid commercial field there and, in between, plays nightclubs and makes movies.

It sounds a full life, and Fran loves it and the wide variety of her work.

I forgot to say she weighs 8st. 13lb. and, apart from a light breakfast (fruit juice, two soft-boiled eggs) and a steak-and-tomatoes dinner, keeps going on weak black tea flavored with lemon and honey.

Sometimes when she is not working and nightly zipping up that mink-hemmed dress, she cooks large quantities of Italian food (she's an expert cook) and EATS it.

As for that shattered ambition of mine: Once having seen an hourglass dress that ends in mink, who would want one without it? And who wants a shattered budget?

Peter, Paul, and Mary for TV

"PETER, Paul, and Mary in Concert," a TV hour of the world-famous folk-singing trio's special brand of music and show-business magic, will be telecast by TCN9 on Tuesday, September 21, at 7.30 p.m.

More than 60,000 people booked halls solid to hear Peter, Paul, and Mary during their tour of Australia, which recently ended in Perth.

Their TV special is a post-tour bonus that only Australia rates.

Peter, Paul and Mary do very little TV back home in America, and would shy away from a 60-minute show.

"We would be doing what is known as 'blowing' too much material," said Mary. "Here we love to do this so we'll be remembered until we come back again."

A charming but unnecessary precaution, this. Peter, Paul, and Mary were an untied box-office proposition and paid their own fares to come to Australia last year.

They left as top favorites, and the rating still stands. At their concerts, huge audiences listen silently, giving thunderous voice only when invited to sing or when signifying approval.

Last year their show was filmed for TV in Sydney's vast, echoing Stadium.

To give viewers improved sound and a new look, TCN9 this time filmed the show during a concert at Melbourne's Festival Hall.

"Filming this way, we also capture the audience involvement with the singers," said TCN9's Program Director, Bruce Gynnell.

"This great audience involvement is an important and fascinating thing."

Going along with the idea, TV director Ian Holmes put one of his cameras down in the first four rows of the audience so it could see with a customer's eye.

Peter, Paul, and Mary are happy to do TV this way.

"We can get on with what we have to do and leave the rest to others," they said.

They did, however, test the sound-quality of the microphones of their performance — for two and a half hours before the show.

Overhead microphones were out.

"These are all right for a single performer," Mary said, "but with three different voice qualities, stand mikes are the only answer."

From Australia the three, accompanied by their bass player, Dick Kmiss, are headed for Paris and six concerts at the Olympia.

STEPTOE WEDDING

"STEPTOE AND SON" is up to the fourth series in London, and the bombshell is that Harold gets himself "a bird" and marries. Here you see the occasion: Harold, his bride, father Albert, and Hercules the horse, are all in it.

No doubt the bride, played by Cornish actress 22-year-old Karol Hagar, will move in at the junkyard.

Will Harold and his bride take over the matrimonial chamber that has been Albert's so long?

Will Harold do what he accused Dad of going to do once — Put a Strange Bird in Mum's Bed?

Will she have gingham curtains among the junk, move the hip bath out of the front room and the bear (my favorite) away from near the window?



READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



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19/11 EACH

Slightly higher some country areas

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by "St. Mark"*

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Throughout Australia at

WOOLWORTHS



Variety Stores and Supermarkets





Picture above by Adelle Hurley; below by J. O. Colohan, Beaumaris, Vic.

HARMONY OF SEA AND SKY

PENTECOST ISLAND (above), one of the Cumberland group which form Whitsunday Passage off the north-central coast of Queensland, pictured from Lindeman Island. Whitsunday and Pentecost were named by Captain Cook, who sailed through the passage on Whitsunday, 1770. Today there are resorts on many of these enchanting islands.

AT SAWTELL, N.S.W., gentle breakers roll to shore past the ocean swimming-pool (left, foreground). This beautiful resort is off the highway a few miles from Coff's Harbor.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**



A period-piece of touching nostalgia transferred to the TV screen with loving care

Television

By NAN MUSCROVE

● Nothing has had more of that magic ingredient that money cannot buy, TLC—tender, loving care—lavished on it than ABC-TV's current Australian serial, "My Brother Jack," set in 1930s Melbourne.

"MY BROTHER JACK" is a TV serial written by Charmian Clift, from the Miles Franklin Award Book written by her husband, George Johnston. It got the first dose of TLC here, and Johnston is loud in his praises of the job his wife has done on the book. The ABC wanted him to adapt it himself, but he refused.

"I couldn't face it myself," he said. "I had just finished the book, and in its original form it was completely unsuitable for TV. It is an introspective book of Davey's thoughts about his brother Jack. These had to be translated into action.

"Charmian has done a wonderful job. She should get all the praise."

But I found the more I got involved with the production the more difficult it was to apportion the praise. Everybody turned himself inside out to do the best possible job on the production.

American designer Jack Montgomery, indeed, has done such a good job with the sets and props that when a mistake occurs it practically announces itself out loud.

The serial is set in the Depression years from 1932 to 1939, and is described by its producer, Storry Walter as a suburban history of that time.

It is set in Melbourne, and many scenes were filmed there, but interiors and some outdoor scenes were filmed in Sydney.

Researchers spent hours scouring the Sydney streets finding places that matched Melbourne suburbia, which they say was quite different.

Montgomery went to see the old Johnston house, "Avalon," in Elsternwick, and was lucky enough to match it in a house in Campsie, a Sydney suburb, that was much more convenient and economical for filming.

I feel sure that people old and young will recall particularly vividly the 1930s.

Montgomery was able to delve into a rich and varied lode of research.

Take fashion, for instance. Catalogues from one of Sydney's leading stores, carefully filed, gave ABC's wardrobe department a perfect guide even to fabrics.

"The pasted-down samples of fabrics were invaluable," Montgomery told me. "We matched them, and were careful not to use any nylon. Rayon was mostly worn then.



THE MEREDITH FAMILY, from left, Jack (Ed Devereaux), Mum (Marion Johns), Dad (Chris Christensen), Davey (Nick Tate). Notice pianola. One roll is "The Rose of No Man's Land."

"Mum Meredith's dressing was a bit of a problem at first. Marion Johns, who plays Mum, has a very slender figure.

"We had to build her a kind of armored brassiere from shoulder to waist to give her a thickening, slightly sagging shape.

"Her Red Cross uniforms were no trouble. The Red Cross told us about one of their veteran members, Miss Poppy Rhodes, of Epping, N.S.W., who nursed throughout World Wars I and II.

Lent her uniforms

"She lent us her uniforms from World War I, the buttons, hats, etc., and what we couldn't use in the original form, we had copied. She was a great help.

"A great source of treasure was the St. Vincent de Paul and other church opportunity shops which sell cast-offs."

The high-fashion 1930s wedding dress worn by Helen (Rosalind Seagreave) for her marriage to Davey, in cream lace over chiffon, came from the St. Vincent de Paul.

It was beautifully made, and in perfect condition. Steamed and pressed, it looked like new.

The women's shoes were what fascinated me. They all had snubby, round toes, a deep upper, and heels that were thick, solid,

and looked as if they had come straight out of Tutankhamen's tomb.

Except for the skirt lengths, the men's fashions struck me as more changed than the women's.

The wide-lapelled, double-breasted suits, the Oxford bags, and, most of all, the jacquard sweaters and the herringbone tweed waisted overcoats looked strange.

The day Helen and Davey were married in a Mosman church was one of the funniest things I've been involved in.

Sydney's dry winter had turned into a deluge that morning and at the last moment, with filming unable to be delayed, the wedding had to be rescripted to a wet one.

Just to make sure, the ABC mounted their rain machines on the footpath outside the church porch, and it was no uncertain deluge that poured down, giving a very authentic soggy look to the guests.

For the last-minute change, Jack Montgomery had provided a huge crate of 1930 overcoats and hats for the guests and spectators.

The crate was in the choir vestry, and the cast crowded in looking modern in their 1935 clothes.

Five minutes later they reappeared—the heavy coats, depressing felt cloche hats, and deep, round umbrellas acting as a kind of Instant 1930s that turned the clock back.



ABOVE: Depression budget problems; Mum, dividing Dad's pay packet, finds he has been docked. Below: Davey, apprentice lithographer, cops it from the boss, Joe Denton (Tom Farley).



MELBOURNE Tramway provided tram, driver, and conductor for special trip. Extras who played passengers included the real Brother Jack.

DAVEY outside "Avalon." This 1930s car and others used were provided by members of old car clubs. Old-type Victorian plates were substituted.

Melbourne is the backdrop



"MY BROTHER JACK"



ABOVE: Jack visits Davey, now living with bohemian artist called Sam Burlington.

LEFT: Wedding day for Jack and Sheila (June Thody). Davey kisses the bride. The house, in Strathfield, N.S.W., matches their first Melbourne home.

RIGHT: Sam (David Copping) adds to the portrait of his girlfriend Jess (Tessa Mallors), who stands sullenly by.



JACK, a great man for his beer. New beer in 1930 bottles was used in the serial, except for one bottle, a real 30-year-old Melbourne beer.

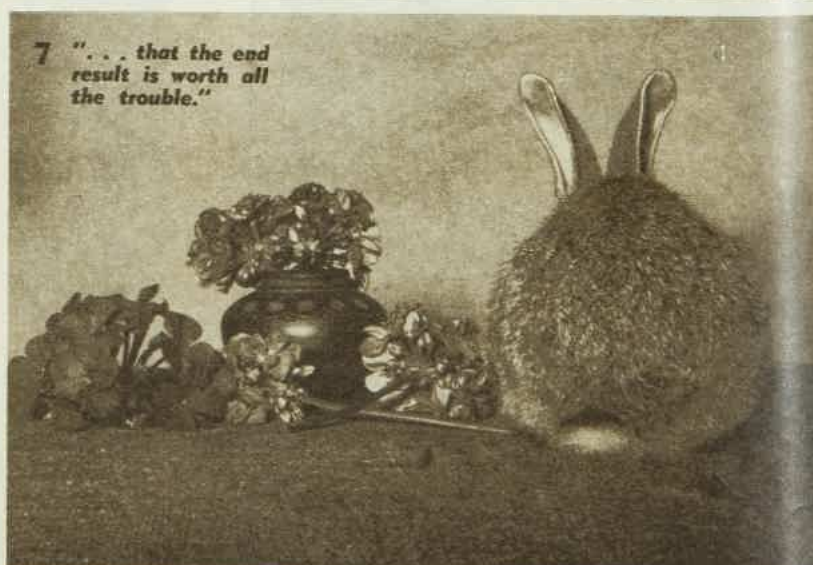
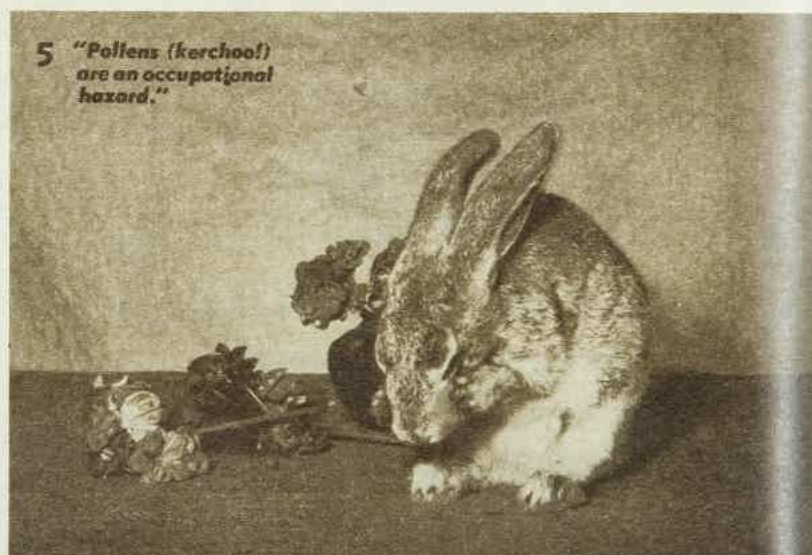
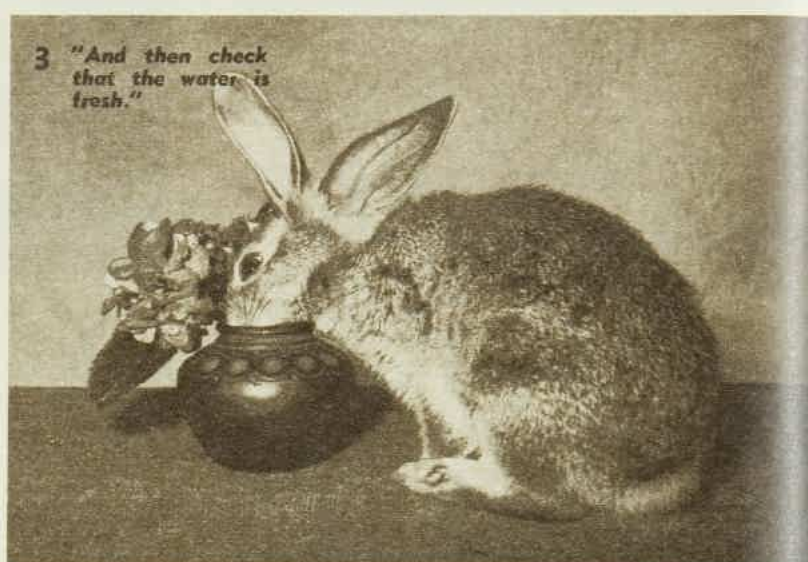


FORMAL wedding for Davey and Helen (Rosalind Seagreave). Best man is Craig Austin. The bridesmaid in two-tiered dress and sideways hat is Carla Cristan, parson Con Shanahan. The bouquets were copied from 1930 wedding photos.

- *Tasteful achievement
of a budding florist*

THE ARTISTIC TOUCH

Pictures by Jennifer Humphreys



HOME-PLANNING EXPERT TO LECTURE

*She will tell you
how to live
with your house . . .*

● Do you dream of the perfect house? Is there never enough storage space in your home? Would you like to improve your furnishings and still keep the family favorites?

● Laurin Magee, of Washington, U.S.A., will try to solve all these problems for you next month when she makes a lecture tour for The Australian Women's Weekly and British Paints Limited.

LAURIN MAGEE knows what kind of house you want — perhaps better than you do yourself.

She has seen enough dream houses—and some in which the dream hasn't been realised—to warn of the pitfalls of house purchase.

Miss Magee is the Director of Research for Stanley Edge Associates, leading American consultants on home planning.

"You could describe my work," said Miss Magee in her office in Georgetown, Washington, "as the link between the contractor who builds the house and the

woman who makes it into a home."

Stanley Edge Associates undertake research surveys to learn what kind of houses people want, what kind of improvements home-owners would like to see in their houses.

They are then able to advise building contractors

By
BILL WILSON,
in New York

on the kind of house to build and offer for sale.

In addition, they place houses under minute scrutiny to learn how to get the maxi-

mum comfort and convenience out of them and can then advise home-owners on the results of their investigations.

That's where Laurin Magee comes in.

As the Research Director for Stanley Edge, Miss Magee does much of the firm's house scrutinising, taking color slides of good points and bad points in all kinds of houses.

Her files now hold about 5000 color slides, many of which she will bring with her to illustrate her talks in Australia.

Miss Magee is a compact-size career woman—a very attractive size 10—who wears high heels only when she has to.

Crinkle into a smile

She stands 5ft. 5in. tall in flat-heeled shoes, which she often wears with a floor-length hostess gown when she entertains in her Georgetown apartment, planned and decorated by herself, naturally.

Her hair, which she now wears up, is brown. So are her eyes, which crinkle into a smile easily.

She is slender enough to enjoy a good meal at Toni's Continental, near her office, without having to count calories. And she looks five years younger than her age, which she doesn't mind admitting is 35.

Born in Brooklyn, the youngest of three children, Miss Magee is close to her mother, who lives in New Jersey and frequently dispenses motherly advice, at length, on the telephone.

Ever since she graduated from Duke University, in North Carolina, Miss Magee has been involved with houses and housing. For the past five years she has been with Stanley Edge Associates, and her colleagues say she has materially helped the company reach its eminent position as housing consultants.

A great deal of her time is spent in planes, travelling from one part of the country



AMERICAN home-planning expert Miss Laurin Magee, at her desk in her Georgetown (Washington) office, discusses a floor plan with one of her firm's clients. A youthful-looking 35, her hair and eyes are brown.

to another to keep on top of changing trends and tastes in house design. She always takes her camera to keep her files up to date.

Just back from a swing around the western States of America, she reported, "Everything is getting to be Spanish in the west just now. All the houses currently being built are feeling a Spanish influence."

"The demonstration houses furnished by the contractors reflect this Latin style in

Laurin Magee knows just as much about how to make living in a flat pleasant as she does about making an owner happy in a home.

No more convenient flat than her own could be imagined for a busy working woman.

It is in what is called in the U.S. a "high-rise apartment building," and her flat is on the seventh floor.

Because the building is on a steep hill, she drives her car into the seventh floor

a job of carpentry, like converting a broom cupboard into a pantry by installing shelves for food staples.

As a gourmet cook, she needs a lot of shelf space for sauces and spices. But she is known to have opened a tin of something—such as beef stroganoff and cherries jubilee for dessert—when guests have dropped in.

A corner of her small kitchen is given over to a well-stocked wine rack.

In her office, Laurin Magee is surrounded by floor plans of houses. An architect's scale—a three-sided ruler—is never far from her hand.

THE TOUR ITINERARY

● Miss Laurin Magee will lecture on "How to Live With a House" in four States. Each lecture, of one and a half hours, will be illustrated with color slides and she then will answer questions from her audience.

Here is her program:

Melbourne, October 21, two lectures.

Adelaide, October 26 and 27, two lectures.

Brisbane, October 29, one lecture.

Sydney, November 1 and 3, two lectures.

A small admission charge will be made and proceeds will be given to Legacy.

Full details will be published in later issues.

their interior decoration and the furniture manufacturers are consequently adding Spanish-influenced pieces to new lines."

Miss Magee has made lecture tours in the United States and Canada, and also has lectured in London, but her visit to Australia will be her first.

"I'm just as anxious to learn what you are doing with Australian houses as to talk about what we have learned in the United States," she said.

"I try to see as much as I can of local techniques in the places I'm invited to. I'm always on the lookout for fresh solutions to problems of home organisation and decoration."

from the street, and parks in a garage about a dozen paces from her front door.

It's a large flat for one person, with two bedrooms and a large living-dining-room.

Desk with a typewriter

One bedroom is set aside as a den, a kind of leisure workroom. It has a desk with a typewriter, and in the corner a large knitting basket.

Laurin Magee has all the domestic talents, and knits a beautiful pair of Argyle socks.

She also keeps a tool drawer in the den, and thinks nothing of tackling

Ask basic questions

Floor plans are her main concern.

"You have to start with a floor plan and visualise the layout of the house," she said.

"To learn what kind of layout a family wants, we ask the basic questions like, 'How many children?' 'How old are they?' 'The husband's occupation?' From all this we get a very accurate idea of what kind of house will work best for the family.

"You see, the architect's concern is primarily aesthetic. The housewife wants a good-looking house, too, but it has to be practical above all.

"We try to bring together these aesthetic and practical considerations.

"You might say, we know what the builder can deliver, and we know what the housewife is entitled to demand in her house, and how she can get the most out of it.

"Of course, I'll be going into all of that when I give my talks in Australia."



RELAXATION for Laurin Magee in a game of golf after a busy office week.



get away from the everyday ...swing over to cool clean Consulate



for that surprising extra it gives you

CONSULATE

THE ONLY VIRGINIA MENTHOL CIGARETTE

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF ROTHMANS OF PALL MALL (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 22, 1961

"Cures" for cramps

CORKS in the bed as a cure for cramps, mentioned by "Cramp-Free," is new to me. But my mother always pinned her faith in a bag of warmed salt. I once suggested that a hot-water bag might be more convenient, and was curtly told "that is not the same thing at all." I never did find out why.

£1/1/- to "Long Ago" (name supplied), Blackheath, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

KNOWING me to be a cramp sufferer, someone told me to place a few small blocks of camphor in the bed near the legs and feet where the cramps were likely. It worked wonderfully. Now, at nearly 87 years of age, I very rarely get cramps. I have found that when a cramp starts and I stretch the limb taut, the cramp does not come to full force and will soon disappear. I have also been told that cramp sufferers do not take enough salt with their food.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Hall, Oxley, Qld.

★ ★ ★

FOUR years ago my husband contracted polio and consequently suffered severe leg cramps. He was advised to try sleeping with a large cork in his bed, and has obtained marvellous relief. He invariably has an attack of cramps if he forgets the cork.

£1/1/- to "Grateful Wife" (name supplied), O'Halloran Hill, S.A.

★ ★ ★

AS a cramp sufferer for years I have tried the cork cure, the sulphur cure, etc., all to no avail. But six months ago I was told to place a small magnet at the bottom of the bed, close to the legs and feet. I was sceptical, but cramps can be so painful that any suggestion is welcome. I am still using the magnet and, like real magic, the cramps have disappeared.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Maiver, Bulli, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

THE strangest of several cures for cramps I have heard of was told me by a friend's grandmother. You take a playing-card, soak it in olive oil, and rub it on the body. Strangely enough, this worked with a ten of spades, but not with a joker!

£1/1/- to "Cramp Gambler" (name supplied), Claremont, W.A.

★ ★ ★

AFTER reading all the letters you receive on the subject of wart cures, etc., I have found they prove our family saying to be correct, "You must have faith in anything if you want it to do good." The same applies even to the taking of tablets or the using of ointments—you need to have faith in them, too.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Gae Sadler, Fairfield, N.S.W.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Gratitude in guests

SOMETIMES I get tired of all the elaborate instructions to hostesses in order that they may please their guests. I think it is time more emphasis be placed on hints to visitors so that they may know how to please their hosts. After all, it is she who gives up her time, money, and sometimes her peace of mind. All the guest has to do is float in and be waited on. I feel that a guest should be like a Japanese guest—all smiles and graciously grateful.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S.M.C. (name supplied), Wynnum, Qld.

Wishing for a dish-washer

HAPPY for me to have other household aids, my husband thinks my desire for a dish-washer downright odd. Stacking up is the worst part of washing-up, he insists; also, the pans would surely have to be washed separately. And what about the machine itself; wouldn't that take some cleaning? For my part, I regard washing-up as the most time-consuming, loathsome chore of the lot, and I usually have to do the dishes alone. With so many electric appliances in modern homes I can't understand why dish-washers remain something of a rarity.

£1/1/- to "Wishy-Washy" (name supplied), Marmion, W.A.

Cat liked the music

I AM learning the recorder, and the other night had played only three or four bars of a new tune to my mother when our cat began rubbing itself against my legs in time to the music. She then tried to get closer to the music by putting her head through the arm of the chair. Finally, she jumped right up, walked across my music, and started licking the recorder! Later, she followed me round with an adoring look as though she wanted to hear more.

£1/1/- to Anne Warr, Holsworthy, N.S.W.

A warning that amused

IT amused me recently to see this sign outside a Hobart church where builders were at work: "Beware of falling debris from above."

£1/1/- to "Arkay" (name supplied), Moonah, Tas.

More in sorrow...

MY cousin was about seven when he asked my mother to pull out his loose tooth. As Mother began to pull it, Bill began to protest. "I wouldn't hurt you, dear," she soothed. "How could you wouldn't, when you is?" came the bewildered answer.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. T. Lane, Dickson, A.C.T.

Ross Campbell writes...

"I've got important news! But I can't tell it till everybody's around."

Pip announced this at dinner-time, and everybody gathered around.

"Well, what is it?" her mother asked.

"We went to the fire station today!" she said.

The Lower Kindergarten class from her school made the excursion. Upper Kindergarten did not go—they are sophisticates who are used to fire stations.

From Pip's account, the visitors had a splendid time. They were allowed to climb into the fire-fighting trucks, pull levers, and wear firemen's hats.

The only time the firemen did not co-operate was when Neville Bodworth showed a desire to squirt a hose at the passers-by.

There was no fire alarm during the visit. Probably it was just as well. I can imagine the telephone conversation that would have ensued.

"My house is on fire! Please come at once!"

"We'll come as soon as we can,

GADABOUTS

madam. But just now we've got the kindergarten here, and it's a bit awkward. The children are wearing our hats, and they've unwound the hoses, and some boys are jammed in the ladder. Excuse me, I can hear a crash—"



Going on excursions is an important part of school life now. Buses take loads of children to ice-cream factories, Parliament House, newspaper offices, dairies, the Sydney Opera House, observatories, and laundries.

It is an enjoyable way for pupils to pick up knowledge. There was very little of it in my time. The only excursion I can remember was

to a soap factory, and the smells made me feel all queer. (Soap factories may smell better now—they'd need to.)

While this educational sightseeing goes on, we should spare a thought for the people who make it possible. I mean all the dairymen, firemen, astronomers, builders, and assorted guides who show children round.

The visits do not always run smoothly.

I have in mind the trip by sixth class of Benelong School to the Sossweet Confectionery plant. A whole tubful of molten toffee had to be scrapped because William Tibbets's cap fell into it.

Again there was the unfortunate occurrence when girls from Waratah High were taken to inspect a giant computer run by the State Government.

Sophie Dingwood—a frivolous little thing—fiddled with the controls. As a result 74,581 public servants were overpaid £6/2/11 each.

And a smash-and-grab gang got away scot-free while 63 kindergarten pupils were being shown over Central Police Station.

The firemen think they've got troubles.

Language of diplomacy



• The Prime Minister of Singapore, Lee Kuan-yew, attacked the Americans in a speech and added, "The British are perfidious but intelligently so."

"Perfidious but intelligently so,"

How elegant are words, how wide the choice!

What shades of meaning they can seem to show

By graceful phrasing or the tone of voice.

A slur assumes a complimentary glow,

Though when it's taken carefully apart,

"Perfidious but intelligently so"

Means simply in the essence, "Crook but smart."

—Dorothy Drain

Preparing for summer fires

WE should prepare for summer now by making firebreaks and burning off rubbish before the hot weather comes. If trees are growing close to the house, clear the dry leaves from the guttering, as they can be a fire danger. A little preparation now could mean the saving of homes and even lives when the hot and, perhaps, dry summer comes.

£1/1/- to E.A.G. (name supplied), Chatswood, N.S.W.

Special birthday party

MY children's father died when they were quite small. In order to keep his memory alive, I decided that his birthday should be celebrated each year in a happy way. So we have a birthday cake, candles, ice-cream, and, in addition, each child receives a small gift. Now, seven years since his death, his birthday is still eagerly anticipated and he is still part of the family circle. Best of all, the children don't feel that they are fatherless.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Audrey Chambers, Scarborough, Qld.



don't be a lilywhite — tan overnight with "magic tan"

PLUS sun filter—protects from sunburn



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If you're in the sophisticated thirties this is the time to enjoy all the glamour and magic of make-up. First and foremost is to give the complexion a radiant youthful bloom by smoothing a film of oil of Ulan over the skin to nourish and to serve as an ideal make-up base. The very essence of sophistication is a skin of milky delicacy, in addition to which the Ulan will guard against the formation of tiny wrinkle-dry lines.

... Margaret Merril

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MATERNITY FASHIONS

made in Australia



● Cool one-piece in pique (above left) has a built-in bra. In white only. Sizes XSSW to XW. Above right, glamorous one-piece frilled from yoke to hemline in pastel pique; the colors as illustrated. Sizes XSSW to W.

● Beautifully tailored shirt-dress with self-tie belt (right) in striped rayon-like silk. Color choice of navy and white, pink and white, aqua and white. Available in sizes XSSW to W.

● Here, we show some of the best new looks in spring-summer maternity fashions. Daytime and party dresses have sleek, concealing lines. Beach designs are eye-catching; they all have built-in bras. The fashions are available throughout Australia.





● Trio for sun-lovers (above). Left, a permanently pleated suit in terylene. Color choice of navy, aqua, pink, black. Sizes XSSW to W. Centre, little-girl suit in check gingham has frilled hemline. Color choice of black and white, royal and white, lime and white, hot-pink and white. Sizes XSSW to XW. Right, swimsuit and beach cover-up in cotton lace, available in white only. XSSW to W.

● Baby-doll dress in striped cotton, far left. Color choice of navy and white, pink and white, aqua and white. Sizes XSSW to W. Left, one-piece in chambray cotton has slotted neckline. Color choice of navy, pink, aqua. Sizes XSSW to XW.

● Chanel-type dress and coat ensemble (right) in linen-like rayon. Dress is sleeveless, coat fully lined. Color choice of navy, aqua, pink, natural. Sizes XSSW to XW. Far right, ruffle-trimmed dress in check Arnel. Color choice of navy and white, aqua and white, lime and white, pink and white. XSSW to W.

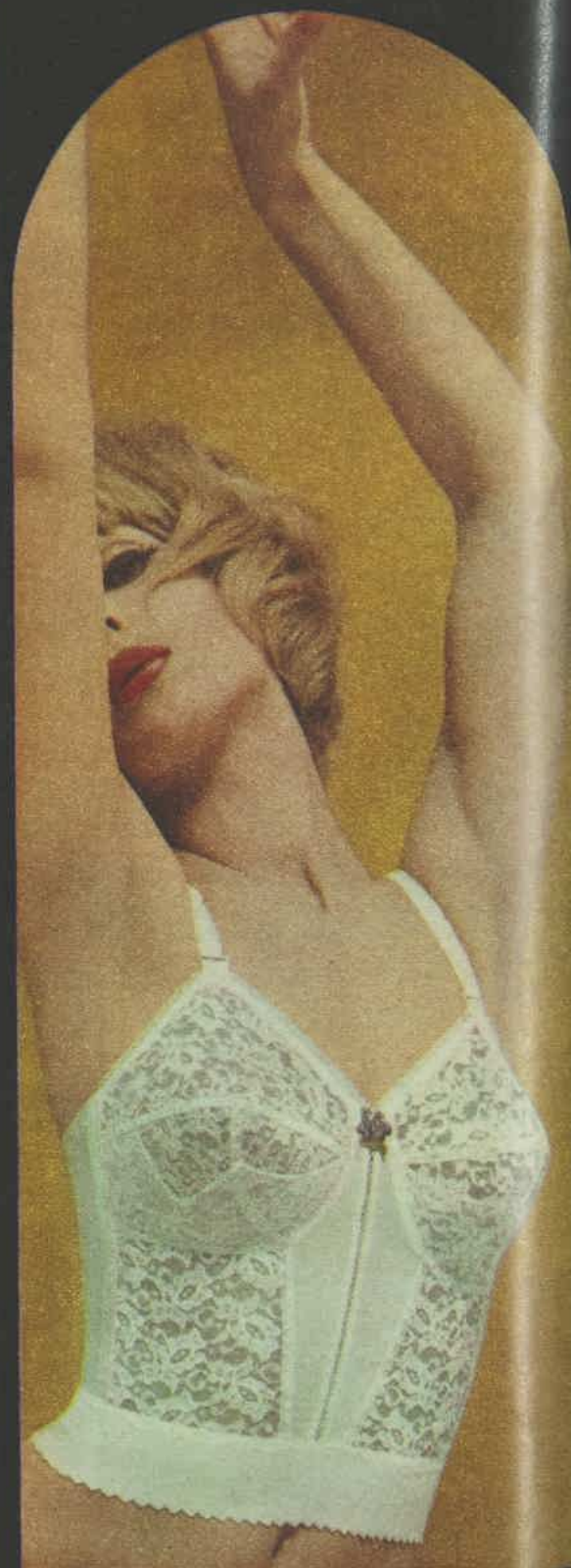




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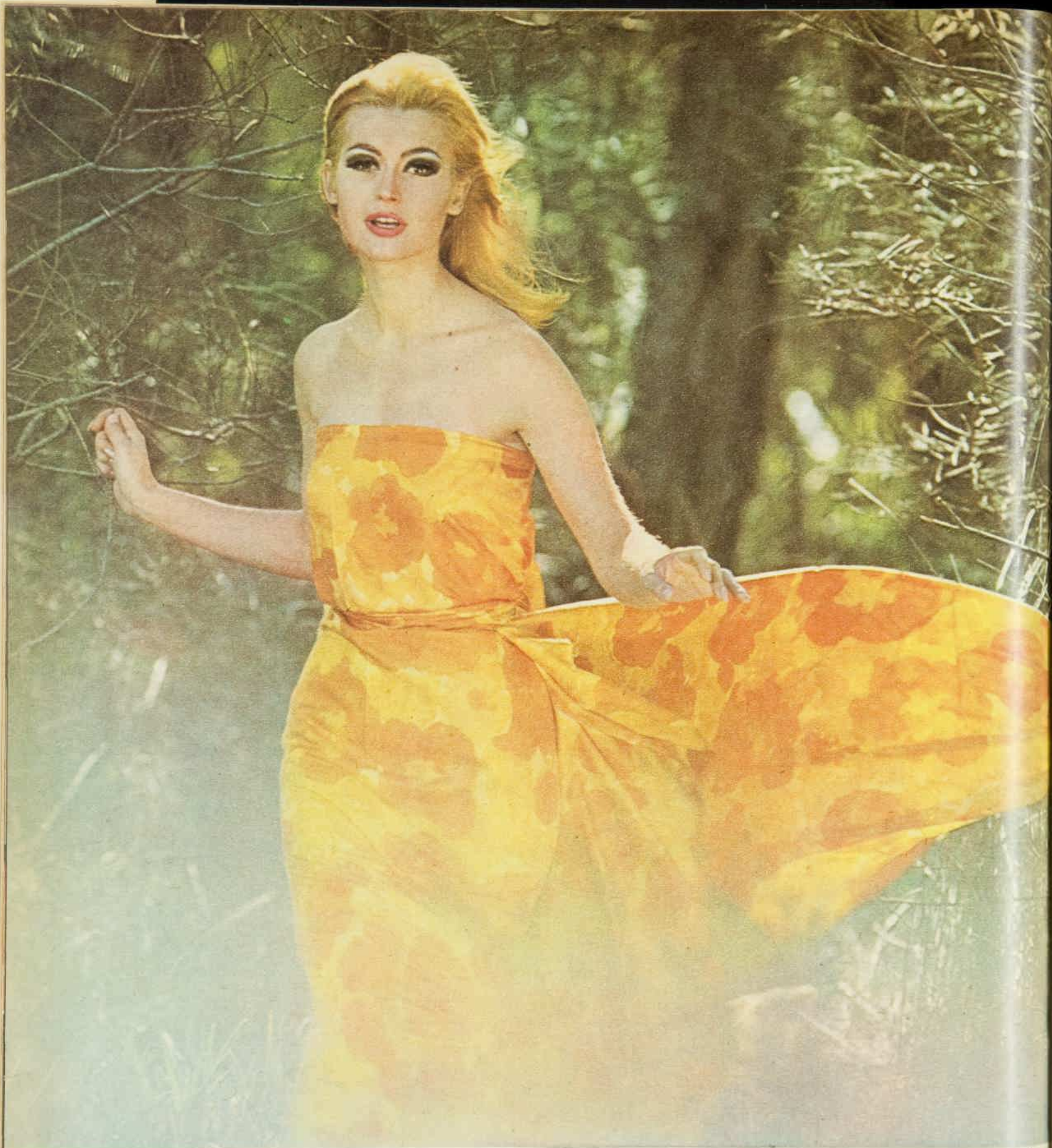
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robe by Chris Johnston

Emergence!

Come out of your cocoon, lady...winter's past... emerge into the sunlit summer scene with a new outlook to flatter the new you...slip into something lighthearted and gay—like these new Dorothy Gray make-ups, created especially for Summer '65.

Two new closer-to-nature shades: BEIGE WHISPER and GOLDEN BEIGE. In SHEER ELATION Moisturising Foundation; FASHION FINISH Make-up Film, Pressed and Loose Powder.

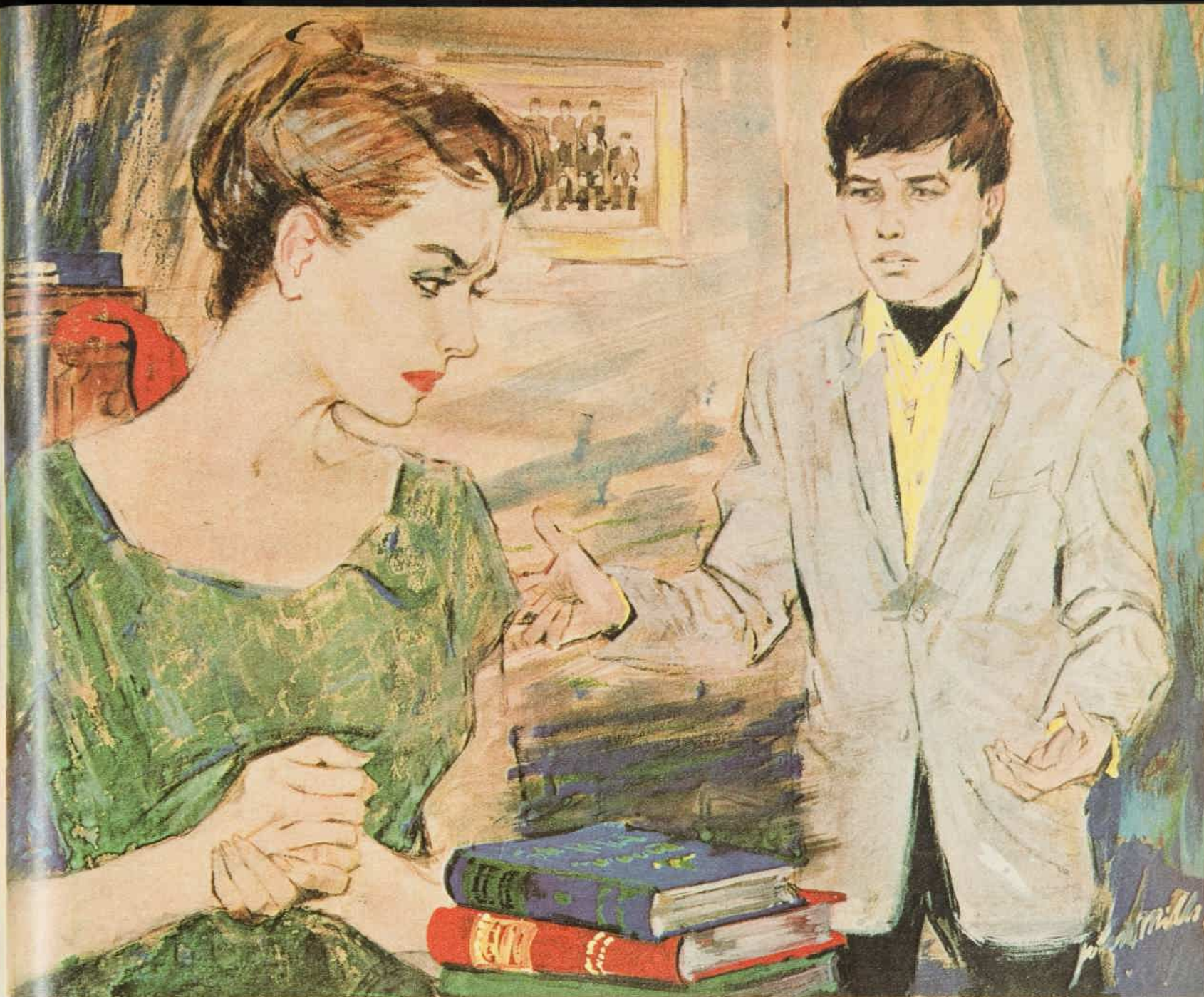


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Stay Matt Anti-shine Lotion, a touch under your make-up keeps shine away all day.



Cunning as a Fox

By **MICHAEL HALLIDAY**

ILLUSTRATED
By **JOHN MILLS**

ELSA screamed suddenly, "You're hurting me!" Catherine, at the sink overlooking the sunlit garden and the red-brick wall separating it from the one next door, dropped a glass, and it broke against the stainless steel.

"Stop it, stop it, stop it!" Elsa cried.

Catherine rushed toward the door, which stood open, her heart palpitating with fear which was so much worse today, worse because of the dreadful night, a nightmare night.

Catherine saw Elsa pull herself free from Ronald and rush blindly toward the house, no longer screaming but holding her breath in terror. She was seven years old—at an age when fear and hurt and pain should be unknown.

Catherine stretched out her arms for the child but was aware of so much else. Ronald, standing quite still, tall for his seventeen years, strikingly handsome, smiling. Old Mrs. Crabtree at a window of her house which backed on to this, watching with the curiosity of the old and malicious. Jenny King, the maid next door to the right, was pinning

clothes on to the line and pretended to notice nothing — as if she didn't notice everything Ron did.

Catherine caught Elsa in her arms, raised her, felt the tension in the little body, sensed that she could hardly take breath.

"It's all right, darling, Mummy's got you."

The old, the inevitable problem confronted Catherine: whether to soothe the child and woo her back to normal, or whether to turn on Ronald while anger was still hot in her. In that shocking moment she felt almost as if she hated her own son. She had been fearful about him before, but had never felt like this. It was as if the events of the night had torn the wool from her eyes, and she saw him for what he was, not as she longed for him to be.

"Ronald, go up to your room," she made herself say stiffly.

"I didn't hurt her," he said.

"Go to your room."

"I'll see you later, Mother," he said, still smiling, and turned toward the far side of the house, to the

Ronald's pleading had always won his mother to his side, but how could she believe him this time?

Commencing our two-part serial

garage entrance. He had no intention of obeying her, and Catherine knew it.

Elsa was crying softly.

"Darling, go inside," Catherine whispered. "I'll be along in a minute or two." Thank goodness, one child obeyed. "Ronald," called Catherine clearly. "Come here."

Ronald, his back to her now, sauntered on toward the corner. How often had he behaved like this and won? No matter what Catherine said or how she tried to punish him, the moment he disobeyed her was his victory. No threats, no talk of telling his father, nothing she knew could stop him. But he had to be stopped. After what she had learned last night, it could not go on. Another failure would mean that she would lose every chance of influencing, or controlling, perhaps even of saving him from himself, from his folly.

"Ronald," she called in a voice she hoped Jenny could not hear, "I shan't tell you again. If you

To page 63

FIVE GOOD REASONS FOR TAKING YOUR FASHION WITH COMFORT!

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READING FROM TOP TO BOTTOM
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 12-156 LEMON, AQUA, NATURAL RED.
 12-179 NATURAL, BROWN, GOLD.
 12-172 NATURAL, BROWN, GOLD



The Love Boat

She was a girl who
believed in fairytales
... a short story

By **HARRIET
FRANK, JR.**

THERE is no popcorn available in studio projection-rooms. As I am a man with an active ulcer I find the running of a rough-cut motion picture on an empty stomach something of a trial. It's not so hot on a full stomach, either, but Barbara Blyden is a big star and her pictures, with or without my agony, usually return their costs.

As I watched her latest I noted that the big, cushy voice was beginning to strain, and if I used any stills in publicity releases they would have to be full face—she was getting saggy at the jawline. All in all, I have seen worse pictures. I have also seen better ones. I'd about made up my mind to use "interesting" as my descriptive adjective when the lights came up.

I never got the chance. A feminine voice somewhere in the back of the house sang out loud and clear, "Aw, I could do better than that!"

A profound silence followed the comment. The producer, a choleric fellow, leaped to his feet and glared around the room. "Who said that?"

No one responded. He then thrust his face close to mine. "Danny, find that shmoozer and boot her outta here!"

His ire was not without justification. Rough cuts of a picture are sometimes shown to the staff for audience response on timing and laughs. If they don't laugh they are expected to maintain a bland and uncritical silence.

"All right, everybody," I said firmly, "just remember that this viewing is a courtesy extended by the producer. Whoever passed that last remark will kindly be silent. That's all."

The answering voice was lower but still clearly audible. "Well, I am better."

I had her spotted—a girl in a rumpled raincoat sitting on the aisle. I edged my way toward her and grasped her tightly under the arm. Once I had her on her feet I hustled her out into the hallway. Beautiful she wasn't. She was small and amply rounded, with a turned-up nose and shiny eyes. Her hair had been cut with a blunt instrument. Her raincoat had seen better days.

"Look, miss . . ." I began.

"I don't know what got into me," she said contritely. "I usually don't have a big mouth at all. In fact, I'm really a very shy person. Maybe it was the beer."

"Beer?"

"Yes. I got taken out to lunch today by this assistant director. He wanted me to drink a martini. At twelve o'clock noon. I knew that would get me into a lot of trouble, so I said no, thank you, I only drink beer. I don't even like beer, but it's less dangerous than martinis, don't you think so?"

I made a gesture as if I were brushing cobwebs away from my face.

To page 40

*Shirlee wanted to sing and she
was determined to get an audition.*



Big harvest to get the big flakes with the big flavour—Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Kellogg's harvest sun-soaked corn, then toast it into big crisp flakes with that special flavour that can't be copied. Such a delicious nourishing and vitamin-packed breakfast.

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(Based on a true life story)

Lonesome Larry yesterday

Happy as Larry today!

"Yesterday Larry was so irritable," said his mother. "Then I remembered Laxettes. Today his mates think he's great." Children's upsets are often due to constipation. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative. When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/6. (35 cents).

On the surface things

appeared as usual, but

a surprise was to come

... a short short story

FACE VALUE

By AILEEN
BURKE

AS he came into the office, late as usual, the personnel manager paused by Alida Rice's desk. "Good morning, Miss Iceberg," he said. "Always get in early, don't you? Is that to impress me—or the board of directors?"

"I wouldn't call it early, Mr. North. I make it ten past nine. The staff are expected to be in at nine sharp."

His eyes narrowed. "Is that meant to be a crack at me? Let me remind you, I'm an executive. I don't have to punch a clock. What's on today?"

"We're interviewing new typists for the pool this morning, and in the afternoon three applicants for the Uganda branch manager's post will be calling."

"Right, deal with the preliminaries. But don't send me in any typists over 30. We want them young in this firm."

He flipped a hand over her blonde hair before sauntering into his adjoining office. Alida was tempted to fling a ledger after him. Before he came she had worked as personnel assistant to Mr. Walker, a pleasant, fatherly man, who had now retired.

She had enjoyed the job until Basil North took over. With his smooth black hair and narrow moustache, he cast himself in the role of office Romeo and imagined every Juliet on the staff was waiting to fall into his arms.

It was a blow to his conceit when Alida brushed him off, refusing to go out with him. He sulked at first, then started calling her Miss Iceberg. She didn't mind... so long as he kept his distance.

So far as he was concerned she couldn't do anything right. The girls came for their interviews. Alida studied their references, gave them shorthand and typing tests, made recommendations on the reports and passed the girls on to the personnel manager.

Four were quite good, the fifth—a quiet, plain girl—was excellent, and Alida marked her down as the best choice so far.

The sixth applicant, a striking redhead in a very tight-fitting skirt, arrived late for the appointment.

"Sorry I couldn't get here on time," she said, "but I was kept at the hairdressers."

She had forgotten to bring any references and she took ages doing the test, which turned out to be full of typing and spelling errors. Still, as Basil North insisted on seeing all the girls, Alida had to send in No. 6 after the others.

Sounds of laughter wafted from the other room, and presently North emerged with the redhead beside him. She had taken off her jacket, revealing a wispy blouse.

"Miss Courtney"—he indicated her with a familiar pat on the arm—"is engaged for the typing pool. Make a note of that, Miss Ice... Miss Rice. I may be back a little late from lunch." He strolled out with the girl and Alida didn't need a crystal ball to tell her it would be a lunch for two.

She tidied her desk, slipped on her coat, and went round to the snack-bar, where Larry Barton was keeping a high stool for her. Larry was no Romeo, with his ruffled brown hair and rugged, tanned features, but she loved him.

His eyes lit up when she approached.

"I've ordered for you—the usual. How was the creep this morning? Did he annoy you?"

"He annoys me all the time."

Larry's eyes darkened. "One of these days..."

"No, Larry, please. He didn't annoy me in the way you mean. It's just that he blocks me at every turn."

She sighed. "He turned down a really efficient girl for



the typing pool and instead chose a sexy little redhead who can't spell. They're lunching together at this moment."

"Never mind," Larry said. "If he's interested in her, maybe he'll leave you alone."

"Yes, but it won't stop him finding fault with my work all the time. He does it for devilment."

Larry stroked her hand sympathetically. "Chuck the job, darling, and marry me."

"Don't rush me, Larry," she said. "I need time to think about it."

"How much time?"

"Oh, till this evening."

He chuckled. "I'll hold you to that."

Alida was kept busy in the afternoon, getting the preliminary details from the three applicants for the Uganda post. She made out her reports and, one by one, sent the men in for their final interviews with Basil North.

He had returned late from lunch, his face flushed as if he had had too much wine, and she felt a little anxious, wondering if he would be in any condition to make a wise choice.

At 4.30 the last applicant departed and North called Alida into his office.

"I've seen the men and read your reports on them," he said. "You think you know it all, don't you?"

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"Trying to teach me my job. Practically ordering me to engage one applicant in particular." He waved a report at her. "Was it because this fellow was the best looking?"

"No!" she snapped back. "It was on account of his personality and high qualifications. His references were excellent and he's had experience of overseas work."

"That applies to the others, too."

"Maybe, but he's the right man for the post. Any fool can see that!"

"I'm not any fool!" North roared. "And I won't be told how to run my department. Understand? Now here's an applicant you dismiss with a few curt words. You didn't like his looks, I suppose. Well, I've got news for you, Miss Iceberg. He's the man we're going to engage for Uganda. Write and tell him so."

"In that case," Alida said quietly, "I must ask you to accept my resignation."

That evening, Larry was waiting for her outside the office. Oblivious of the passing crowds, she hugged him. "Darling, I've thrown up my job. Now we can get married and go to Uganda."

"Uganda?" he echoed. "Do you mean he chose me—on your recommendation?"

"Oh, no. I praised the others and said you were too young and quite unsuitable."

A slow grin spread over Larry's face. "So you got him to pick the wrong man?"

She shook her head, smiling up at him. "No, darling, the right man... You!"

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HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE

By Anne Bryant,
Hair Beauty Consultant

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For further hair care advice, see the L'Oréal of Paris Consultant at your favourite pharmacy or department store. Or write to me—Anne Bryant, Nicholas Marigny Hair Beauty Advisory Service, 699 Warrigal Road, Chadstone, Victoria.

Anne Bryant



NM65/3332



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L'ORÉAL OF PARIS OFFERS YOU A WORLD OF HAIR BEAUTY

THE SMALL NEW JOY

An appealing short story

By LESLEY CONGER



Blake tenderly embraced his wife when they stopped at the garage.

THE car radio was on, forecasting foggy weather, but Nancy was tuned to the melody of her own thoughts, singing the small, new joy she felt within her. She leant back, thinking about painting the nursery—white and the palest of yellows—and making new curtains, and buying things, for there was, of course, nothing saved from Rosalyn and Tim, not a stick of nursery furniture, not a stitch of baby clothes.

After his wife, Margaret, died, Blake had never thought of this, had never expected it—and so he had given everything away when he and the children moved from the house in which he could no longer bear to live. Rosalyn was four then, and Tim nine, and Nancy Murray was teaching at a kindergarten school, unaware that next year would change her life.

"Stop fidgeting, Rosie," Tim said crossly. "I'm trying to read. I'll—"

Nancy twisted round in the front seat. "You'll do nothing at all," she interrupted sharply. Early in the six months of marriage they had had so far, she had conquered her fear of being the wicked stepmother; and now she had another instalment of her continuing vindication and reward when Tim sighed and said, without rancor: "All right," and Rosalyn leant forward and whispered confidently, her breath warm and wet on Nancy's ear. "Try to sit still," Nancy said. "We'll stop at the next garage."

"I have to get some petrol, anyway," Blake said as he pulled up at a petrol pump. He got out while the assistant filled up the tank. "Are you going to tell your people as soon as we get there?" he asked Nancy.

"Well—" Nancy hesitated. "Let me choose the right moment."

"That's all right," Blake smiled at her, adding "Ma" under his breath.

"I hope they have green soap that squirts," Rosalyn said, dancing ahead to the door marked Ladies.

They drove on through the bright autumn morning, stopped for lunch at a wayside cafe, and by three o'clock in the afternoon were almost there.

"I'm hungry again," Tim said.

"If Grandma Murray has carrots for dinner," Rosalyn said wickedly, "you've got to eat them, doesn't he have to eat them? Because when you go out to dinner, you have to eat what they give you, don't you?"

"We'll see," said Nancy. "On the other hand, there might be pea soup—and fried onions—and broad beans—and—" She broke off, laughing at Rosalyn's groans.

Nancy leant forward eagerly, watching the road. Two more bends, then at the crest of the next hill—

To their marriage Blake had brought the children: freckled, serious Tim, pixy Rosalyn with her fine, blonde hair; Nancy had brought a couple of grandparents, something Tim and Rosalyn had never had before, and the farm.

The Murray farm was really no longer a farm. Suburbs had crept up around it. Only a mile away there was a large shopping centre. Bungalows with huge smooth lawns sprawled everywhere; a big garage occupied the corner where Nancy's mother had once taught fifty children in the parish hall. But the old house still stood on several acres of land, the crown of a gently rising hill.

The barn and outbuildings were long since gone, but in summer there were still peas fresh from the garden, in

autumn huge chrysanthemums were a glowing riot of warm color, in spring the fruit trees stood in purple puddles of crocus blossom. Parsley and chives grew, tucked in corners everywhere; and, above all, rose the great chestnut tree, higher than the roof, its flowers in season like white candles.

Nancy, with the garden's timetable in her heart, knew what she should see when they arrived: the trees half stripped of leaves, the asters by the front gate, the Michaelmas daisies at the back. But, instead, what caught her eye was her father in the door, waiting there, leaning on his cane; and she thought: It's autumn everywhere, autumn with him, too. And she shivered.

The children spilled out of the car, Rosalyn like a puppy, Tim with a small show of superior decorum.

"Mother—Dad—you're looking wonderful!" Nancy stood back after the ritual of hugs and kisses, looking at them through a blur of love, a blur that allowed her for a moment to see only her father's lively blue eyes and not the weary lines round them. But her mother looked at Nancy closely. "Why, you're putting on weight!"

Blake laughed, but Nancy flashed a warning glance (Not yet!) at him, and he herded the children inside, Rosalyn to bestow barely tolerated affection upon the ancient cat, Tim to answer questions about school, leaving Nancy and her mother together.

"Those children of Blake's are lively enough," her mother said. "You must more than have your hands full with a ready-made family like that."

"They—they're wonderful," Nancy said. She wanted to tell her, all in a rush, how everything had been working out, how Rosalyn already called her mother, how they were not "those children of Blake's," not any more, nor entirely a ready-made family—but this was not the moment for it, with her father inside and her mother standing there as she was now, looking down the valley. So: "I love them," Nancy said simply.

"Now look at that mist," her mother said. "That darned city and its smog, coming closer all the time."

Nancy looked at the pall that hung over the city, filling the lowland like a lake of mist, lapping at the hills. "Oh," she said, "is it really any worse than it was a year ago?" But she knew it was, for it looked as if a giant eraser had wiped smudgily across the landscape and left only a pale smear where once the sharp outlines of buildings had been drawn, and even as she finished speaking she could hear Blake's voice, speaking to her father: "smog's getting pretty thick down there—"

"It's worse, all right," her mother declared. "Well, come along, you must all be starving."

Nancy followed her into the house and was immediately set upon by Rosalyn, bounding up and crying: "Mother, guess what! Grandpa Murray says Tim and I can help him put up a new coconut for the birds! And we can choose where to put some of the bulbs for spring, too!"

And by spring, Nancy thought—but she did not cry out her news, for her mother had gone into the kitchen.

"The old coconut blew down in the gale," said her father. "We'll put this one on that chestnut branch that reaches out to the window."

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12'11

Dress Sense

By
BETTY KEEP



6461.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16, for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6461, the price 6/6 includes postage. The pattern is obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No COD orders accepted.

● This slender semi-fit dress combines striped and spotted dress fabric. The design was chosen for a young business girl to wear during weekends.

HERE is part of the reader's letter with my reply:

"Could you please let me have a pattern for a slim, waistless dress, and a suggestion for a snappy with-it fabric. I take size 32 bust. I want to wear the frock when I go out with my boyfriend. It's mostly for weekend wear."

The design I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated above. The combination of stripes and spots gives the dress a very with-it look. A paper pattern is available in your size. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"What type of buttons would you advise me to put on a between-seasons coat made in navy lightweight wool?"

Gold buttons would be my choice for a navy wool coat.

"What will I wear on my head attending a wedding reception at 7 p.m.? I would also like to know if it is necessary to wear gloves."

A band of ribbon trimmed with a flower or a fake jewel, a ribbon bow, or veil are all adequate for the occasion. You should wear gloves. White or a pale beige shade is correct for a formal occasion.

"What type of bridal headdress would be suitable to wear with a wedding dress made in white silk organza?"

The dress has an Empire waistline and is ankle-length without any train. The wedding is in November."

A pretty idea for a summer wedding is a circlet of small white flowers worn with a shoulder-length tulle veil.

"As a young teenager, I would like an idea for a dress I could wear in the daytime and also for informal evening parties."

My suggestion as a two-way design is a pinafore dress and blouse. For evening, subtract the blouse and wear the dress solo. Have the pinafore made in pink rayon linen and the blouse in pink-and-white printed voile.

"Could I leave my wedding reception in the suit I am being married in? It is only a very informal family wedding."

In the circumstances you mention, it would be correct to wear the suit you are being married in when you leave for your honeymoon.

Before...



After!



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Only a lotion which can give your skin both moisture and fats, can restore — and maintain — your skin's youthful elasticity. Such a product is Herco Face Lotion . . . because it contains Turtle Oil. This is the only oil known to science which is astringent, yet its other ingredients enable the Lotion to fully penetrate the skin. This means that both moisture and refined oil are provided where they are most needed . . . whilst Turtle Oil's other active agents go to work either as a food or as a stimulus to the skin cells at a lower level.

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THE LOVE BOAT

"We are not on the same wavelength as yet," I said with strained patience. "What's all that got to do with that little caper you cut in there?"

She regarded me as if I were not a very bright child. "The beer made me tiddy. My name's Shirlee Gallagher," she added, "in case you're going to get me fired or anything." She looked at me forlornly.

"You're not going to get fired. Only try to remember that you are not a New York critic, OK?"

"I'll never say another word," she promised solemnly. "Only it's kind of a shame when you stop and think . . ."

"When you stop and think about what?" I asked irritably.

"What a good voice I've got," She smiled cheerfully. "I know it's hard to believe. I mean, I'm nothing in the looks department. If I were gorgeous like my sister Alice I wouldn't have any problems. She's gorgeous but she has a voice like a crow. I look like a crow and sing like a nightingale. Funny world, isn't it?" She seemed genuinely amused by the irony.

I shook my head as if to clear it. "Miss Gallagher, where do you work?"

"In the wardrobe department. I'm a seamstress. I'm good at that, too." Her eyes narrowed. "Excuse my saying so, but your jacket doesn't fit you very well over the shoulders.

Drop it by some day and I'll narrow it down for you."

"I have broad shoulders," I said, hotly defensive.

"Don't be ashamed of being skinny," she said. "Frank Sinatra's skinny." And with that irrelevance she waved her hand at me and wandered off.

A kook, I thought to myself. The town's full of 'em. Take that little starlet who's got me drinking milk three times a day. A nut. I think I'm in love with her and want to marry her and she wants to go to New York and study with Lee Strasberg.

I want to marry her and buy an overpriced tract house and have some kids and plan for the day

when I emerge as the best young director since Elia Kazan. Instead I live alone above the Strip and grow ulcers while she wanders around trying to find herself through group therapy. On the five nights a week she stands me up I go to the movies and brood. That's where I ran into Miss Shirlee Gallagher for the second time.

She was standing in the lobby, swatting at the candy-vending machine. I tried to slink back into the comforting darkness of the theatre, but she spotted me.

"Hey," she called, waving her purse at me. "It's you."

I nodded dourly.

"How've you been?" she asked, her face mirroring real interest and concern.

"Keen," I said without enthusiasm. "How about you? Been thrown out of anywhere lately?"

"You know something," she said. "I almost have. My boarding house. It was about the cat."

I was beginning to dig her particularly verbal shorthand. "No pets allowed?"

"No kittens. This one had six. Want a kitten?"

"Nope."

"Nobody does. Except me. I'm crazy about cats. Dogs, too. Could you do me a favor?"

"I know no cat-lovers," I said, beginning to back away.

"Oh, I've already found homes for all but two. Would you hit this machine for me? My nickel's stuck in the chocolate-marshmallow-cluster slot."

I hit the machine a vicious blow and was rewarded with a stale-looking confection which I handed to her.

"I'm supposed to be dieting, but I'm not." She unwrapped it and instantly made inroads. "Are you alone?"

"Well . . . yeah?"

"Me, too."

For some crazy reason I'll never understand, I decided to forget the movie and offer her a cup of coffee.

"They put chicory in restaurant coffee," she announced. "I make very good coffee. I only live two blocks from here."

"Well," I demurred, "it's kind of late and I have to be at the studio early tomorrow."

She studied me with her arms folded. "Did you eat any dinner?" she asked me abruptly.

I hadn't, but I wondered how she knew. "As a matter of fact, I missed dinner."

"I bet you eat in restaurants all the time. I bet you have stomach trouble."

This kook was a witch. "Well, I do have a little trouble . . ."

SHE shook her head sagely. "I knew it. You've got that pockery look. My brother-in-law has ulcers. He looks just like you. Pockery. Come on. I'll boil you some eggs. They're very good for stomach trouble."

A light and dismal rain had begun to fall as we came out of the theatre. I knew my girl was in some espresso bar telling some punk actor how she would adore working with him. Two boiled eggs began to look good to me.

Shirlee lived in an apartment that was full of plants and birds and old magazines. It contained several bowls of goldfish. There were many records piled in a corner, topped by a large and sleepy cat. There was a bird's nest on the mantel flanked by a peanut-butter jar and a sign urging Moral Re-Armament. There was a child's crib in one corner and a badly battered rocking horse in the other.

"I didn't know you had kids," I said, indicating the bed and the horse.

"I don't, I baby-sit for the girl upstairs. I love kids. Someday I'll have some myself. If anybody asks me to, that is."

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OUR TRANSFER



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'Our holiday home was a floating mansion (just another of India's fascinating surprises)'

A letter to their friends from Robert Lewis and his wife holidaying in India.

"Our houseboat was anchored on the waterlily-strewn Dal Lake in India's fabulous Valley of Kashmir. It was truly a floating mansion — complete with fretwork verandah, gabled windows, a dozen enormous rooms and a sundeck the size of a small dance floor.

All this luxury in an enchanting setting — yet our holiday houseboat cost less than most hotel suites back in Australia.

But more of Kashmir later. Let's go back to the start of our tour of this fascinating land.

Friendly people

Our first impression of India was the overwhelming hospitality of the Indian people. We had been just a little bit dubious about the Indians with their colourful costumes, exotic foods and babble of baffling languages . . . but the warmth and friendliness everywhere soon made us feel welcome.

First stop: Bombay, the Gateway of India, nestling against a background of faraway mountains.

On to Delhi: went shopping with friends we'd met at the hotel. No trouble about money: all banks and

most hotels will change pounds into rupees at the current exchange rate. Bazaars were fascinating, but we weren't used to bargaining and didn't know jade from soapstone, so we consulted our copy of "Where to Buy" Brochure the Government of India Tourist Office gave us. It told us where to buy all the famous things India makes — the genuine articles — at fair fixed prices. Shimmering silks, magnificent Kashmir carpets and shawls, delicate filigree silver, carved ivory, jewellery, precious stones, beaten and enamelled brassware — each piece with a story attached.

From Delhi we flew on to Jaipur, capital of the state of Rajasthan. Jaipur is a colourful city built out of local stone which is an unusual rose-pink colour. The city is designed in rectangular blocks — with main streets more than 100 feet wide!

City of Lakes

A few hundred miles south-west of Jaipur is Udaipur, known as the city of lakes. Here, island palaces sparkle on a steel-blue artificial lake — built in the 14th century. Returned to Delhi the next day. We agreed that travelling is very easy in India. Hosts of ships and planes bring travellers to Indian ports and main cities from all over

the world . . . and you can travel anywhere inside India by a great network of airlines and trains (both are fast and comfortable).

Helpful guides

Incidentally, there are Government of India Tourist Offices in all the big cities. They are informative and pleased to help with any problems. They will introduce you to professional guides — not just talkative taxi drivers — but men and women trained in history and archaeology, with diplomas (believe they have to have a Bachelor's degree, too!).

We flew to Kashmir from Delhi in two hours, by Indian Airline Caravelle, exchanging the crowds and bustle of Delhi for wild irises and poppies and leaves everywhere . . . surrounded by snow-topped Himalayas, in clear blue skies, that look 15 miles away when they're 80.

We'll write again soon, but already we can say that India is a wonderful experience we will never forget."

Call in or write to the Government of India Tourist Office, they'll tell you everything you want to know about India — fares, accommodation, places to see. Government of India Tourist Office — 46 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Victoria. Phone 63 8491.



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India

She flung aside a flannel bathrobe and a pair of fuzzy bedroom slippers and disappeared into the kitchen. After a moment she popped her head out the door.

"I forgot to ask your name the other day. I've just been thinking about you as 'the skinny one.'"

"Danny Stewart."

"How do you do?" She popped back in. I groped for a cigarette, wondering what I'd got myself into. Before I could decide she popped back.

"I suppose you hate milk toast?"

"Passionately."

"Then I won't make any. You're not married, are you?"

"Not even a little bit."

"You're very good-looking not to be married."

"Well, I hope to be some day."

"Me, too. I suppose I'll have to get a lot thinner, before anybody'd ask me. I'm good-natured, though."

"I've noticed."

"Dinner in a couple of minutes."

Ten minutes later there was a tray set before me. The eggs were done just right. The toast was crisp and hot. There was bacon and coffee and a big slab of home-made chocolate cake.

"Nothing for you?" I asked.

"I shouldn't, really. Well, save me a bite of your cake."

She curled up opposite me and watched with maternal satisfaction as I tore into the meal. Afterward she lit a fire and put my shoes beside it to dry out. Then she regarded me with her brown eyes.

"You know something terrible?" she asked.

I was replete with cooking and firelight. "What can be terrible?" I countered.

"Me. I planned all this. I asked around about you and found out how you go to the movies and lots of other things. I really waylaid you tonight. On purpose."

I sat up straighter in my chair.

"I want you to hear me sing," she said, pulling nervously at her hair.

I REACHED for my shoes. "What you want is Central Casting, Miss Gallaher, and thanks for the eggs."

"Now you're mad at me, aren't you?"

"I should have seen this coming."

"I'm not burned up with ambition or anything like that. Only if you have a talent, shouldn't you use it?"

"Not on me," I said, reaching for my hat.

She smiled with lopsided wistfulness. "Would one chorus kill you? I'll even sing fast. And in the other room. Look," she suggested, "you just sit there and close your eyes. I'll wash the dishes and sound my A. OK?"

Before I could protest she was out of sight and a moment later a cascade of sound spilled from the kitchen. Now I have lived in tinseltown for many and many a year and I'm not easily moved, but her voice released every sweet memory I've ever had.

It was full of all the good things of life, the tenderness of a first kiss, the tease of a spring day, and the excitement of a toboggan ride when you are ten years old.

"Heavens," I said and leaped to my feet. "Come in here."

She emerged, wiping her soapy hands on her apron.

"I know," she said without rancor, "you've heard better."

"Never," I cried, grabbing hold of her and twirling her around. "Not in this boy's short and happy life. Baby, you orbit me!"

"Yeah? Really?" Her eyes sparkled with pleasure. "Well, thank you very much."

I hardly heard her. I was studying her with a cobra's cold eye. And as I took stock, my heart sank. The voice was Cleopatra floating down the Nile. The vessel surrounding it was strictly Cleopatra's scullery maid. She sensed a sudden fall in the temperature.

"Something wrong?"

I swallowed hard. I don't claim to be a knight in shining armor, but I'm not Jack the Ripper, either. Still, it had to be said. "You have

a great voice, honey, and you're a fine, sweet person, but . . ."

"But no sex appeal," she finished for me. "Listen, I've got a mirror. I just thought maybe all that jazz about the ugly duckling turning into a swan might be a remote possibility." She shrugged philosophically. "I'm mad about fairy stories, but I guess it's time I grew up."

"Sing something else," I commanded abruptly. She did and once again I landed on Cloud Nine.

I grasped my forehead and furrowed my brow. "It's got to be made to work," I said grimly. "Now look. I'm not making any promises, but I'm going to stick my neck out. Way out. Meet me tomorrow morning on the lot." I took her by the

hand. "Shirlee, can you take the knocks if they get dished up?"

"Sure," she said, "I'm not made of eggshell, you know. I've been on my own for ages."

"Then get a good night's sleep and come on strong!"

The next morning she met me outside the studio commissary. Daylight didn't help matters any. Plainly she wasn't the type of girl men gave their seats to in subways. I began to feel sunk but I steeled myself and forced a smile.

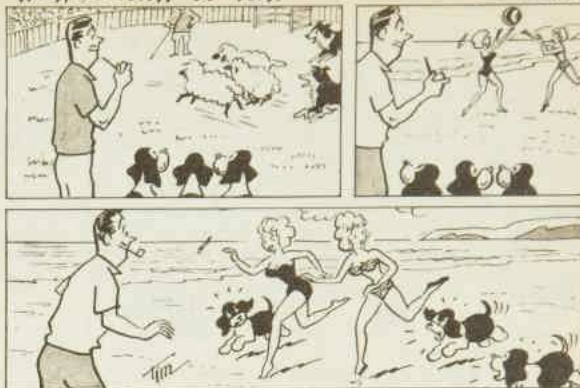
"Hi," I greeted her weakly.

Her grin took the chill out of my spine and replaced it with melting warmth.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Fashion point: Arnel goes delicious in ice-cream colours.

Designer: Ricki Reed.

Fabric: Burlington's smooth washable Arnel Crepe.

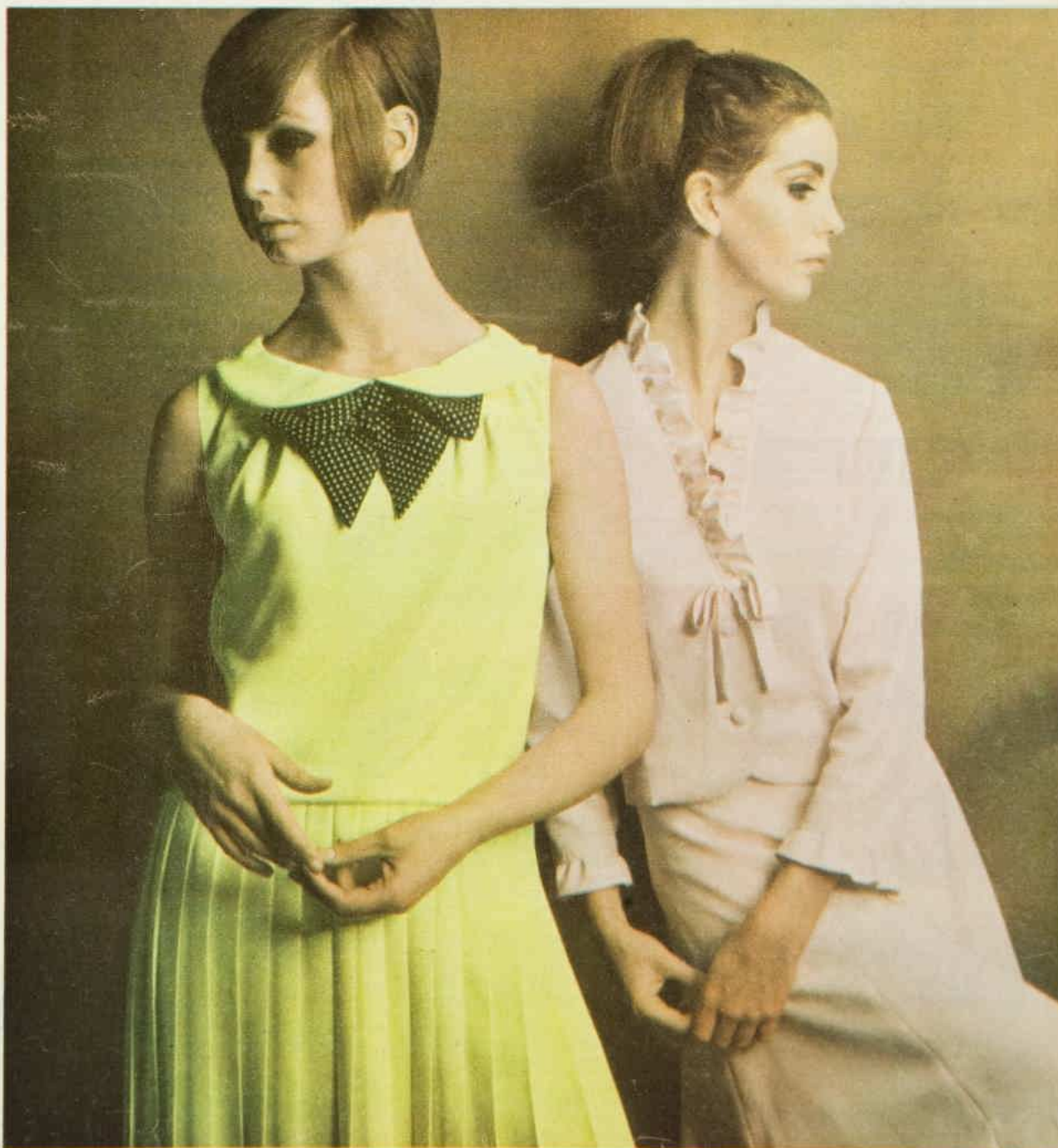
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THE BOYFRIEND



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Continued from page 41

"You look like you're going to be shot," she said and tucked her hand under my elbow. "Listen, Danny, you don't have to do anything about me. I mean, you don't owe me a thing. You've been as sweet as pie and I don't want to put you to any trouble."

At that moment I would have stood off the Charge Of The Light Brigade for her, single-handedly.

"OK, sweetie. Let me run the show."

I piloted her into Jerris Taylor's sanctum. Jerris is the world's foremost make-up man and the nastiest human being since Ivan the Terrible. The greatest luminaries in show business walk softly in his presence. Deference is the order of the day when he's on the scene. He is said to have created more fair ladies than Professor Higgins.

I sailed into his office and thrust Miss Gallaher in front of me. He looked up from his kidney-shaped desk, closed his eyes, and winced.

"What is the meaning of this?"

"Jerris, old sock, how are you?" I began heartily.

"Not well. Be brief."

"This is Miss Gallaher," I said, "a girl with a voice like a way-out nightingale."

"I am not a bird-lover. Why bring her here?"

"I thought maybe there was something you could do for her."

His glance flicked across us like a bull whip. "You jest," he said flatly.

"Aw, come on. Maybe something with the eyebrows. Maybe something with eye-lashes."

"You," he said venomously, "have obviously taken leave of your mind."

"Do a good deed," I pleaded. "For once in your life, make a gesture."

"I am a make-up artist," he said, "not a miracle worker."

I looked at Shirlee. Her face remained imperturbable.

"Look," she said reasonably, "you don't ask an artist to paint a barn. Besides, I can tell that he isn't feeling well. You aren't, are you?"

He looked up, startled. "Well," he said grudgingly, "as a matter of fact, I've got a sickening migraine."

She nodded, owlwise. "Right side or left?" she queried expertly.

"Right. And it's killing me."

"Just sit there," she said, "and let me see what I can do for you."

BEFORE he could protest she was beside his chair. A moment later she was massaging his neck.

"Nothing makes you feel worse," she said softly. "You hate the whole world. My mother had them all the time, but this always worked. Poor thing. He's all knotted up. There," she crooned, "that's it. We'll work it out. Just relax."

He was too astonished to answer, but after a moment he sagged in his chair and a look of bliss crossed his face. "That's divine. Child, you have magic hands."

Fifteen minutes later he was on his feet, totally revitalised and circling Shirlee like a vulture while he pondered her face.

"It's a good face. Human. Meaningful. Beauty isn't just skin-deep, you know. We'll do something delicate and let the spirit shine. The nose, too. Why make her into something artificial? She's a love boat, that's what she is, and that's what we're going to let them see."

Before I could get my voice back he had her in a smock

THE LOVE BOAT

and was at work. An hour later Shirlee rose like Venus from the sea. A nice, next-door Venus from somewhere in the middle west, but with the touch of the eternal woman plain to see. She looked at herself in the mirror and clasped her hands together like a child.

"You're a doll," she said to Jerris, "just a living doll. And I'm going to send you a whole bunch of calcium tablets to help your headaches."

The first smile I ever saw from him knifed across his rigid features. "My pleasure, dear." Then he turned on me. "Go browbeat that old crow in the Wardrobe Department. The child's in rags. And do let me know how she fares."

WE stumbled out into the sunlight and across the lot to Wardrobe. Our reception there was even chillier.

"Madness," shrieked Clare Cowle. "Madness! She goes out where she's supposed to go in. She still has baby fat, for heaven's sake. What do you want from my life? I have all I can do with the star roster on this lot right now. How dare you impose this on me!"

"She's a big talent," I said meekly, "but those clothes of hers are pathetic."

Clare forced me into a corner out of earshot. "Your romantic intrigues, Danny Stewart, should be kept decently to yourself. I call it downright nifty asking me to doll her up."

"My motives are driven snow," I said defensively, "and strictly professional."

"Out!"

"Please, sugar."

"O-u-i!"

Suddenly Shirlee's voice interrupted us. "You shouldn't impose on her at a time like this," she said gently.

"A time like what?" I demanded.

"She's pregnant," she said quietly.

"How do you know that?" Clare whirled on her. "I just found it out myself three days ago."

"You act just like my sister did. All nervous and jumpy. And I think allowances should be made at a time like that. I think a woman ought to be pampered a little bit."

Clare's face suddenly crumpled like a handkerchief and tears pooled in her eyes. "It isn't easy," she sniffed, "combining motherhood with a career. You're the first person who's understood that." She dabbed at her eyes. "Let me look at you," she said to Shirlee. "You know, there's something rather like a Rubens painting about her. Soft and appealing. I see her in a simple little white batiste blouse. Beautifully embroidered. A dark skirt. A fresh flower tucked into the pocket. Old-fashioned. Like a valentine."

She grabbed for the phone. "Bring in that thing we did for Barbara Blyden," she commanded. "No, never mind the padding. Nature has been good to this one." She patted Shirlee on the head.

"When I get through with her she'll look like a little love boat."

I was shoed out and when I came back two hours later the butterfly was beginning to emerge from the cocoon. The clothes were simple and appealing. She looked like someone you'd want to take straight home and introduce to your mother.

"The hair is a nightmare," Clare said as she saw us to the door. "Make that heel Harris do something about it. And good luck, lambie."

"One more hurdle and we've got the race," I told her. "Only this guy succumbs not to blandishment. Just play dumb and leave it to me."

"Ugh," said Harris. "It's a fright wig. No offence, dear, but is this Halloween?"

"I cut it myself," she said meekly. "To save money."

"Pet, you could be Mrs. J. Paul Getty, and with hair like that it really wouldn't matter. No, ducks, it's hopeless. The mice have been at it and there's nothing I can do."

"Well, maybe I could wash it and use your dryer, huh?"

"Help yourself, angel."

"Everyone else has pitched in," I said sternly.

"I'm sure they've done wonders, buddy boy, but include me out. Not that I wish you ill, pussy cat," he said to Shirlee, "but one draws the line somewhere."

Shirlee rolled up her sleeves. "I'll just give it a quick wash." She grabbed the shampoo and went to work with a will.

Harris lounged against the wall like a cold-blooded lizard. "I'd like to turn on the ball game, if you don't mind," he said, and switched on the set.

"You a Dodger fan?" gurgled Shirlee under a cascade of water.

"Is there another club?" he asked haughtily.

"Me, too. I love 'em. What about that no-hitter Sandy Koufax pitched! Against the Giants, too. We'll take 'em this season."

He moved toward her, mesmerised. "Sure, with Mays in a little slump it's a shoo-in. Here, lemme get that time." He dumped something over her hair, then led her to a chair and stuck a trayful of pins in her lap.

"If they get Wills back in the lineup," she said earnestly, "we'll burn up the league."

To page 45



FORE!

"It's things like this that throw me off my game!"



"Ah! Your first birdie!"



"I think that's what's called 'addressing the ball'!"



Only one cheese was tasty enough for this

*(The tastiest spaghetti ever—made by Kia-ora
from a new American recipe worth millions!)*

And it didn't even exist. We had to develop a special cheddar cheese to match exactly the recipe for "Franco-American"—America's tastiest, sauciest, best-loved spaghetti in a can. It had to be matured 12 months. That's *3 months tastier* than most cheddars you can buy.

And this was only the beginning of the

task of re-creating a secret recipe worth millions. Then came the blending with rich, red-ripe tomatoes and spices, and the slow, careful cooking. Then the spaghetti—firmer, twirlier, with long strands you can really roll around a fork. Result? The *sauciest* spaghetti ever—now made by Kia-ora! Mm-mmmmmarvellous.



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All-Stretch Bra SL2, 49/6



Waistband Girdle GL, 79/6
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FROM
THE
HOUSE OF
JENYNS



All-Stretch Bra LL2, 69/6



Medium Leg Pantie P/4, 69/6
Long Leg Pantie P/7, 79/6

THE LOVE BOAT

Continued from page 42

"Baby," he said. "I'm with you."

Twenty minutes later she came out from under his hands looking like a tousled and beguiling boy.

"There you go, love boat," he said. "Hang in there and knock 'em dead!"

If this was one of those fairy stories Shirlee has such a big thing for, everything would have come up roses from here to the finish line. But life in cloud-cuckoo land doesn't swing that way. Complications arose. To begin with, I began to get keen on the little clown myself. I mean, not to be too square about it, that I was falling in love with her.

Secondly, even though she'd been worked over by the greatest assembly line on earth, she still wasn't going to give Elizabeth Taylor a run for her money. She looked fresh and hopeful and appealing, but Helen of Troy she was not.

MY feelings in all this were mixed. I wanted to see her make it because I respect talent. I wanted to hold her back because I'd grown accustomed to her goofy little face.

Still, I'd promised to do my best for her, and a crumb who wishes on a promise is a no-hoper. I got her a screen test. I got a bunch of the studio brass to look at it. No, kiddies, they did not leap to their feet screaming she's the greatest thing since Garbo. They did not pound me on the back and make me a vice-president. They sat silently and chewed on cold cigars, and when the lights came up they looked at each other.

"So? Whaddya think?"

"I dunno."

"The voice is good. Very good."

"Yeah."

"The looks . . . enh."

"Yeah."

"Still . . . there's something."

"I dunno."

"Yeah."

"Warm. Sweet. Sort of."

They turned to me. "Talk to Morrison. He's shooting his musical this month. Work her into a small part. And don't ask for a lotta money for her. Understand?"

Then they threw me a bone.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Start stories should be from 1000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

LULUBELLE



"Only a necklace, bracelets, and ring . . . You shouldn't look all dressed-up in the mornings."

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 313.—MATERNITY DRESS

This pretty maternity dress is available cut out to make in aqua, black, autumn gold, royal, and pink faille poplin. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/14/6. Postage and dispatch 4/- extra.



313

No. 315.—GIRL'S DRESS

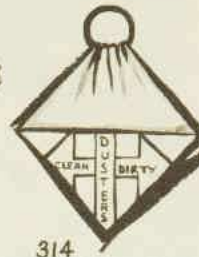
This pretty little girl's frock is available cut out to make in navy, lemon, blue nylon, all with white spot. Sizes 24in. and 26in. length, £1/7/6; 28 and 30in. length, £1/9/6. Postage and dispatch 1/6 extra.



315

No. 314.—DUSTER BAG

This handy duster bag is available cut out to make and embroider on grey, green, blue, and lilac cesarine. Ring not supplied. Price is 11/6 plus 1/- postage and dispatch.



314

• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



KEEP your skin smooth and pliant by using vitalizing cream every night. Smooth over the skin in a gentle upward and outward movement to feed vitalizing elements to skin cells and replenish a dwindling natural supply. Dry wrinkles will be eased away as the Ulan vitalizing night cream brings youthful softness to the skin.



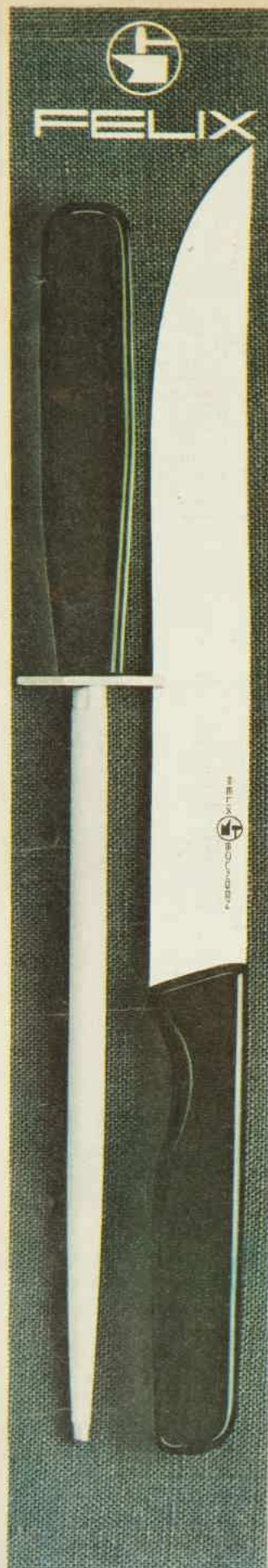
Who took the sting out of shampoo?

Johnson & Johnson did. This shampoo will remove marmalade and plasticine, and the other things children seem to collect in their hair. But it's specially made not to sting or burn the eyes. It takes the tears out of



shampoo time, puts a fresh young lustre back into hair. (Along with a pleasant, natural smell that seems to whisper: Cleannnnnnnn).

Johnson's BABY SHAMPOO



Felix Classica — the finest knife you will ever use. Exceptionally sharp, guaranteed to hold its original edge for 12 months. Easily resharpened. Carving knife, 45/-, steel 39/6. Others from 12/6. Gift sets £4.7.6. to £12.12.0.

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WMF Cromargan Stainless is the world's finest. To the eye it has unsurpassed richness. To the touch it is flawlessly smooth. In hard use it's a treasure with its exceptional strength and easy cleaning. WMF stainless cooking utensils too, have elegance and strength, function and economy. Illustrated: of the eight designs

WMF



Only Arabia of Finland could create these superb ovenproof ceramics. Ruska, with its warm burnished browns, its texture of hand thrown pottery. Anemone, Rosmarin and Kosmos with vivid patterns hand painted, underglazed for lasting beauty. 36 pce. sets, Ruska £19.10.0. Rosmarin, Anemone £26. 5.0. Kosmos £31.10.0.

ARABIA



This is Arzberg 2075. Its pure cylindrical form has great elegance, timeless dignity. Fine fluting captures the classic perfection of Greek columns. Brilliantly white, it blends ideally with modern and traditional interiors. Its beauty will bring grace and harmony to your table. 42 piece dinner set, £27.10.0. 17 piece coffee set, £9.15.0.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 22, 1965

Please bring back the attic

● How I long for a house with an attic: that wonderful place where all the bits and pieces not required for use at the moment could be stored, and all the precious

How to be the perfect guest!

WHEN you're invited to a friend's home, should you take along your party manners? Or should you make yourself at home?

In our issue of August 4 we published a reader's plea: "Don't Make Yourself At Home." This was a cry from a disgruntled hostess, who was tired of guests whose visiting manners were "abominable," and whose faults included disrupting a tidy home and refusing to eat certain foods served to them.

Among the barrage of praise and criticism received from other readers were the following two comments. (The readers supplied their full names and addresses, but wish to be anonymous.)

And chip, chip goes the china

THE writer of "Don't Make Yourself At Home" (A.W.W., 4/8/65) has my warm sympathy.

Among the most annoying habits is that of the dinner guest who hardly waits for the final mouthful to be taken before springing up, grabbing all but the item held in your hand, and throwing dishes into the sink with cries of: "I always insist on getting the dishes done as soon as possible."

The dinner party is then over as far as I am concerned. The next 20 minutes are usually spent protecting my good china, while trying to shepherd this pest away from the washing-up area and, at the same time, determining not to repeat my invitation to her.

Then there is the person who insists on "doing the dishes" after supper, because she cannot bear to leave them in the sink overnight. My desires are completely ignored... the dishes MUST be done!

Finally, the state of my china (chipped, cracked, and much of it broken) demanded that my good manners go out the window. I now greet all offers of assistance (?) with the reply: "In my home I break the china." And I also now have a perfect squelch for the person who glances at my fairly clean (for winter) floor, and immediately offers hints for getting it as clean as hers which, she informs me, "everyone says could be eaten off."

Floors clean enough to eat off
Show the proud housewife's powers,
My floors are clean enough to walk on,
We don't eat off ours.

Hostesses need manners, too!

THE housewife who expects guests to bring their party manners when they visit should be prepared to act the perfect hostess, and this means she should consider THEIR tastes and wishes, not merely her own.

It is ridiculous to expect a house to remain spick-and-span with the addition of guests unless the hostess is determined to make their visit a perfect misery.

There should be a special effort before guests arrive to have the house in a sparkling, shining condition certainly, but while the guests are there the hostess should forget all about being house-proud and concentrate her attention on making the visit a happy one for everybody concerned.

And, at mealtimes, no hostess worthy of the name should expect her guests to wade through servings of food they detest.

Just as she wouldn't serve a cup of tea without first inquiring whether her guest likes it weak or strong, and with or without milk and sugar, she shouldn't serve food without being sure it will be enjoyed.

Where possible, the hostess should make a quick check on likes and dislikes before preparing a meal.

A visit from friends should be enjoyed by both the guests and the hostess alike, but if the hostess makes such heavy work of it that she heaves a gigantic sigh as she waves to her departing guests she can rest assured that the visit has been an ordeal for the guests, too!

"junk" and family treasures that do not fit in with modern decor could be safely packed.

WHAT a pleasure it would be if all the clutter of our past could be kept with us.

Today, the jumble sale, the large paper bags left at our gates for unwanted clothing, and the charitable organisations with their "opportunity shops" take care of the things we don't want. But what of the things we want to keep?

Our garage is full of odd pieces of furniture that I cannot bear to part with, and my cupboards are bulging with oddments that have meant much to me. But now there is an overflow, so what will I do with it? Hence my plea: please Mr. Architect, put back the attic into our homes!

Why keep all the clutter, you ask? A 64-dollar question. And the answer?

Because I'm a sentimental and aging woman and because I believe that there are some things that will improve in value with age and be some sort of a legacy to leave to my grandchildren.

There isn't much room for sentiment in the world today, but I still think it has a place in our lives.

For instance, memories that dwell around a favorite chair or great-grandmother's Toby jug mean a great deal as you grow older.

The odds and ends of accumulation tell the story of my life and family history. Maybe I have an inflated ego, but I also have a love for old things for sentimental value and for family records.

When I was a child I spent many happy hours, mainly on wet days, in the family "box room." This was a back

By BERYL PENWILL

room set aside for the maid we didn't have, and which housed the discarded furniture, including a spinning-wheel that I would dearly love to own now.

There were also the superseded hobby collections not only of our family but of the relations who sent them "for the children"; there were books, photos, and trunks of clothes for dressing-up. As children we were never bored and never had to be "entertained" as children do today.

But back to the present and my own collection. There are piles of family photos among these prized possessions. When the old home was "broken up," my sister said, "Burn the lot... they are of no earthly use," but I hid them and brought my relations' pictures home to look over.

There is one of my grandfather and grandmother on their wedding day... grandpa in a beard and ferocious look sitting stiffly on a hard chair, and grandma in bustle, topknot and curls, standing with her hand resting lovingly on his shoulder.

There is one of me—on my first birthday. I think I look rather cute and hope some day for a granddaughter who will be like this.

Then there is a photo of a favorite uncle in uniform, and of my father in red coat and white helmet, and mother in a cartwheel hat and voluminous skirts.

Recently my young great-nieces visited me for an afternoon. How glad I was then to have these photos and albums of snaps which enabled them to get acquainted with their ancestors. And how they loved the stories about them!

There are newspaper clippings, cuttings of events and festivities, some almost forgotten; newspapers of the Olympic Games, royal visits and royal deaths and weddings; events in Australian history; programs of theatres and dances; some beautiful fans. Should I burn all this?

Then there are the pieces of furniture that don't fit in with the present arrangement... chairs and tables that have done noble duty in the past and are still good and will be valuable later.

It seems unkind to sell them for a few shillings or give them away to strangers. They belong to my memories.

There are all kinds of goods that will be "useful some day." It seems that these warning words are largely responsible for the clutter that surrounds me.

Oh, for the attic. Why ever did we let such a useful place disappear from our architecture!

Readers' home hints

● Readers win £1/1/- for each of these useful hints to help in your housework.

IN cooking, the edges of small pasties often become unstuck and will separate. Overcome this by securing the edges with a wooden toothpick before baking.—Mrs. M. A. Conlin, Flat 2, 26 Levi St., Woodville West, S.A.

A sheet of thin iron large enough to hold two saucepans placed on a gas jet on the stove will make the jet do the work of two, resulting in a considerable saving of gas.—Lex Kelly, 83 Woodville St., Hendra, Brisbane.

Trousers that have worn at the knees can be cut off at the knees, a lin. hem turned up, and the result is a pair of Bermuda shorts.—Mrs. L. Hood, 62 Foamcrest Ave., Newport Beach, N.S.W.

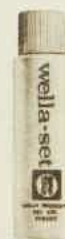
Gaily colored teatowels make excellent cot covers. Join floral and still-life patterns together for a girl's cot; and maps, coats of arms, etc., for a boy's. These covers will wash well and the colors do not run. They are good for fetes, etc.—Mrs. R. Kelso, Biddulph St., Eraring, N.S.W.

To prevent blankets getting soiled, put an old sheet or thin cotton bedspread over the blankets and under the top spread. The old sheet is much easier to wash than a blanket.—Mrs. R. Scott, Cape Clear, Vic.

When using waxed paper to wrap sandwiches, seal the package by heating the blade of an old knife and running it over the seam of the paper. This will keep the contents fresh and appetising.—Mrs. Toni Tweedie, 2059 Pacific Highway, Miami, Qld.

5 MINUTE HAIR COLOUR

Color-Tex is a new and glorious semi-permanent instant colour with an "inbuilt" Life-Tex Conditioner to give a vibrant, healthy sheen to its lovely tonings. 12 fashion shades.



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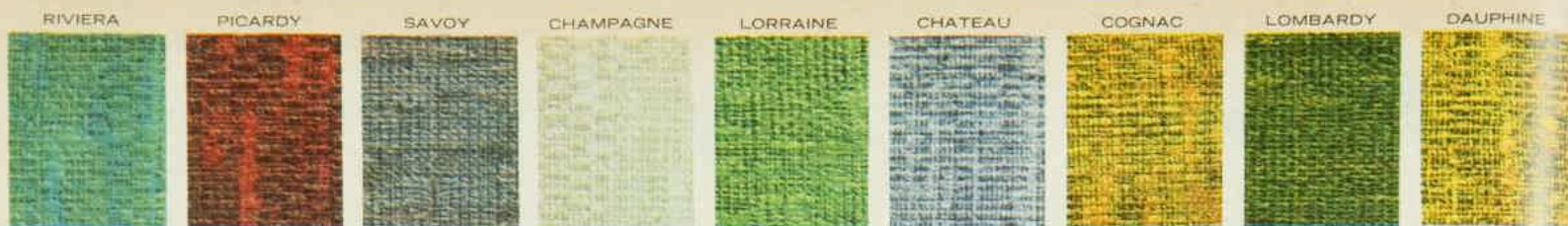
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of **Nylex 'Royal Bouclé'**

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**and you've furniture that looks the way it feels...
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If you're a comfort-lover you'll want to settle back in the Newport Suite the instant you see it. New 'Royal Bouclé' expanded-vinyl gives it a warm, inviting appearance that's well-nigh irresistible. The colours (all nine of them) are so fresh and fashionable. The texture looks so luxurious—and that's exactly how it feels. In fact, in the

Newport Suite you'll discover just how downright comfortable contemporary furniture design can be. Around each stylish frame, Robmac wrap a casing of moulded foam-rubber to give you relaxing softness all over. And their skilled craftsmen make the chairs extra-wide so you can really "curl up" in them. Look for it in leading furniture stores everywhere — Newport Suite by Robmac, covered in new 'Royal Bouclé'.

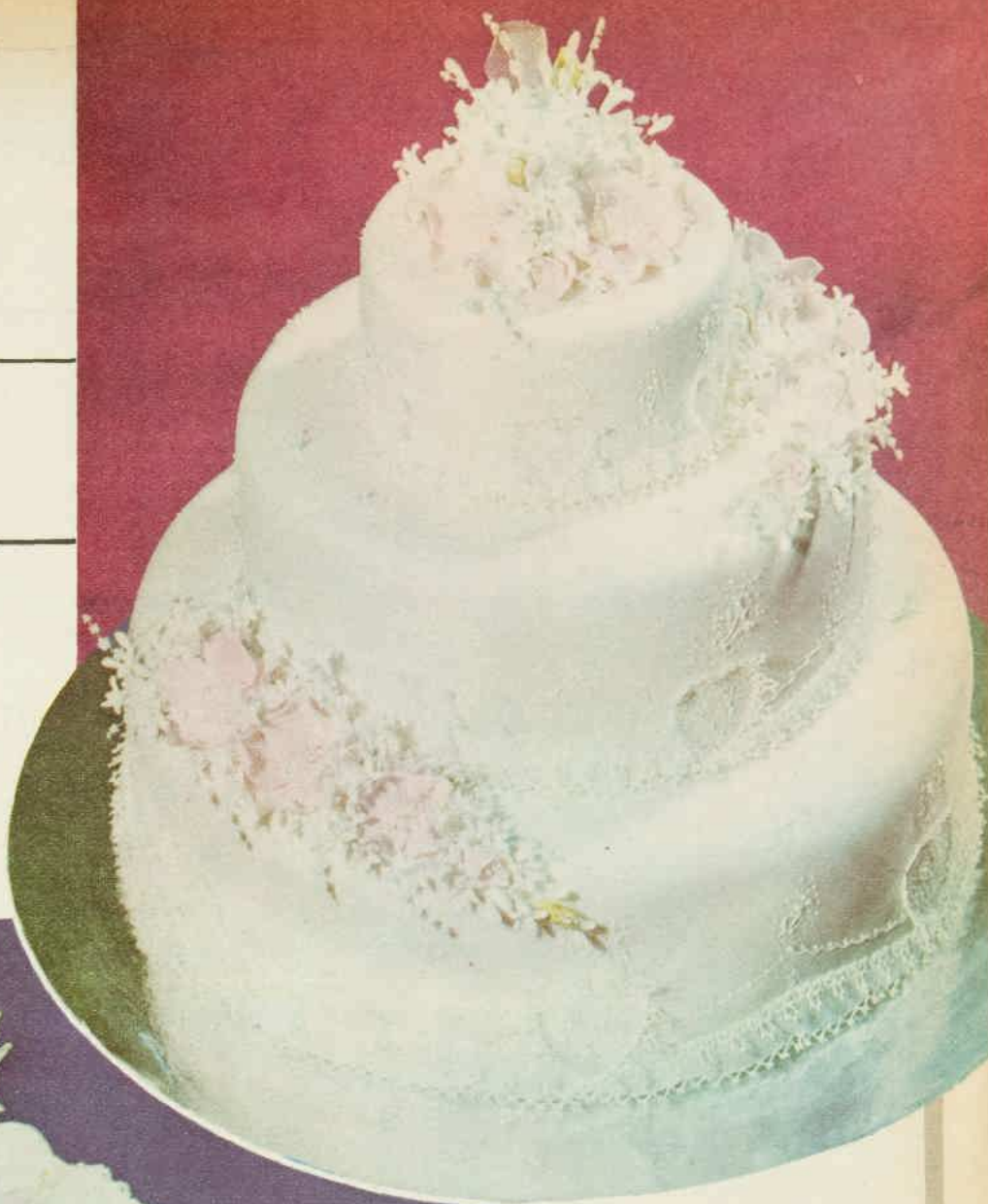


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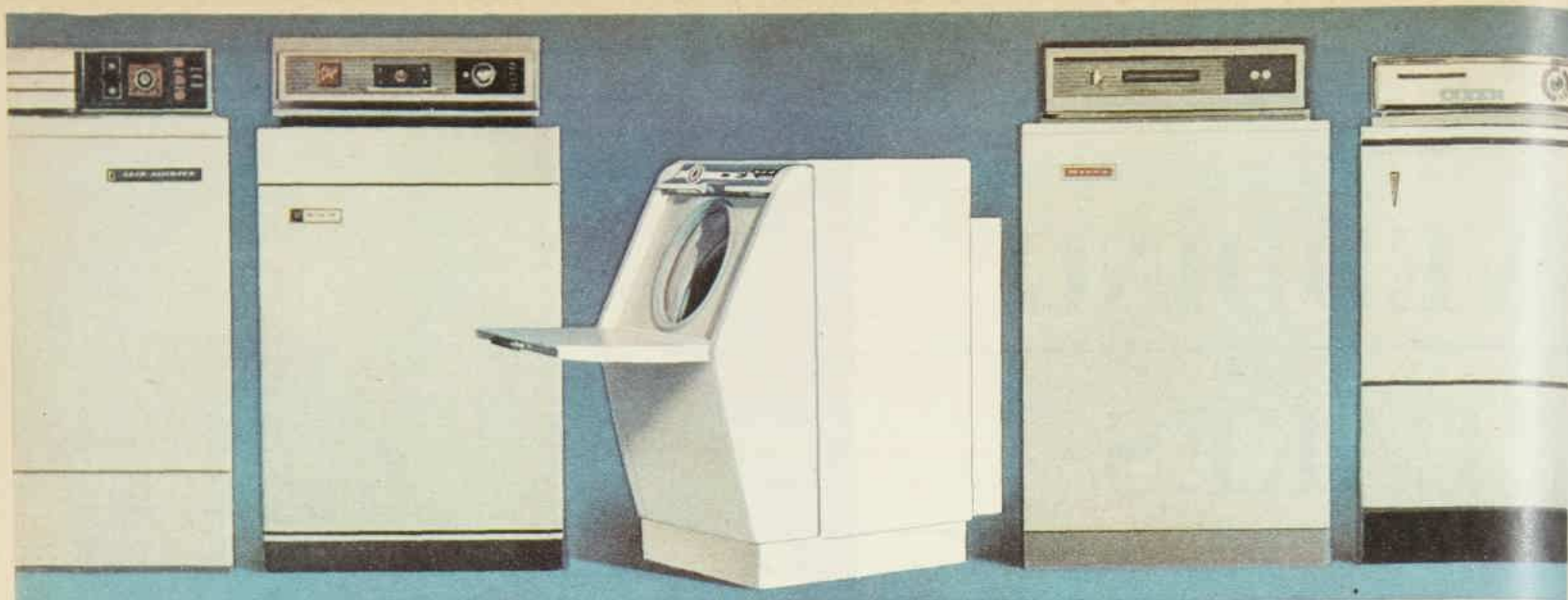
WEDDING CAKES

AMERICAN-STYLE cake (right) was decorated by Mrs. A. L. Oldfield, Panania, N.S.W., and two-tiered cake (below) by Mrs. N. Dunn, of Pennant Hills, N.S.W.



● In this four - page feature are six lovely wedding cakes which are outstanding for the beauty of their design and the skill with which their decorations were done. Most of them won prizes at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show in Sydney. But they are designs which can be copied, and we give you the directions and the basic recipes.

Continued on page 51



We broke new ground in shape and size
when we tilted the tub and cut out waste space

... and we didn't stop there! Keymatic takes a full
family wash — washes it better than bigger-looking machines.
These amazing photographs prove it!



KEYMATIC BREAKS NEW GROUND IN WASHING-ACTIONS. The only automatic that washes in two entirely different ways — Vigorous washing-action for sturdy fabrics and the family wash (washes with so much extra power that you really could pour oil on your husband's best shirt and yet get it spotless!). Gentle washing-action for delicates and woollens (so gentle and careful that it won't harm the petals of a rose!) And Keymatic automatically chooses which action to use!



BREAKS NEW GROUND IN RINSING. Keymatic rinses so clean a goldfish will actually live in the final rinse-water! Deep immersion rinses at reducing temperatures get out all the suds, safeguard fabrics ... the cleanest, safest rinses of all!



BREAKS NEW GROUND IN CAPACITY. Takes a full 10 lb. family wash easily! (In a test, Keymatic washed 13 men's shirts spotless — 3 more than bigger-looking machines took). Keymatic's revolutionary shape gives you space where you need it ... in the tub ... no space wasted on useless gimmicks!



BREAKS NEW GROUND IN SPIN-DRYING. After Keymatic's spin there's not enough water left in your wash to put a candle out ... proof that Keymatic spins driest of all. That's because Keymatic spins fastest, therefore removes more water. There's a special short spin for delicates and drip-dries!



BREAKS NEW GROUND IN CONTROLS. No complicated dials and settings. Keymatic has one simple control — a keyplate marked with 8 complete wash-programmes. Simply select the wash programme you want and click the keyplate in. That's all you do. Keymatic does the rest automatically!

New Keymatic
FULLY AUTOMATIC WASHER

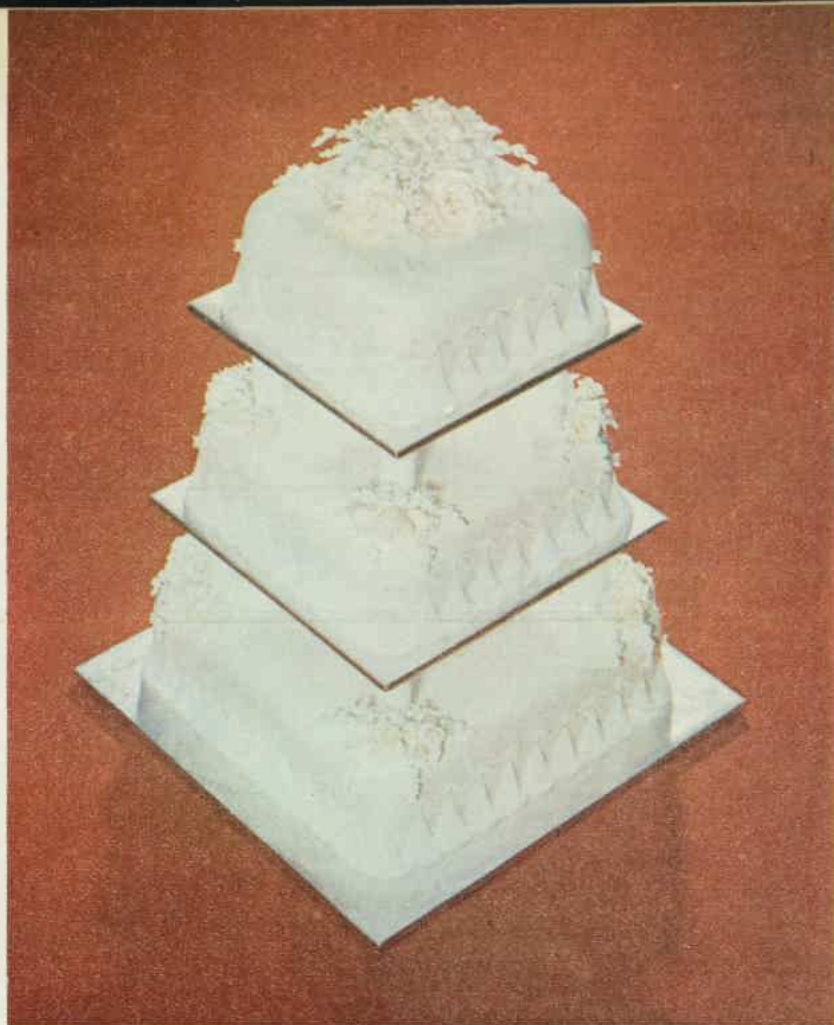


WEDDING CAKES . . .

. . . continued from page 49



ANOTHER American-style cake, decorated by Mrs. N. G. Reed, Wentworthville, N.S.W.



ROSES and hyacinths decoration was done by Miss S. Watt, of Marrickville, N.S.W.



FRANGIPANI decorations were chosen by Mrs. A. L. Oldfield, of Panania, N.S.W.

Basic recipes

BELOW are basic recipes for almond paste, fondant and royal icing, and the quantities needed to cover cakes of various sizes.

ALMOND PASTE

One pound pure icing sugar, 4oz. almond meal, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sherry, squeeze lemon juice or orange juice, almond essence.

Sift icing sugar into basin, add almond meal, mix well. Beat egg-yolks with sherry and lemon or orange juice. Mix into dry ingredients. Turn out on board lightly dusted with extra icing sugar, knead well. Flavor to taste with almond essence. If mixture is too dry, add little more fruit juice.

Quantities needed to cover cakes:

- 5 to 6in. cakes — 1 quantity of basic recipe.
- 7 to 8in. cakes — 1½ basic quantities.
- 9 to 10in. cakes — 2 basic quantities.
- 12in. cake — 2½ basic quantities.

COVERING FONDANT

One pound pure icing sugar, 1 egg-white, 2-tablespoons liquid glucose, flavoring, extra icing sugar.

Sift icing sugar into bowl. Remove about 1 cup of icing sugar, put aside. Make well in centre of icing sugar in basin, add egg-white, cover lightly with icing sugar from sides. Add heated glucose; mix well.

Sprinkle reserved icing sugar on to board, turn out mixture and knead well, working in reserved icing sugar, until mixture is white and correct consistency. Extra icing sugar may be needed, depending on size of egg-white. Flavor as desired.

Quantities needed:

- 5 to 6in. cakes — 1 quantity of basic recipe.
- 7 to 8in. cakes — 1½ basic quantities.
- 9 to 10in. cakes — 2 basic quantities.
- 12in. cake — 2½ basic quantities.

ROYAL ICING

One egg-white, approximately 8 to 10oz. pure icing sugar, few drops acetic acid.

Beat egg-white lightly in small bowl. Add sifted icing sugar one spoonful at a time, beating well after each addition until icing is white, smooth, and stands in peaks when spoon is pulled away. Add acid, mix in well.

MODELLING FONDANT

One pound pure icing sugar, ¼oz. glucose, ¼oz. gelatine, 2oz. water.

Combine water and gelatine in saucepan. Stir over gentle heat until gelatine has dissolved; add glucose, mix well. Allow mixture to cool slightly, then add to sifted icing sugar; knead well.



ORANGE-BLOSSOM CAKE was decorated by Mrs. B. Vercoe, of Castle Cove, N.S.W.

Continued overleaf

FRANGIPANI CAKE

(Picture on page 51)

WON second prize in its section at 1965 Royal Show, Sydney. Decorated by Mrs. A. L. Oldfield. Directions: Cover 9in., 7in., and 6in. square cakes with almond paste. Allow to dry. Brush cakes with egg-white, cover with fondant. Allow to dry.

Build out extension work at base of each tier in 2 V-shaped sections on each side of cake. Edge with lace, which has been piped beforehand on to wax paper and allowed to dry.

Pipe large spray of flowers, stems, and leaves in each V-shaped space above extension work. Flood each bloom with royal icing, thinned down with lemon juice; when dry, outline inner lines to re-form shape. Pipe small sprays in corners of top cake in same manner.

Arrange frangipani spray and small white flowers in bridal-spray shape. Add green leaves and narrow white ribbon looped together to set off spray.

This cake needs approximately 13 frangipani flowers in different stages of bloom for bottom tier, 8 for second tier, 10 for top tier.

Frangipani: Mould 5 long, narrow creamy white petals from fondant, working as quickly as possible. Place one overlapping the other, brushing each petal with egg-white. Curl left-hand edge of each petal slightly with knitting needle. Roll petals together, making sure first and last petals overlap to keep wheel shape in centre. Place in neck of bottle to dry. Paint centre deeper creamy yellow when dry.

Frangipani Buds: Mould from long pieces of fondant. Mark with back of knife to form petals. Allow to dry, then paint in green and brown to give balance to spray when assembled.

White Flowers: Mould small pieces of white fondant over end of knitting needle. Cut top edge into 4 petals, point each. Roll knitting needle round each petal to give bell shape. Insert green wire into each flower.

Green Leaves: Mould leaf shape in various sizes and paint green when dry.

ROSES, HYACINTHS

(Picture on page 51)

THIS cake won third prize in its section at the 1965 Royal Show, Sydney. Decorated by Miss S. Watt.

Directions: Stand 6in., 8in., and 10in. cakes on prepared boards. Cover with almond paste, allow to dry, then cover with fondant. When dry, mark on to cake the patterns for centre design, pillars, extension work and lace.

Build out extension work at base of cake, using No. 3 and No. 00 writing tubes.

Place in position the lace pieces, which have been piped with No. 00 tube on to wax paper and allowed to dry. Arrange flower sprays and small bluebirds.

Roses: Make small cone with flattened base. Take small pieces of fondant, press out as thinly as possible into petal shapes, wrap round cone, turning back edges. When rose is size required, turn upside down, remove surplus fondant.

Hyacinths: Roll out thinly a short strip of fondant. Cut one edge for petals, mark centres with knife. Fold round knitting needle with marked edges inside. Press base, turn back petals, insert wire.

Blossoms: With small petal pipe and royal icing, pipe 5 small petals for each flower on to wax paper. When dry, pipe centres with No. 00 tube. Allow to dry completely, remove from paper, attach to fine wire.

AMERICAN STYLE

(Picture on page 49)

Three-tier round cake, won second prize in its section at 1965 Royal Show, Sydney. Decorated by Mrs. A. L. Oldfield.

Directions: Cover 10in., 7in., and 5in. round cakes with almond paste, allow to dry. Brush cakes with egg-white, cover with fondant, allow to dry 2 days.

Cover a 14in. round board with silver paper, place cakes one on top of each other on board. Pipe small shell edge round edges where cakes join.

Pipe extension work, using No. 00 tube and royal icing, at base of each cake. Finish with lace

WEDDING CAKES . . . continued

pieces, which have been piped on to wax paper and allowed to dry.

Pipe 6 hearts in embroidery work round sides of cakes, at even intervals. Finish with lace pieces. Pipe small sprays of tiny flowers over remainder of cake, spacing evenly. Arrange flower sprays and bluebirds.

Hyacinth: Roll out modelling fondant very thinly. Cut strip with 6 slits on one edge for petals. Place wire in centre, join edges together. Bend back petals, pinch to point.

Forget-me-nots: Secure 3 graduating pieces of wire together at one end. Place on wax paper. Pipe 6 small dots for flowers at even

spaces down wire. Allow to dry completely.

Open Roses and Buds: Press 5 small pieces of modelling fondant between fingers to make shape of rose petals. Place on saucer to dry. Join together with royal icing, allow to dry in a cup shape made from wax paper, or in clean, shallow patty tins. Place stamens in centre. For buds, mould 2 or 3 small petals round small thin base.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

(Picture on page 51)

FIRST prizewinner in its section at the 1965 Royal Show, Sydney. Decorated by Mrs. B. Vercoe.

Directions: Stand 10in., 8in., and 6in. cakes on prepared boards. Cover with almond paste and fondant. Allow to dry.

On greaseproof paper, trace design for lace work on sides of cake. (Design can be taken from bride's wedding dress.) Pinprick on to cakes. Pipe over design, using No. 0 or No. 00 tube and royal icing.

Mark bottom and centre tiers for pillars.

Pipe small sprays of forget-me-nots, held by bluebirds, on corners of bottom and centre cakes.

Build out extension work at base of cakes, using No. 3 and No. 00 tubes and royal icing. Arrange

flower sprays of orange blossoms, hyacinths, looped ribbon and tulle between pillar markings and on top tier.

Place pillars and cakes in position; attach lace (which has been piped beforehand on to waxed paper and allowed to dry) to top of extension work.

Orange Blossom: Cut 5 small elongated petals of fondant, curve slightly; allow to dry. Attach small cone of fondant to top of fine millinery wire which has been cut into 3in. lengths. Attach 5 petals to this with little royal icing. Insert cluster of stamens.

Hyacinths: Shape small pieces of fondant over end of paint brush or knitting-needle point. Cut into 5 even-sized petals. Squeeze top of each petal slightly together, at same time pulling petal back and down to form curve. Insert small piece of wire at base of flower.



FLOWERS AND BELL

(Picture on page 51)

AMERICAN-STYLE cake with-out pillar supports for tiers. Decorated by Mrs. N. G. Reed.

Decorations needed: Six large moulded roses, artificial and piped lily of the valley, piped or moulded small roses, fuchsia, violets, blue-birds; 2 small white bells (bought or hand-made), 1 large moulded bell, silver leaves, 150 pieces of piped lace (allow for breakages), 4 yards plastic lace ribbon (obtainable from gift-wrapping counter of large department stores), silver thread ribbon.

Bake 3 cakes — 10in., 7in., and 5in. Cover 18in. board with silver paper.

Lace frill on edge of board: Cut 2 14in. squares from thin cardboard. Draw 11in. square inside

WEDDING CAKES ... concluded

14in. square. Cut out, leaving 2 cardboard borders 1 1/2in. wide. Fasten cardboard together with staples or needle and thread, on inside edge.

Pull draw-thread at each end of 4 yards of plastic lace ribbon, until lace is approximately size of cardboard. Fit lace between outside edges of cardboard, covering draw-thread line. Stitch in place.

Paste underside of cardboard, secure to large cake board. Cover with waxed paper to protect while working with almond paste and fondant. (Trim off waxed paper before piping decorations on cake.)

Stand largest cake on prepared board. Cut pieces of thick or corru-

gated cardboard same size as 7in. and 5in. cakes. Cover these cardboard pieces with silver paper; stand cakes on these, set aside.

Cover cakes with almond paste, allow to dry, then cover with fondant. Cut strips of left-over fondant, cover cardboard at base of cake. Pinch clipper-work at edge.

When fondant has dried, place cakes, one on top of each other, making sure they are correctly balanced. Pipe shell edge round base of each cake.

Pin-prick pattern for lace pieces on to cake. Pipe over with snail's trail. Pipe small scallops round top edges of cakes. Finish corners with 2 rows of piped forget-me-nots.

On diagonally opposite corners of bottom tier, arrange small moulded bells, ribbon bows, and blue-bird. On other corners arrange spray of 1 large rose, small roses, lily of the valley, fuchsias, violets, silver leaves.

On each side of second tier arrange four similar sprays. Arrange small sprays of 1 fuchsia and 2 silver leaves on bottom corners of top tier.

Place bell in position on top of cake, trim inside with small roses and silver leaves. Finish with loops of ribbon and sprays of flowers as for posies on sides of cake.

Place blue-birds on corners, place lace in position below snail's trail line.

Bells: Mould on toy plastic bells, one about 1in. wide, and larger bell, approximately 4in. diameter at base and 3in. high. Dust plastic bells with cornflour. Roll out fondant, cut fan-shaped piece for each bell. Moisten one edge, join to other side, making cone shape. Dust well with cornflour, insert into bell. Gently work to shape of bell with fingers. Trim edge with knife, smooth off.

Allow large bell 2 days to dry before turning out of mould on to wax paper; then allow outside one day to dry.

Small bells can be turned out a few hours after moulding and 2 pinholes pierced through tops.

Dust off any cornflour, fill cracks with royal icing. Cover large bell with cornelli-design piping.

Moulded Roses: Cut petals from large, plastic rose, rub each well with cornflour. Roll out small pieces of fondant, lay over plastic petal, press gently on to mould. When dry remove with tip of knife. Smooth edges with fine sandpaper. Assemble rose with royal icing. Allow to dry before placing on cake.

Fuchsias: Can be made from left-over plastic icing. With savory cutters, using 4-pointed star, stamp out calyx from thinly rolled fondant. Fine off edges, place over marbles or bottle-tops to dry. For tiny centre petals, using smallest size savory cutters, stamp out teardrop shape. Cut 4 for each flower, roll round pencil to shape. Leave to dry on wax paper. If cutters are not available, make paper patterns and use as guide.

To assemble: Place small star of royal icing in centre of calyx, stand 4 petals up, overlapping each half way. Insert 4 stamens.

FUCHSIA CAKE

(Picture on page 49)

WON first prize in its section at the 1965 Royal Show, Sydney. Decorated by Mrs. N. Dunn.

Directions: Stand 9in. and 6in. cakes on prepared boards. Have ready the patterns for designs of bridgework, lace pieces, ribbon work.

Cover cakes with almond paste, allow to dry, then cover with fondant. While still wet, place pattern in position, being careful not to place any weight on icing; carefully outline guide line for ribbon work. Make cuts below guide line, 1/4in. apart. Cut narrow ribbon into 1/4in. lengths, fold in halves, insert into icing with small knife; the blade should be no wider than width of ribbon. Ribbon must be inserted while fondant is still wet.

Pipe small shell edge round base of cakes, set aside to dry. Then place pattern in position again, mark design for bridgework and line for lace pieces, coming from centre of sides of cake down over corners.

Mark top of base cake for pillars, outline diamond shape for design between pillars.

Build out bridgework at base of cakes with No. 00 tube and royal icing. Pipe tiny scalloped edge with same tube on either side of inserted ribbon; pipe forget-me-not sprays between ribbon. Pipe freehand design of tiny sprays of flowers, at intervals over cake.

Place between pillars the lace pieces which have been piped on to wax paper and allowed to dry. Place pillars in position.

Arrange flower sprays on cakes, place lace pieces in position above bridgework and on corner design. Carefully position top cake.

Fuchsias: Mould 4 small petals round centre cone, securing with little water. Cut 4 outside petals, attach to base of centre petals, curving for natural effect. Insert wire, allow to dry. Then squeeze small amount of royal icing into centre, add stamens.

You will need 11 wired fuchsias and 6 without wire.

Rose: Mould 5 petals to shape of rose petal, working as finely as possible. Place in curved palm of hand to shape, place on curved edge of patty tin to dry. When dry, assemble petals, placing one over edge of previous petal, with royal icing. Stand in patty tins to dry. Using No. 8 tube, squeeze star into centre of rose, add stamens. Roses can be tinted if desired.

Leaves (make 9): Cut pattern from fuchsia leaf, knead little green coloring into white fondant. Roll out thinly, cut into leaf shapes, mark veins with back of knife.

It's 6.27 a.m. in the world of a little girl. A world of imagination, fantasy, dreams. A world that exercises and educates because it makes her think and act. And use up just as much energy as her young brother does kicking his football.

It's perfectly natural that after the curtain comes down she'll retire to her dressing room and fortify herself for the next performance — with Weet-Bix of course.

Our young ballerina is firmly convinced that the world's most famous ballerinas do just that. And, who knows, she could be right.

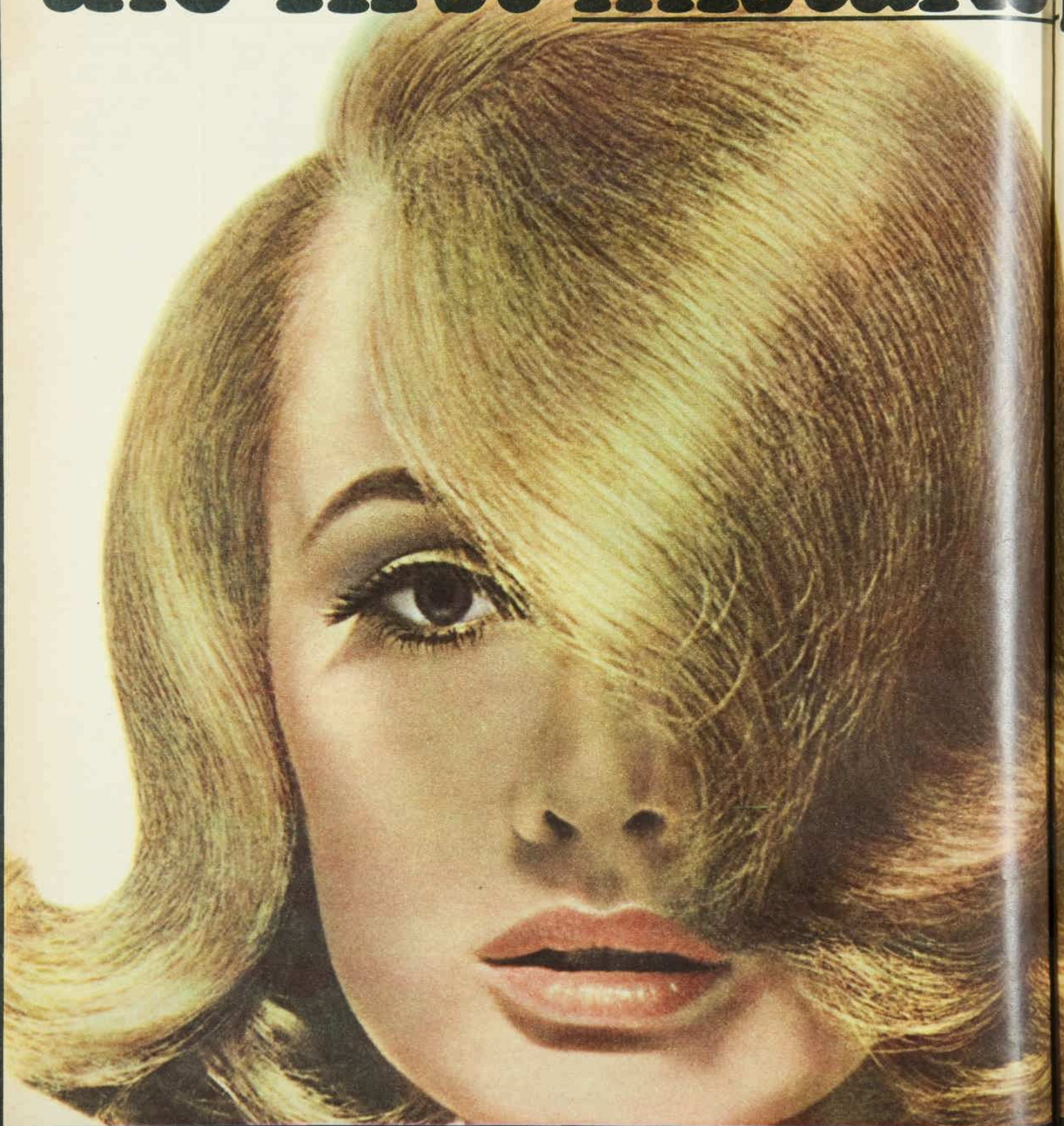
(In fact Weet-Bix is Australia's national breakfast. Preferred all year round. With cold milk in summer, hot milk in winter.)

Men of tomorrow need Weet-Bix today

(and that goes for little girls and all the family, too.)



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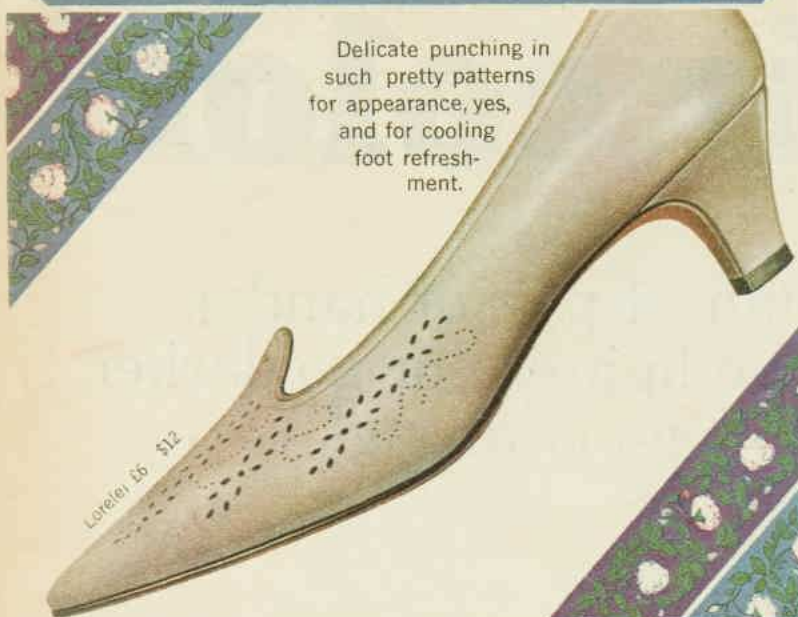
Everything you need is in this kit.*When used as directed, you just can't go wrong!

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Delicate punching in such pretty patterns for appearance, yes, and for cooling foot refreshment.



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Slightly less in S.A./Available in N.Z.

Product of Clarks Shoes Australia Ltd.



AN EASY OUTFIT for young knitters to make.

"Stripes are so smart"

Materials: 2 balls Navy (N); 2 balls White (W) Patons Patonyle 4-ply. knitting yarn, 1 pair Nos. 10 and 12 needles; small clip.

Measurements: To fit 14in. underarm doll; height, 20-22in.; scarf, 25in. long.

Tension: 15 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: T.b.l., through back of loop.

SWEATER

BACK
Using N and No. 10 needles cast on 54 sts. and work in st-st. for 7 rows (beg. on a knit row).

Next Row: Knit to form hemline.

Cont. in st-st. working striped patt. thus: * 8 rows N, 5 rows W, 6 rows N, 6 rows W, 5 rows N, 7 rows W, 4 rows N, 7 rows W, 2 rows N *. Break off N and cont. in W only. Purl 1 row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off at beg. of next and every row, 3 sts. twice, 2 sts. twice, 1 st. 4 times. (40 sts.) *** Work 2 rows straight.

To Shape Back Opening — **Next Row:** P 19, k 2 turn. Cont. on these sts., keeping centre 2 sts. in g-st. until armhole measures 2 1/2 in. ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows, 5 sts. twice and 11 sts. once.

Return to rem. sts., join yarn at neck edge, cast on 2 sts. (keep these in g-st.) and work to correspond with other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back to ***. Work 8 rows without shaping.

To Shape Neck — **Next Row:** P 14 sts., turn. Cast off 2 sts., k to end.

Cont. on these 12 sts. dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and alt. row. (10 sts.) When armhole measures same as back ending at side edge, shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. on next and alt. row.

Return to rem. sts., slip centre 12 sts. on to safety pin and join yarn to rem. 14 sts. Work to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

With W and No. 12 needles cast on 26 sts. and work in rib of K 1, p 1 for 8 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st. inc. 1 st. each end of 1st and foll. 5th rows until there are 34 sts. on needle. Cont. straight until work measures 4in. from beg. ending on a p row.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows then 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 8 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, join shoulder seams.

Neck (Right side facing): Beg. at left centre back, and using No. 12 needles and W, pick up and knit 56 sts. evenly round neck edge. Work in rib of K 1, p 1 for 4 rows. Cast off ribwise. Press lightly and attach clip at centre back neck edge.

Back-stitch rem. seams. Set in sleeves. Turn lower hem to inside and slip-stitch.

SCARF

Using No. 10 needles and N, cast on 22 sts. **Next Row:** knit. **Next Row:** Purl. Rep. these 2 rows once (hem).

**** To Make Fringe Holes** — **Next Row:** K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., K 1. **Next Row:** Purl. **Next Row:** Knit. Rep. last 2 rows once, then purl 1 row.

Rep. fringe hole row once **.

Join in W and work from * to * of sweater (stripe pattern). Break off N and cont. in W only until work measures 15in. from beg., ending on a purl row. Join in N and work stripes in reverse thus: 2 rows N, 7 rows W, 4 rows N, 7 rows W, 5 rows N, 6 rows W, 6 rows N, 5 rows W, 8 rows N. Now rep. from ** to *. Cont. in st-st. for 4 rows. Cast off. Turn hems inside, sl-st. down.

Fringe: Cut 4 1/2 in. strands W yarn; knot 3 in each hole.

CAP

Using No. 10 needles and N, cast on 70 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 6 rows. Cont. in st-st. for 16 rows, ending on a purl row.

Next Row: * K 8, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: * K 7, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

5th Row: * K 6, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Cont. thus until 14 sts. rem. Thread yarn through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off.

Press. Using small back-stitch, join cap. Make pom-pom and sew to top.

MITTENS

Left Mitten
** With N and No. 12 needles cast on 30 sts. and work 6 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Cont. in st-st. for 8 rows beg. and ending p row with k 1. **

Thumb — **1st Row:** K 17, turn, cast on 4 sts.

2nd Row: K 1, p 10, turn, cast on 3 sts.

3rd Row: K 14.

4th Row: K 1, p 12, k 1. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows 4 times. **Next Row:** (K 2 tog.) 7 times.

Break yarn and run end through remaining sts., draw up and fasten securely. Flat seam thumb seam.

With right side facing, join yarn and k up 7 sts. at base of thumb, k across remaining sts. (thus working all 30 sts on to one needle).

1st Row: K 1, p 28, k 1.

2nd Row: Knit.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times, then 1st row once.

Proceed as follows —

1st Row: (K 2 tog. t.b.l., k 11, k 2 tog.) twice.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: (K 2 tog. t.b.l., k 9, k 2 tog.) twice.

5th Row: (K 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7, k 2 tog.) twice.

7th Row: (K 2 tog. t.b.l., k 5, k 2 tog.) twice.

9th Row: (K 2 tog. t.b.l., k 3, k 2 tog.) twice.

Divide remaining 10 sts. evenly on 2 needles. Break yarn and graft these sts. ***

Right Mitten: Work as given from ** to ** for left mitten. Proceed as follows:

Thumb — **1st Row:** K 21, turn, cast on 3 sts.

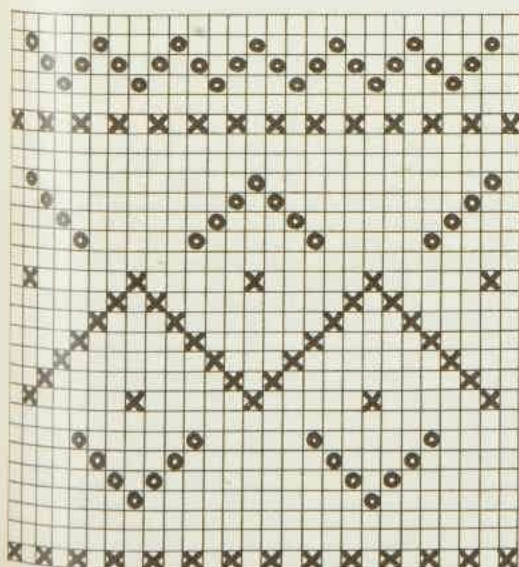
2nd Row: K 1, p 9, turn, cast on 4 sts. Work as from *** to ** for left mitten.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Using a flat seam join side seams.

Sweater sets for dashing dollies

● Perfectly scaled in miniature, these two hand-knitted outfits include sweater, cap, mittens, and scarf. One, at left, is striped, the other has an embroidered design in red and white.



KEY ○ RED × WHITE

"I LIKE Fair Isle." In this case it's easy, the design is embroidered on after the clothes are completed. Chart at left gives color details for embroidery. Directions for knitting are overleaf.

tuck into these "Hot Doggies"



Flavour-Crisped with Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs* and Rosella Tomato Sauce. You'll love the mouth-watering combination of steaming hot frankfurts and rich Rosella Tomato Sauce — add a golden flavour crust of Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs . . . and mm-mm Hot Doggies. Fun for parties, snacks, as a treat for the kids — clip the recipe and try Hot Doggies soon! Ready to serve in 10-15 minutes.

HOT DOGGITIES

Ingredients: 1 lb. frankfurts; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Rosella Tomato Sauce; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs; 10 (4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ") wood skewers.

Method: Insert skewers lengthwise into frankfurts leaving 2" for a handle. Score surface of frankfurts lightly spiralling from end to end. Roll frankfurts in Rosella Tomato Sauce, then coat generously with Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs.

Hot Doggies can be cooked three ways...

BAKE: Place frankfurts in foil-lined shallow baking pan. Do not crowd. Bake in moderate oven (350F.) about 25-30 minutes.

FRY: Heat 4 tablespoons oil in pan, add frankfurts and fry for about 5-10 minutes.

GRILL: Place frankfurts on grill and grill for 10-15 minutes.

N.B. Prepare without skewers if desired.



*REGISTERED TRADE MARK

CORNS

Cheer up! Forget that burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frozol-Ice and pain goes. Your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out—core and all. Lift out your corns with Frozol-Ice.

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FASTEETH, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort, just sprinkle a little **FASTEETH** on your plates. Get it to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

FOR DASHING DOLLIES . . . continued

"I LIKE FAIR ISLE"

(See color picture previous page)

Materials: 4 balls Black (B); 2 balls White (W); 1 ball Red (R) Patons Nyllette Crepe Yarn; 1 pair Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 1 small clip; 2 stitch holders.

Measurements: To fit doll 14in. underarm; height, 20-22in. approx.; length of sweater, 7½in.; length of scarf, 25in. (without fringe).
Tension: 15 sts. to 2in.

SWEATER

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and B, cast on 56 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 8 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. and cont. until work measures 5in. from beg., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off

3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of needle in alt. rows (knit rows) until 24 sts. rem. Leave sts. on holder.

FRONT

Work as back until 38 sts. rem. in raglan shaping, ending on a purl row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 10, k next 14 sts. and leave on holder, knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. on last 11 sts. keeping raglan shaping in order, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge on alt. rows 4 times altogether.

When 2 sts. rem. in raglan shaping k 2 tog. and fasten off.

Return to rem. sts., join

yarn at neck edge and work to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 28 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 6 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 4th rows until there are 36 sts. on needle. When work measures 4in. shape raglan exactly as back until 2 sts. rem. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Backstitch 2 front and right back raglan seams together.

Neckband: Using No. 12 needles and B, with right side

facing, beg. at left side, pick up and knit 62 sts. evenly round neck edge (including sts. from holders). Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 rows. Cast off ribwise.

Join rem. raglan seam, leaving fin. open on neckband, and attach clip at top of opening. Join remaining seams. Press seams.

CAP

Using No. 10 needles and B, cast on 80 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 10 rows. Cont. in st-st. for 6in., ending on a p row.

To Begin Shaping — 1st Row: K 8, (sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 16) 3 times, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 8.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

5th Row: K 7, (sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 14) 3 times, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 7.

Cont. thus working 2 sts. less between decs. every 4th row. When 16 sts. rem. cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side and flat seam tog.

Pompon: Make a pompon as illustrated, winding W, B, and R yarns in sections. Trim pompon and tie tightly to end of cap.

SCARF

Using B and No. 10 needles cast on 56 sts.

Next Row (fringe hole row): K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. to last st., k 1.

Next Row: * K 1, bring wool to front of work, sl. 1 purlwise, take wool to back of work, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. last row until work measures 5½in. Join in W and cont. for a further 14in. Now change to B and cont. for 5½in.

Rep. fringe hole row and cast off.

TO MAKE FRINGE

Cut two lengths each of white and red yarns and make a tassel in each hole. Finally trim fringe.

MITTENS

Left Mitten

** With B and No. 12

needles cast on 30 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 6 rows.

Cont. in st-st. for 8 rows, beg. and ending p rows with k 1 **.

Thumb—1st Row: K 17, turn, cast on 4 sts.

2nd Row: K 1, p 10, turn, cast on 3 sts.

*** 3rd Row: K 14.

4th Row: K 1, p 12, k 1. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows 4 times.

Next Row: (K 2 tog.) 7 times.

Break yarn and run end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off securely. Flat seam thumb seam.

With right side facing, join in yarn and k up 7 sts. at base of thumb, k across rem. sts. (thus working all 30 sts. on needle).

1st Row: K 1, p 28, k 1.

2nd Row: Knit.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times, then 1st row once.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: (K 2 tog. t.h.l., k 11, k 2 tog.) twice.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: (K 2 tog. t.h.l., k 9, k 2 tog.) twice.

5th Row: (K 2 tog. t.h.l., k 7, k 2 tog.) twice.

7th Row: (K 2 tog. t.h.l., k 5, k 2 tog.) twice.

9th Row: (K 2 tog. t.h.l., k 3, k 2 tog.) twice.

Divide rem. 10 sts. evenly on two needles. Break off yarn and graft sts. tog. ***.

Right Mitten

Work as left mitten from ** to **.

Thumb — 1st Row: K 21, turn, cast on 3 sts.

2nd Row: K 1, p 9, turn, cast on 4 sts.

Work as left mitten from *** to ***.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using a flat seam, join seams.

EMBROIDERY

With W and R, using knitting stitch embroidery, embroider scarf from chart on previous page as illustrated. Using same design, embroider sweater and cap, using R only, embroider mitten tops.

In a Warner's Riddle you show only your pretty shape. Not how you get it.



Don't let Riddle's pretty wispiess fool you. See that paisley? It's bonded Lycra set, not sewn, into the fabric by a secret Warner's process. Smooths you, moulds and holds you. Yet there's never a seam or panel to show through clingy dresses, or shorts, or stretch pants. M'mmm, clever. White, S.M.L. Girdle, 89/6; medium leg pantie, 99/6; long leg pantie (seen here), 119/6.

The Riddle

new and young from **WARNER'S** U.S.A.

Made in Australia under licence with the Warner Brothers Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut, U.S.A.

RECIPE WINS £5

● A recipe for curry-flavored, savory tidbits to serve with soup or salad wins this week's main prize for a Queensland reader.

CONSOLATION prize of £1 has been awarded for a crumpet recipe without yeast.

CURRY CURLIES

Six ounces puff or flake pastry, 2½ tablespoons melted butter or substitute, ¼ teaspoon curry-powder, ½ cup crushed potato chips.

Roll pastry out thinly and cut into 3in. strips. Combine the butter and curry-powder, then dip the strips in one at a time. Roll in the crushed potato chips and twist to curl. Bake on ungreased oven slide in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes or until golden brown.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. N. Godbee, c/o Post Office, Macalister, via Dalby, Qld.

CRUMPETS WITHOUT YEAST

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 egg-whites.

Sift dry ingredients into basin and mix to a soft batter with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Allow to stand 10 minutes. Place dessert-spoonfuls on to greased frypan. When top becomes honeycombed, turn and cook a little on the other side. Toast as usual, and butter.

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THE SMALL NEW JOY

Continued from page 37

"Oh, yes!" cried Rosalyn. "James, that tree is dying."

Nancy's mother stood in the kitchen doorway.

"Frances," he replied, "that old tree has been dying for the last ten years. Come on, children, let's go and look."

"Putting up a coconut in a dying tree," Nancy's mother scolded, but he was already on his way out. "And worse," she added, "if that monkey keeps coming, the birds won't even be here to feed."

"Oh, Mother—" Nancy said. Rosalyn stared at them, her face pale.

"But there have to be birds," Rosalyn said. She stood still in the middle of the room, strangely still for dancing, skipping, bounding Rosalyn. Nancy caught her breath, relieved that Rosalyn had not heard her grandfather's last few words.

"Aren't you going out with Grandpa, Rosalyn?" she asked, hurriedly, while Blake said: "Well, now, I'm not sure about smog and birds; perhaps—"

Rosalyn went to the window, through which they could see the old man and Tim making their way across the grass. "I'm watching for birds," she announced. The garden was still in the golden afternoon.

"That branch will die, and

the wind will tear it off, I know it will," said Nancy's mother. She turned to snatch the singing kettle from the gas and then whispered furiously to Nancy: "And your father! Seventy-nine years old and planting another garden! Seventy-nine, and he's out there digging every morning! Seventy-nine, and he had a heart attack last year!"

"And look at him," Blake said calmly. "Just look at him!"

"It seems to me he ought to stop," said Nancy's mother, but the complaint in her voice, even some of the worry broke a wave against the pride in Blake's, and she wound up with a little reluctant laugh.

But Nancy was not listening. She was looking at her father, standing under the tree. The tree rose taller than the house, its trunk thick and knotted and scarred. Some twigs bore reddening leaves, others a few white flowers out of season (for the tree, like its owner, had always been a stubborn individualist), but at the top there were neither leaves nor blossoms, only bare branches scratching at the sky.

The old tree was, indeed, dying at the top; and beneath it her father leant on Tim's shoulder and pointed upwards with his cane.

That cane, Nancy thought—he is using it all the time now, even to cross the room; and he used to use it grudgingly, but now he treats it as

an old friend. Her eyes blurred with tears. It was as if for a moment the smog had entered the garden, and the time between now and spring

FROM THE BIBLE

● All Scripture is given by inspiration of God ... that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

—2 Timothy 3:16, 17.

was a long journey in a perilous world.

"Aren't you going out, Rosalyn?" Blake asked, gently.

"Not yet," Rosalyn pressed her face to the window. And then: "Look—look! There's a bird!"

Blake bent down to look with her.

"Then," cried Rosalyn triumphantly, "we'll put it up for him!"

The door banged behind her, and in the branches of the chestnut tree there was a swift birdwing blur; the sun flashed through underfeathers. Each russet leaf hung separate, dancing, yet—Nancy thought—waiting to fall, and the sky arched its blinding blue higher and higher, and afternoon shadows fell long and narrow across the sharp, splendid grass.

Nancy watched Rosalyn dancing about her grandfather and her brother like some erratic little satellite, her blonde hair and her pleated skirt swinging. Yes, she thought, waiting to fall. Perhaps he will die before the bulbs come up, before the garden flowers, before the baby is born. Perhaps the tree will die, perhaps the wind will tear up the branch and fling it on the ground among the fallen leaves. And the smog comes closer; and yet—

"That's my girl," said Blake, looking at Rosalyn. But he took Nancy's hand in his. His hand was big, warm, and strong; Nancy drew strength from it. And as her mother went to the window to beckon them into tea, Nancy watched Tim and Rosalyn and her father coming toward the house and it seemed as if her love for them all and for the lovely, hazardous earth on which they all walked must surely make a sound, a crashing of cymbals, a trumpeting, a roll of drums, a fitting flourish for the news she and Blake had to tell.

For, of course—and her mother really knew it, deeper than her worries went—you cannot be stingy with life. You must plant your garden, year after year, even if you may never see it flower; and bear a child joyously into an uncertain world; and be willing to put up a coconut for one solitary bird.

"Oh, listen, everybody..." she said, as they came through the door.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 15

ARIES

MARCH 21-APRIL 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

TAURUS

APRIL 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, lilac, red.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, green, tan.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUGUST 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

VIRGO

AUGUST 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, gold.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

LIBRA

SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, black, tan.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, jade, rose.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, blue, silver.
* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological star as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 22, 1965



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WW 22/9/65



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 22, 1965

CUNNING AS A FOX

don't go to your room at once and wait for me there, I shall telephone the police."

For a few seconds which seemed age-long Ronald stood still, but finally he turned round and looked at her.

She almost wished he had not, for his smile had gone. His face was expressionless, and she had a terrible feeling that it was like looking at someone without a soul.

"What are you talking about?"

"You know very well."

"No, I don't." His defiance took on an uglier note, and she had not heard before.

"Then if you don't know, you've nothing to worry about, have you? You'll be able to answer all their questions with a clear conscience." She paused. "Go up to your room. I'll deal with you later."

She went into the kitchen, and Elsa moved from the sink toward her.

"He did hurt me, Mummy. Look."

There were red marks about the wrist — and even worse, just above the marks, on the small, soft forearm, there were the crescents made by fingernails which had dug deep.

"I can see he did, but he didn't mean to hurt, Elsa. He was only teasing you."

"Daddy teases me and he doesn't hurt. And Janet's brothers play with her and they never hurt. So do Milder's. It's just my brother who hurts me. I hate him." There was no vehemence in the statement, nothing to suggest it was an outburst of childish emotion, it was lucid and considered.

Ronald was already upstairs, doubtless waiting impatiently; another ordeal lay not far ahead. Catherine felt weak and unsure of herself, partly from reaction, partly knowing that she would be alone, and could not rely on her husband to help or even to understand. That was another awful thing, perhaps the worst — the way she and Harry had drifted apart, until they were like strangers.

"I'll bathe your wrist in cold water, that will make it feel better," she said.

There was a tap at the back door. Catherine, already impatient, found Jenny King there.

"I'm just going up to the shops," Jenny said, "and Mrs. Calbury wondered if you would like Elsa to come with me."

Jenny had reported everything to Helen Calbury, of course, and Helen was most understanding. In five minutes Elsa was washed and her hair brushed, and she was off hand in hand with Jenny. The house seemed strangely silent. It was almost impossible to believe that Ron was upstairs waiting. But he was. She had to make up

her mind exactly what to say, and she had to remember that she would have to justify what she said to Harry, who would be on his son's side, for he could see no wrong in the boy. Then suddenly she realised that this time Ronald would have to justify himself to his father, that for once there were facts to go on, not simply suspicions and fears and implications.

She tidied her hair, straightened her dress, and went upstairs. This was a house with four bedrooms and two living-rooms, some forty years old, pleasant, a little old-fashioned, like all of those around it. Catherine had been so very happy when they had first come to live here. At that time Ronald had been seven, Elsa not thought of, Marion hoped for —

Marion had been born here, and four months afterwards the real unhappiness had begun. For the child had died and brought deep sorrow as well as the first awful fear of Ronald and what went on in his mind.

She went into his room. He was by the window, looking out, hands by his side.

"Ronald, it's past time I had a long and thorough talk with and about you," she began.

He turned round and silenced her on the instant. He was not smiling. He looked frightened.

"Mother," he said in a husky voice, "help me. Please help me."

Catherine thought: He is frightened.

He expected her to melt, but she felt cold and even aloof, yet also guilty.

"Ronald, what did you steal last night?"

His expression did not change unless it was to acquire a hint of incredulity.

"Ronald, there is one thing you must understand," Catherine said. "If there are conflicts of personality within the family, they can be confined to the family. When it comes to theft — to crime — which affects other people, we can't keep it to ourselves."

Ronald didn't utter a word. "I've been trying to make you realise that you can easily make it impossible for me — or for your father — to help you. Until we know what you've done and how serious it is, we don't know what we can do to help. It's quite bad enough that you should deliberately hurt your sister, without —"

"I didn't mean to!"

"Ronald," Catherine said steadily, "I believe you did mean it. I believe you always mean it when you hurt her. I think you find some kind of pleasure in it. I've tried for a long time to think differently, but gradually you've made that impossible. But before we go further into

that, I want to know about last night. Exactly where did you get the money?"

"What — what money?"

"There are two hundred and fifty pounds in one-pound notes under your mattress. Where did you get the money?"

"I-I won it on the dogs last night."

"You come home at a quarter past one, in the early hours. You were with two friends — it might be better to say two companions. You told them that the money would be as safe as houses — you used the word 'loot' — and that they had nothing to worry about. I want to know where you stole it from, and whether there is a chance to replace it before it's missed by the owner."

She feared she had failed utterly; thought that he was going to switch back to his mood of absolute defiance. Then he said in a quivering voice, "I know I do things I shouldn't — I have been doing so for months. For years. It—it's something I can't stop myself from doing. Do you understand? I just can't stop myself. Even though I know it's wrong, even though I know it hurts you and Elsa, I—I just have to do it. Something seems to go crack in my head. Then when it's over I feel normal, and hate myself for what I've done."

CATHERINE simply did not believe him. He was trying to play on her emotions to win her out of her mood of determination. She had known him do this over other, lesser matters, but it had never seemed so clear or so unashamed.

"These precious friends of yours — can't they stop themselves, either? Who are they?"

"I'm not going to tell you, they're nothing to do with the way I feel!"

"You're going to tell me who they are, where you stole that money, everything about last night. If you don't I shall telephone the police and inform them what I found under your bed."

"You wouldn't. You'd be too worried about the effect on Father and the business. You'd never do it!"

Catherine said quietly: "I'm going downstairs. If you're not down in five minutes I shall telephone the police, and also telephone your father to tell him what I've done." She turned to the door, half expecting him to call her back, but he did not. She went straight downstairs and into the dining-room. Ronald's room was above that and she would know the moment he walked across the room. She stood looking into the back garden, which was still sunlit and lovely.

Footsteps sounded above. Ronald reached the bedroom door and stepped on to the landing. Catherine's heartbeats seemed to keep time with his footsteps down the stairs; hurried and yet even. He reached the foot of the stairs and walked along the passage to the front door.

She did not know what made her stop with her hand on the door; it was some sense of the utter futility of everything she had tried to do — failure was inevitable once she called out.

Ronald's footsteps sounded again; so he was coming back. She moved quickly from the door, knocked against a chair, and sat down. She schooled herself to outward calmness as the door opened and Ronald appeared.

He was smiling the smile which meant so much to her, which she had never really been able to resist. Even his voice had the right note of humility.

"Mum, I'm sorry if I was rude," he said. "Forgive?"

"How can I forgive when I don't know what happened?" she asked coldly.

"Mum, I know I shouldn't have helped these chaps, but — oh, heck, they talked me into hiding the money for them. They needed someone to look after it for them."

"Because it was stolen?" Catherine demanded.

"They said they'd won it at the races," Ronald told her. "Of course, I had a shrewd idea of the truth. That's why I need your help so badly — somehow I haven't the strength to resist them when they ask me to help."

"How did you meet these 'chaps'?" she inquired.

She saw the bright gleam in his eyes and realised that he thought he had won.

He began to pour out words, a mixture of lies and half-truths, with boyish eagerness. He knew he was a fool, he would never have anything more to do with Nick Evans and Ray Carter again, they weren't his type, anyhow, it was just something which came over him every now and again, but if she would help him this time, just this once, he would resist it in future.

She had neither the heart nor the courage to tell him that she knew he was still lying.

Ronald put his cheek against hers.

"Sorry, Mum, I am, really. Now I'll take that money away. I was crazy to bring it here, all kinds of a fool."

Harry would be home late tonight; he stayed at the office until half past eight on Tuesdays to see clients who were at work themselves during the day. By eight o'clock, Elsa was in bed. Ronald had gone out after an early sandwich lunch, carrying a bundle of brown paper: the money, of course. As the time of Harry's homecoming drew nearer, her unease grew deeper. She must tell Harry. He would not want to believe it, he would never believe anything against his son, but he must be made to listen.

She heard the car draw up, a few minutes earlier than she had expected, checked that everything was laid in the kitchen alcove where they always had their meals when alone. Soon Harry came into the kitchen, walking rather heavily, as if he was physically as well as mentally tired. He waved across at Catherine with the folded evening newspaper, and said:

"Smells good. Believe me, I'm ready for it!" He went out to the bathroom. Dropping the newspaper on to the table, as he always did. Catherine glanced down at the paper. When she first read the headlines they conveyed nothing to her except the bare facts.

POSTMISTRESS MURDERED IN STONELEY, THIEVES ESCAPE WITH £5000 HAUL.

Then she thought: Here. In Stoneley.

A different kind of fear stabbed through her as she picked up the newspaper and began to read.

Images became vivid in Catherine's mind as she read the story of Mrs. Hull, the middle-aged postmistress.

"A police constable on his rounds found the side entrance of the post office open, just after twelve-thirty. Mrs. Hull had been out to a church social and returned home about eleven o'clock."

To page 64

Fashion FROCKS

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CUNNING AS A FOX

So the awful crime had been committed some time near midnight. Ronald had come home at a quarter past one.

"Mr. James Howard, who lives opposite the post office, told the police that he heard and saw a small open sports car drive off from across the street at five minutes to twelve. In the light of the street lamp he saw three men in the car, all of them young."

Catherine caught her breath. The mental picture of Ronald became more vivid than ever: if he would lie about one thing he would lie about another.

"Catherine!"

She lowered the paper slowly.

Harry came toward her, stirred out of his fatigue.

"What on earth is the matter?" He picked up the newspaper and scanned it, and after a moment a gentler note sounded in his voice. "Of course, you knew Mrs. Hull, didn't you? Wicked business. But you didn't know her all that well, did you?"

Catherine managed to say: "It was such a shock." She turned away quickly, blindly, and went into the kitchen. She stood over the oven for a few seconds, fighting to regain her self-control.

She served the pie. Harry's eyes brightened as she piled on cabbage and potatoes. Out of habit, Catherine helped herself. Soon she

would have to talk to Harry about Ronald, but he must finish dinner first. Between mouthfuls she watched him almost furtively.

Sometimes she wondered whether he had changed over the years, or whether she had: once she had been so hopelessly in love with him that he could do and say no wrong. Something, perhaps life itself, perhaps she herself, had subdued the spirit in him.

There was ten minutes left before Harry's favorite television program. She should begin to talk, but the words seemed to be locked in her.

"Harry, I must talk to you."

"Catherine, you know how tired I am on Tuesday evenings. Whatever

it is you want to talk about will have to wait."

"No, it won't," Catherine insisted. "Not this time, Harry. We must talk about Ronald. He might come in any minute and you have to know what happened before he arrives."

Very slowly and deliberately, Harry looked at Catherine, his brows knit and furrowed, his eyes narrowed.

"Catherine, I am not going to go into this matter again. For some reason I shall never understand you are continually criticising the boy. I won't listen to any more. Elsa is too pampered. She doesn't mix with other children sufficiently, and you encourage her to come running to you with every little trifle. You know exactly what I think, and I am not going to have another of these interminable discussions. Whenever you're ready, I'll have

coffee in the other room," he said in a tone of absolute finality.

He reacted as Ronald so often did: just walked away from her. She began to collect the plates and dishes, carried them to the sink, and stared at the coffee cups.

The introductory theme for the show welled up much too loud, reverberating. Catherine made the coffee, carried the tray in, went straight up to the set, and switched it off; the silence seemed to echo. Harry was so astounded that for a moment he did not say a word.

"Catherine, have you gone mad?"

"Harry, don't you understand? I'm worried out of my life. I have to talk to you."

"I'll have to talk to you. You're quite overwrought. Go upstairs and rest. I'll come and see you when this program is over."

"Harry, if you don't listen to me I'm going to telephone the police," Catherine said. "Someone has to do something about Ronald, and if his own father won't, then the police must. He's too much for me. I can't manage him and I can't influence him."

"Once and for all, understand this. Everything has become too much for you. Ronald — the household, Elsa, even me. You're sick, Catherine — sick in the mind. I've put up with a lot. Day in, day out I come home to hear baseless criticism of my son, and I try to reason with you, try to be patient. But this is the end. To threaten to call the police because you have failed utterly in looking after your own children — this is a new kind of wickedness. Sick or not, it is unforgivable."

THERE was a ring at the front-door bell, sharp and clear. It startled Harry as it did Catherine. He said: "Stay here. I'll see who it is."

Harry's footsteps sounded heavy at first, then died away. Catherine strained her ears to catch the sound of voices.

"Good evening, sir. Are you Mr. O'Neill?"

"Yes, I am."

"I am Detective Connolly, sir. I'll be grateful if you will spare me a few minutes."

"I can't imagine how I can help you, but come in." Harry sounded his normal businesslike self, assured, deep-voiced, ready to co-operate.

"Let's go in here," Harry said from the hall; he meant the dining-room, he had the sense for that. Footsteps and voices faded, but Catherine could hear the men talking and could even distinguish between the voices. She moved to the door, hoping to be able to hear what was being said, yet at the same time fearful.

"What time was this?" asked Harry.

"About twelve-thirty, sir—early this morning. Do you know what time your son came home?"

"I'm not sure," said Harry. "If you allow your son a front-door key you trust him to be home at a reasonable hour without checking on him each night. I'll go and ask my wife if she knows." At once there were footsteps—two sets, not one. "I would prefer you to stay here," Harry went on. "My wife hasn't been well today and I would rather she didn't have to answer any questions, except mine."

When Harry appeared he seemed fully composed. "Catherine," he asked in a carrying voice, "what time did Ronald get in last night?"

A quarter past one, Catherine almost answered, and then checked herself. No, no, no! That was too late; if the police knew he had not come home until after the death of Mrs. Hull they might become even more suspicious.

"I didn't hear him come in but I was listening to the Brahms concerto," Harry said in that carrying voice. "You went upstairs early, didn't you?"

"Yes," Catherine made herself say. "He—he came in about eleven o'clock. Who wants to know, dear?"

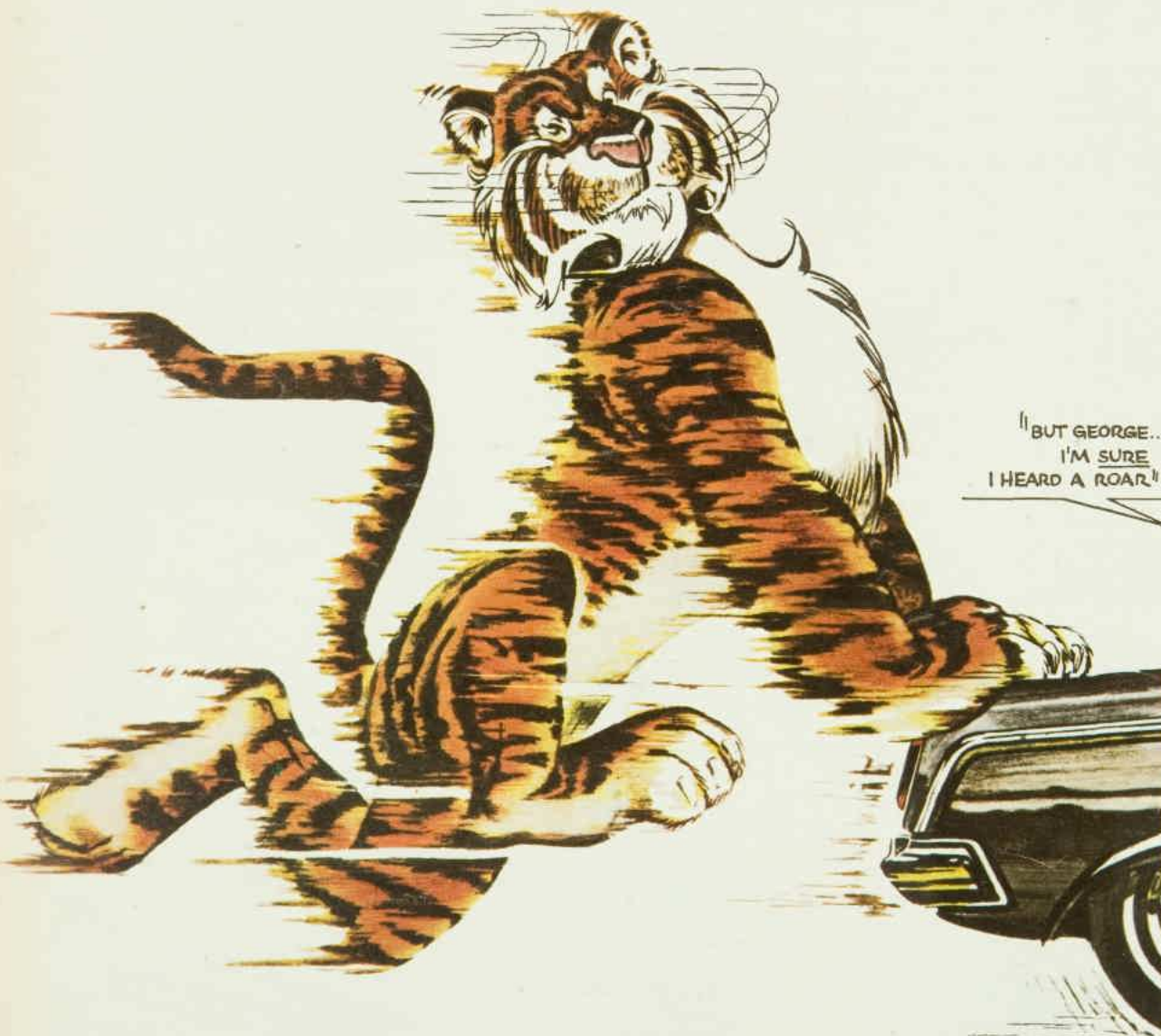
"The police."

"What?"

"There's no need for alarm. A sports car was stolen from the King's Arms car park last night. Ronald sometimes goes to play billiards at the club next door, and he's known

To page 65

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their silver.

COULD you give me some idea about my silver teapot? It has been in our family for more than 100 years. The only marking I can see is a crown. Some years ago I took the teapot to a jeweller and he told me it was pure silver. — Miss P. Dockery, Tallarook, Vic.

As your set does not bear any other mark but a crown, I can only assume that the pot is not sterling silver. It is more likely to be an example of Sheffield plate. This style pot was not made earlier than the 1820s.

I HAVE a small teapot, sugar bowl, and cream jug in, I think, sterling silver. Can you tell me anything about it? — Miss J. Lynch, Melbourne.

Yes, your teapot, sugar bowl, and cream jug are sterling silver with interiors of gilt. It is Edwardian made in Chester, England, in 1910. This set is typical of the period. If you look closely inside you will see the small hallmarks denoting Chester of 1910.



Sterling silver.

CUNNING AS A FOX

Continued from page 64

to be a sports-car enthusiast. The police want to know if he noticed this particular car."

"Oh," said Catherine, weakly. "Oh, I see."

"What time's he likely to be in tonight?" Harry asked.

"He didn't say. He always does it's going to be later than eleven, though."

"I'll tell the detective," Harry said. He went out. Catherine felt very solitary, almost lost in her fears. The two men spoke, and soon Detective Connolly left the house. Harry did not move immediately he closed the door. Catherine stood waiting, not sure what would follow their fierce quarrel, or what she should do now.

HARRY came slowly into the room at last. "Was that what you were trying to tell me?" he asked. "That you thought Ronald had stolen a car."

"No."

"Cath," Harry said, in a much more considerate voice, "come and sit down. You look awful." He took her arm gently and led her to a chair, strangely impersonal. "I won't be a moment." He went out purposefully. She heard the chink of glass, and it was no surprise when he came in with two glasses on a tray. "A sip or two of brandy will help you," he said, handing her a glass.

First the fumes, then the flavor of the brandy comforted and warmed her. Harry did not sit down, but stood watching her.

"What were you going to tell me?" he demanded.

"Harry," she said. "I'm—too frightened to, now."

"Being frightened won't help, will it?"

"I don't know if anything can help." She had to talk, had to share her dread. "I—I was awake last night when Ronald came in. He brought two friends with him. They had something to eat in the kitchen. I heard him tell his friends he would look after something for them, they needn't worry. All of them seemed excited. When Ronald went out to the library this morning, I searched his room. I found a lot of money under the mattress. Five bundles of one-pound notes. I counted one, and there was fifty in it."

"Two hundred and fifty pounds," cried Harry. "What did you do? Talk to Ronald?"

"Yes," she said. "I had to. He—he was tormenting Elsa again when he came back from the library—he said he'd been to the library, anyhow, but he had no books with him. Elsa screamed out. I know you think I exaggerate and that Elsa's a cry-baby, but—there were finger-nail marks on her arm. I sent him up to his room."

"So he did obey you," Harry said.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 22, 1965

Oh! Those Master Foods people!
They really live up to their name!



Cucumbers you can't stop eating — for hamburgers, savouries, salads, and sandwiches.

Open a jar. Uuummm! Crisply fresh, delicately spiced and they look so delicious. Eat them straight from the jar. But be careful! If you do, you'll find there are none left for your family. These are the original habit-forming cucumbers. And what a wonderful habit to have. They put a zingy lift into simple bread and butter (hence the name). They add crunchy munchiness to hamburgers. They make savouries savoury.

Buy a pack for your family next time you go shopping. (While you're at it — buy two packs. Then you can safely eat them straight from the jar!)

A summer treat — Cucumber & Potato salad

Dice 1½ lbs. of cold, boiled potatoes. Drain a 7½ oz. jar of Master Foods Bread and Butter Cucumbers, and cut the slices into quarters. Toss the diced potatoes and the cucumbers with 2 dstspns. of Master Foods real Mayonnaise and 1 dstspn. chopped parsley. Salt and pepper to taste. Serve slightly chilled. (For an extra taste interest — add 1 tablspsn. of finely diced ham or fried bacon.)

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MASTER FOODS MAKE OVER 150 FINE FOODS. THE LARGEST RANGE OF FOOD PRODUCTS IN AUSTRALIA. AT ALL GOOD FOOD STORES.

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"I told him that if he didn't I would telephone the police," Catherine said.

"The threat I wouldn't listen to," Harry said almost bitterly. "Did he talk to you?"

"He lied to me."

"Are you sure he lied, or do you just think he did?"

"I've been able to tell when Ronald is lying for fifteen years," Catherine said quickly. "He told me that he had no idea how his friends got the money, but that he was looking after it for them. That was after I had refused to believe that he won it by backing dogs on Saturday night."

"I see," Harry said. "Where is the money now?"

"He took it with him."

"To give it back?"

"That's what he said."

"If you didn't believe him, why did you let him take it away?"

"I let him take it because he won me over again. He knows I know that he lies shamefully, enjoys hurting Elsa; revels in defying me—I think he gets a kind of pleasure out of watching me suffer. I love him so much—yet at times I almost hate him. Do you understand that? He's untrustworthy and unreliable. He may be a thief, he may even be a murderer—but he's so lovable at times it hurts me to face up to the truth about him."

"Catherine! You don't know what you're saying. A thief—a murderer?"

NOW she realised what had suddenly come to him; full understanding of what she was saying. It had shocked and horrified him. Of course, it had. She had lived with the possibility for what seemed an age-long time and was used to it, but it had not occurred to Harry to connect the detective's call with the murder of Mrs. Hull—until this moment.

"What else do you know?" he demanded roughly.

"There were three young men. There was Ronald and his two friends. They used an open sports car. Ronald often drives about in one from that garage he goes to. The detective inquired about a stolen car, didn't he?"

"Is this everything?" Harry demanded.

"Yes," Catherine said wearily. "I've told you everything. I don't know anything for certain, but I was so frightened that I lied about what time Ronald came in last night. It was a quarter past one. He was out with two youths of about his own age, he had stolen money here, and—"

"Catherine, what were those notes like?"

"They looked quite new."

"What kind of bands were they in?"

"Brown paper bands," Catherine answered. "Why?"

"I can find out if the post-office money was in bundles of fifty, wrapped in brown paper bands," Harry said

harshly. "Where's that newspaper? It might say whether—"

Harry stopped abruptly, almost as if by an effort of will.

"Catherine, do you know what we're doing? We are letting ourselves believe that our son could possibly have played a part in a brutal murder. What is the matter with us? What's gone wrong?" When she did not answer but just stared back, he asked: "When will Ronald be home?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know where we might find him?"

"He plays billiards and darts some evenings at the King's Arms. Sometimes he goes to the pictures."

"Do you know the names of his friends?"

"Two of them," Catherine said. "Nick Evans and Ray Carter. He's known them for years."

"Evans," echoed Harry. "Graham Evans's son?"

"I think so."

"And Carter—Noel Carter's son?" Harry almost choked.

"Two families as decent as ours. I can't believe—why should they do such a thing? Why?" He broke off, and when he spoke next his voice was savage and harsh. "Here I go again, almost taking it for granted that my own son is a murderer. I must be going out of my mind."

Catherine thought: Now you know what I've been going through for so long.

"Why did you lie about the time Ronald came home?"

"Why do I ever lie for him? I want to help him."

"For the time being there is just one way to be sure of helping him," Harry said with great deliberation. "By adhering to that time you told the policeman, Connolly—that Ronnie got in about eleven o'clock last night. Whatever anyone asks, you'll stick to that, Cath, won't you? It is vital."

He was telling her what she must do, but at the same time he was pleading with her to do it, he was not commanding her. That alone betrayed the depths of the fear which had taken possession of him.

"I'm going to see Carter and Evans," Harry said. "I want to find out if they've been questioned about their sons, too. You'll be all right here, won't you?"

He went out without another word. She looked about at the familiar objects of their life. In one corner, a radio-gram. Two card tables and a coffee table, shelves of books, Harry's seldom used these days, Ronald's filled with school prizes, textbooks bought or borrowed; a tale of seventeen years of intellectual promise. Over his shelf was a photograph of a school group, taken only a few months ago. She could hardly bear to look at it, for it had marked the end of his best academic year; prizes had fallen into his lap one after another.

There was the kitchen to clear up, the washing-up to do, breakfast to lay. She did not give any serious thought

to the possibility that Ronald would come back for a meal, and for once she hoped that he would not.

She was drying her hands when the telephone bell rang. She moved into the hall to take it.

"Mrs. O'Neill?" a man asked—a youthful-sounding man. "Is Ron there, please?"

"Who wants to speak to him?" Catherine asked.

"Er—just tell him it's Nick."

"He's not in yet."

"Not in?" Alarm rang in Nick Evans's voice.

"No. It isn't very late yet, though."

"But he told me—" Nick began. "Tell him I rang, will you?"

"Can't I give him a message?"

"No, it's not important. Goodbye, Mrs. O'Neill."

Catherine replaced the receiver. Why had Nick Evans felt so sure that Ron would be home? And—where was Ron?

CATHERINE went back into the living-room and picked up the evening paper, read the general news, which wasn't sensational, then found herself reading the story of Mrs. Hull's murder.

Suddenly she heard a sound upstairs: a thump. Catherine jumped up and went to the door. There was a light on upstairs; she could see a beam shining from one of the bedrooms.

Ronald had crept in so quietly I didn't hear him; why is he making so much noise now? She listened more intently, and imagined she could hear the sound of opening drawers.

Was Ronald planning to run away? Was he packing?

She moved closer to the stairs and began to go up. As she drew nearer the landing, the sound of opening drawers ceased, and was followed by a creaking, as if he were getting into bed.

She reached the door, peered in, and felt almost stupefied—not frightened, but stupefied. A youth stood with his back to her, the mattress half off the bed. He was slitting it along one side with a knife, and the box springs kept twanging as the restricting cloth was cut.

It was not Ronald; from this angle she did not recognise the intruder at all.

He stopped cutting, and ripped the mattress covering apart with his hands. It tore from top to bottom. He peered over it as if desperately anxious to find something hidden there, but obviously found nothing.

He straightened up. He was only a few feet away from the door where Catherine stood, a stocky youth with black hair. She had no idea who he was.

The room was in chaos. Drawers had been pulled out and left open at odd angles. Books had been moved from the bookshelf by the side of

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DAHLIAS

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Warmer days have rekindled the fires of enthusiasm always present in dahlia growers, and plans are being made for the months ahead.

THE newcomers to the field are choosing their varieties, while the connoisseur is casting a critical eye over the latest novelties.

Here are some new and recent varieties. Naturally they are limited in supply and command higher prices.

In the Hybrid Cactus section are "Golden Autumn," a Dutch importation with lovely deep bronze flowers on long stems, excellent for cutting, and "Florence Chadwick," a free-flowering, white-shaded mauve. "Petticoat," raised in Holland, is a Fimbriated Cactus, with opalescent pink and cream flowers.

The Decorative section is represented by "Patricia," a variety from the N.S.W. South Coast, glistening apricot-pink and of good form, and "Mrs. Macdonald Quill," a Sydney-grown variety, quite eyecatching, with deep maroon flowers usually tipped with white.

Among the Charms are "Jim McLaren," raised in Tasmania, with deep cream blooms, and "Lily May," long-stemmed cyclamen-pink flowers.

There are several interesting new Nymphs. "White Supreme," a Sydney-raised variety, has pure white flowers of good form and is strong growing; "the Cardinal" is distinguished by its bright red flowers; "Lyndrell" has abundant yellow flowers. "Judy Capps," a Miniature, is a white Sydney variety.

Among the Pompones, "Betty Cuth-Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 233

Charm section: "Boona West" (free-flowering, golden bronze or deep apricot), "Cuddles" (free-flowering, dusty-pink), "Jim Shields" (deep cream or pale yellow, free-flowering), "Mrs. J. Robertson" (lovely form, pale lavender tipped with white), "Tweed" (clear yellow on long stems).

Nympha section: "Amber Glow" (strong growing, rich amber or orange shading to gold), "Kathie" (apricot shaded tangerine with gold at base of petals), "Mrs. Cox" (orange-red shading to yellow), "Mrs. Una Holland" (fuchsia pink on long stems), "Salmon Queen" (salmon apricot).

Pompones: "Kym Wills" (orange-bronze), "Little Marvel" (clear bright red), "Lady Lookout" (deep plum), "Silver Tips" (deep mauve with silver tips), "Willo's Violet" (deep violet), "Winnie" (cream, tipped deep pink).

CULTURAL NOTES

In growing dahlias the following points might be considered:

- 1: They need a position with plenty of sunlight, protection from strong winds and, above all, good drainage.
- 2: Most garden soils are suitable, but they must be enriched with liberal quantities of compost or well-rotted animal manure, adding about 2oz. of general fertiliser to each square yard. Dolomite or lime should be added to strongly acid soils, especially in the first year.
- 3: Plants are grown from tubers, green cuttings or sometimes from seed. Tubers stored in clumps from last year are divided from September onwards, after producing young shoots about 4in. long.
- 4: Before planting place the stakes firmly in position. Open up holes about 4in. to 5in. deep. Place the

Be careful in dividing the tubers so that each plant has an undamaged shoot, a firmly attached tuber, and a piece of the old main stem. Use a sharp knife, secateurs, or panel saw.

- 4: Before planting place the stakes firmly in position. Open up holes about 4in. to 5in. deep. Place the

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bert," a Sydney-raised variety with pale lemon flowers, has attracted attention.

The average gardener, however, is interested mainly in well-proven varieties which are easily obtained and inexpensive. Here is a selection:

Stiff-stemmed Hybrid or Cactus section: "Juanita" (ruby-red), "Mrs. H. Stroud" (deep mauve, free-flowering), "Pinkie" (large thin petals, delicate pink suffused with cream), "Lottie M. Proops" (cerise-red), "Winsome" (bright pink).

Decorative section: "Arthur Hambley" (large flowers, lavender-rose), "Coff's Harbor" (good formal, deep mahogany to copper), "Kidd's Climax" (large cream suffused with rosy mauve), "Mrs. H. Cooper" (large free-flowering, rich deep red), "Silene" (bright clear lilac).

Fimbriated Cactus section: "Folies de Dentelle" (feathery flowers, bright pink or lilac-pink), "Popular Guest" (beautifully fringed, pink on ivory base), "Val St. Lambert" (popular free-flowering variety, cream shading to bright pink).

Miniature Hybrid or Cactus section: (these varieties are not miniature-sized as regards plants or blooms, but the flowers are smaller than those of the Hybrid or Cactus section, usually 4-6in. across): "Agnes Lidden" (deep velvety maroon on long stems), "Edith Humphries" (a free-flowering white), "Kitty" (rosy pink, good for cutting), "Louise" (cream tipped with rosy pink), "Mrs. A. Sawyer" (pink on long stems)

tuber on its side with the eye or shoot pointing upwards and the sprouted end close to the stake. Cover with at least 2in. of soil.

- 5: Green plants from nursery-rooted cuttings should be well watered before removing from container. Plant the ball of soil just below the surface, leaving a shallow saucer.

- 6: Planting can be done from September to November, the main flowering period being from February onwards. Late planting (October to November) is preferred by some, as there is less danger of the blooms being bleached by the hot sun.

- 7: When the plants are about 6in. high pinch out the growing point to encourage lateral growth and the formation of a strong, compact bush. For good-quality blooms, especially for the show bench, the plants must be disbudded—remove buds on the sides of the selected central bud.

- 8: Don't unduly disturb the surface soil. Mulch with well-rotted animal manure, compost or leaf-mould. Water as necessary, preferably in the evening. Fertilisers or liquid manures can be added during the growing season if required.

- 9: Watch out for pests and diseases, and apply appropriate treatment. Red spider is usually prevalent. Spray with Malathion or lime sulphur. Thrips can be controlled with DDT or Malathion.

Mildew, most prevalent during warm, humid weather in autumn, can be treated by spraying regularly with dispersible sulphur or Karathane. A smut (yellow and brown spots on the leaves) should be treated with Bordeaux mixture.

Virus disease, indicated by leaf mottling, dark streaks on the stems, and poor growth, can be controlled only by removing infected plants.

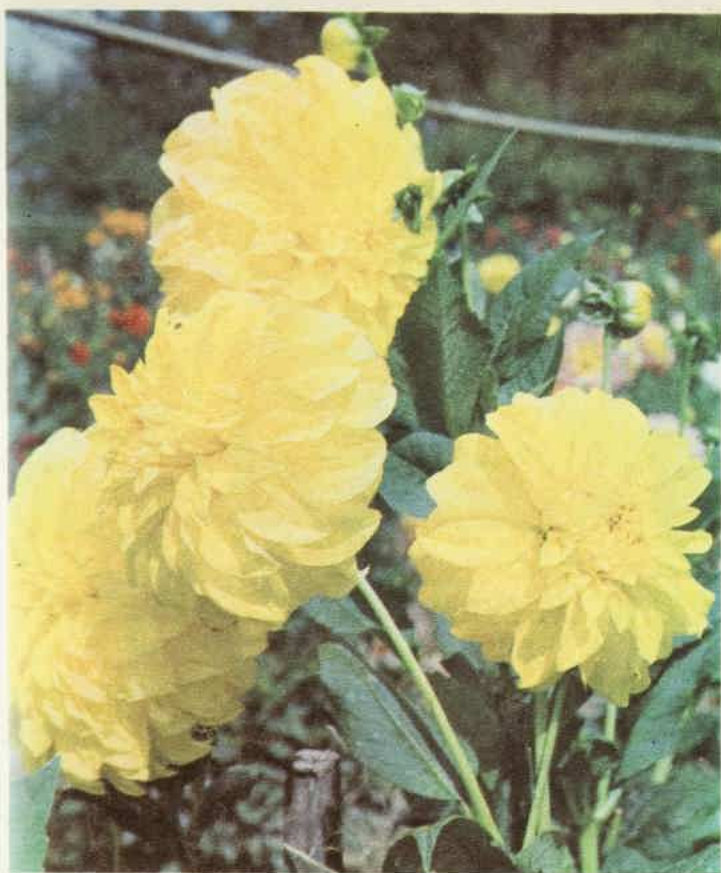
- 10: Store the tubers after the foliage has browned off, usually not before June. Cut off stem to about 10in. from the ground, lift carefully with a fork, and store in boxes, sheds, or under shrubs, covering with sand.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

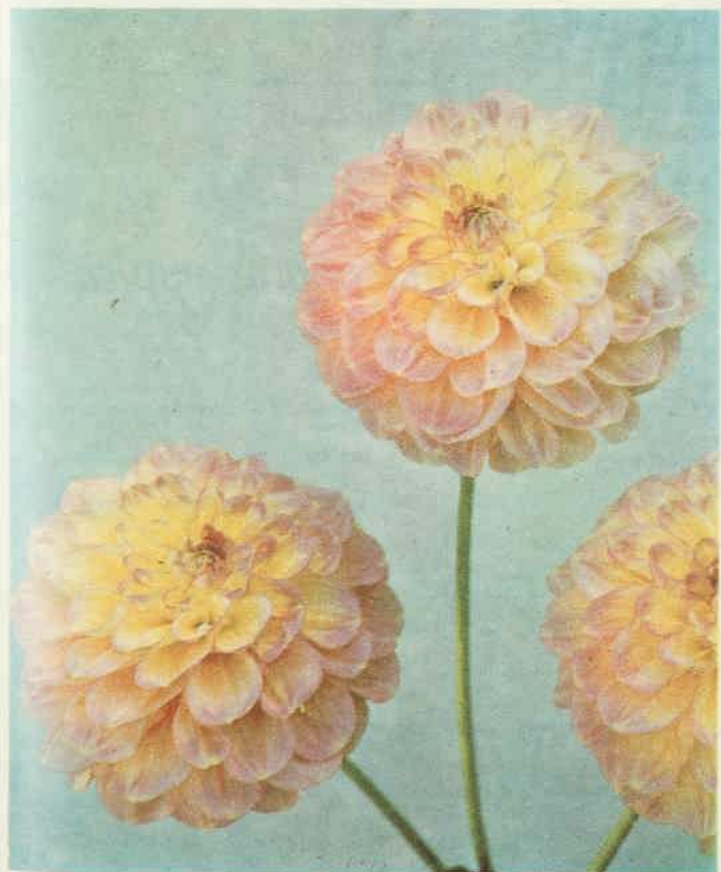
By RUD



MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK



"WEAN," a beautiful saffron yellow Decorative dahlia with excellent stems. This bloom in Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Howard's garden at Thornleigh, N.S.W.
Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 235



"PATRICIA," a pink-and-yellow Miniature Decorative, is in great demand. This bloom grown by Ayre and Robertson's Nursery, Turramurra, N.S.W.
Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 236

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



be coy



or be joy

The wide-eyed innocent or excitement itself — *this can be you!* Conspire with Lady Pelaco; create any mood you please. A wealth of artful styles, colours, patterns and fabrics.

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CUNNING AS A FOX

the bed, and littered chairs and floor, most of them open. Photographs and pictures had been taken off the walls.

Catherine could no longer see the knife in his hand, but knew it was there. What should she do? The obvious course was to creep downstairs, lift the telephone, and call the police. She backed a pace. As she did so, the youth sprang forward and toward her in one bound.

Catherine fell back, tripped, tried to throw herself to one side, but her heel slipped over the edge of the top stair. She felt herself falling.

Something clamped upon her forearm. Pain streaked through it and up her arm and to her shoulder, but the backward fall was stopped. The youth jerked her forward. She stood upright and unsteady, one foot on the landing, one on the top stair. He had the knife in his right hand, long blade shimmering, menacing; then suddenly the blade vanished, swallowed up by the handle. With a swift movement the youth dropped the knife into his pocket.

He released her. She was so surprised that she staggered back.

"Who — who are you?" Catherine asked. "A friend of Ronnie's," he answered flatly. "Where is he?"

"I don't know!" She managed to keep her voice steady. "My — my husband will be back very soon."

"Maybe he knows where Ronnie is," he sneered. He put his right hand into his pocket and drew out the knife; at sight of it, Catherine flinched. The stranger did not glance down at it but into Catherine's eyes, and she fought hard to look away from the knife.

"You'd be surprised what a help this is to a bad memory," he said. "It's a proper little miracle-worker. Tells you where people are and when they'll come back. Where's Ronnie?"

"I don't know where Ronald is. I wish I did. All I know is that he's been keeping bad company, staying out too late, and generally playing the fool. Will you please tell me what you want?"

Very slowly, the youth answered: "Money."

"What makes you think my son has enough money for you to come here and commit this — this outrage?"

"I gave it to him to look after," the youth announced. "Ronnie and me did a job together last week. I wanted to get rid of the hot dough and he looked after it for me."

"Where did this money come from? Did he know it was stolen?"

The youth looked startled by the question and then did an utterly unexpected thing: he opened his mouth and laughed. This might be the right moment for her to make some move, to turn and run down the stairs and lock herself in a room.

She could not, because Elsa was up here.

She could not, because she needed to know what this youth could tell her about Ronald.

"That's a good one, that is. Did he know? Lady, your white-headed boy knows a lot more than you ever will. Did he know? Why, he—"

Catherine struck at the hand which held the knife. Even as she moved she realised it was a mistake, it was what he wanted, what he had been luring her on to do. Before she could touch him he flicked the knife so that

the blade disappeared and almost simultaneously caught her wrist. She gasped and was forced to bend down, half-crouching in front of him.

"Tell me where he is or I'll cut your face to ribbons."

Suddenly a sound came clearly through the mists of Catherine's terror. It was nearby; a cry. It was Elsa. It came so clearly and unexpectedly that it startled the youth. She snatched herself free and pushed the youth violently. He was taken so much by surprise that he staggered away. Elsa's door was ajar. Catherine rushed to it, then slammed it behind her.

Elsa screamed: "Mummy! Mummy!"

She flung her weight against the door and groped for the key; touched it, lost it, felt a thump on the landing, found the key again, and turned it. As the click came there was a shuddering blow against the door, but it did not yield, it was strong oak and would never give way.

"Mummy, Mummy, Mummy!"

"I'm — I'm here, darling, don't worry, I'm here." The words ran into one another, but the sound of her voice seemed to have a soothing effect on the child. Catherine groped for the light switch and pressed it down, bringing blessed light. She expected

She lowered the child to the bed, but even as she did so there was an eruption of noise and movement outside. A shout, a thud, a scuffling and thudding which shook the walls and floor. Something crashed down.

Then there came a gasp as of pain, and a rumbling, thudding sound. Someone was falling down the stairs.

"Stay there!" Catherine cried to Elsa, left her, and rushed to the door. She unlocked it and snatched it open. "Ronnie!"

Her son stood at the head of the stairs, staring down. His hair was on end, a sleeve of his coat was hanging loose, there was an ugly gash over his left eye, dripping blood.

The other youth was not in sight.

Catherine said: "Ronnie," with a catch in her breath.

He turned round, slowly. He looked so young; just as he had when a young school-boy, coming home bloodied and bedraggled after a fight. He made some kind of effort to smile.

"Hello, Mum."

"Are you hurt badly?"

"I'm all right."

"What about him?"

"He won't cause you any more trouble," Ronald said in a tone of absolute conviction. After a pause, he added: "I think he's broken his neck."

"No!"

"He wouldn't be any loss to anyone," Ronald said. His

Catherine hurried down.

"Is he all right?" Ronald looked up, half smiling, and very slowly shook his head. "No," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"He's not all right."

"How badly is he hurt?"

"Mum," said Ronald, half-jestingly, "he's very dead."

Catherine bent down and took the youth's wrist, feeling for the pulse, acutely aware of Ronald's gaze, which was almost mocking.

"Mum, he's dead, I tell you. Let's shift him from here, so we can move," Ronald said. "Can you free his leg from those posts?"

Catherine said: "No, and I don't mean to try. We'll have to leave him where he is until the police come."

"All they'll do is move him."

"Ronald, go and wash that cut on your forehead, and wash the blood off your face," Catherine ordered. "Then remember that when the police come they will want to know all about your association with this man. Who is he?"

"His name's Brockway, known as Brock," Ronald answered, matter-of-factly. "He's a mechanic at a garage. I go to sometimes with Nick Evans. Mum, what's the hurry about sending for the police?"

"Obviously they must know about this as soon as possible."

"Oh, sure. But why not give ourselves a little time?"

A CAR drew up outside, and after a moment a door slammed. Ronald listened so intently that he conveyed a sense of fear.

Then he said: "It's Dad. I'll go and tidy up." He stepped over the dead youth and ran up the stairs. As Harry came in Catherine was standing at the foot of the stairs, unwittingly hiding the dead man.

"Catherine! What's the matter?" Harry asked. She was aware of the note of alarm in his voice, and felt a kind of quiver go through her body. Her knees bent, her legs crumpled up beneath her. She did not actually lose consciousness, and was fully aware of the strength in Harry's arms as he saved her from falling. Somehow or other he failed to see the dead man, or he would have made some comment. He lifted Catherine in his arms and carried her into the dining-room. He put her down on the couch, and then she became aware of the smell of brandy, the touch of a spoon at her lips, brandy trickling into her mouth and down her throat.

"Are you hurt?" he asked. She whispered: "No."

"Is Elsa all right?"

She nodded.

"Is Ronald home?"

"Yes." She tried to make her voice stronger. "Harry—"

"Did he cause this?"

"Harry, don't—"

"Do you know anything more?" Harry asked. He seemed almost afraid of what she would answer, and went on hurriedly: "I'm sorry, Cath. I shouldn't be asking these questions. You just lie there. I'll go and have a word with Ron." He turned round.

"Harry," she called. "Don't go. There's a dead man on the stairs!" she gasped. "He broke in. He attacked me. Ronnie fought—"

Harry swung round and went out of the room, still holding the brandy. She forced herself to a sitting position, then off the couch. She reached the door, clutching the frame for support.

Harry was bending over the youth's body. The brandy glass was on the table with



the youth outside to shout and batter at the door, but he did not.

"Mummy, I woke up. I heard something, it woke me up."

"It was the door," Catherine said huskily. "I did what I'm always telling you not to do—I let it slam."

"But, Mummy, that was afterwards."

"Was it, dear?" Catherine took refuge in silence, and the child fell silent.

Why didn't the youth do something? His silence had fallen so quickly that it was uncanny.

ELSA was breathing so evenly that with a little luck she would soon drop off to sleep again. She was heavy in Catherine's arms. Catherine listened with a mixture of hope and fear, hearing, imagined sounds, noises outside in the street, the drone of distant car engines, the drone of an aircraft. These all seemed to intensify the silence in the house and on the landing.

Then the youth outside spoke in a quiet, controlled voice: "Come on, where is it?"

Who was he talking to? Ronnie!

"I won't tell you again," the youth outside said. "This is your last chance. You were going to keep it safe here. Where is it?"

Then at last Ronald spoke.

"Where you'll never get it."

voice sounded as callous as his words.

"Go and see how he is," Catherine ordered.

Ronald said again: "He won't do any more harm."

Catherine went into the bathroom, took a tablet from the bottle, half-filled a glass with water, and went back to Elsa. Ronald had started down the stairs slowly. Elsa lay on her back, eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling; sight of her brother had been the finishing touch to the night of shock. She drank the water, and seemed willing, almost eager, to be covered up with the blanket and to snuggle down on her pillow, but as Catherine bent down and kissed her cheek she said in a tense whisper: "You won't close the door, Mummy, will you?"

"No, darling."

"That's good," Elsa said. She turned her head into the pillow, and a rush of affection swept over Catherine. She stood up and made herself go out of the room. Ronald was her child, too, and in much greater need of help.

She reached the head of the stairs.

Ronald was near the foot. He had stepped over the intruder, who was in a strange, crumpled position near the bottom of the stairs. One foot was caught between two banister rails, and the position of the leg suggested that it was broken. His head and shoulders were cramped against the wall; his chin on his chest. Ronald was squatting and staring at him, his face expressionless.

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Read this true story:



"my 'nerves' were even affecting my health..."

"About 8 months ago I started to feel very nervy and run-down. Everything was too much trouble and even trifles upset me. In the end, my 'nerves' were even affecting my health. My husband and I both knew about Sanatogen, so we decided the sooner I got started on it the better. After even a few weeks of Sanatogen I began to feel a lot better. Then after a full course I felt 100% fit again, and still do. It's certainly a wonderful product."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 22, 1965

AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● Twenty-five centuries ago the Greek philosopher Protagoras said, "Man is the measure of all things: of those which are, that they are; of those which are not, that they are not."

WHATEVER he meant by that (and if you're at all woolly minded you'll find the meaning gets more obscure the more you think about it), there can be no doubt that 2500 years later the last part of his pronouncement has a meaning for this generation that P. probably never intended.

We're so darned clever—anything other generations could do we can do so much better. We can take photographs of Mars and the dark side of the moon, we can put men into space, we can operate on living hearts and transplant organs from one human being to another.

The one thing we cannot do is to re-create one single living organism—plant or animal—that we have extinguished from the earth.

Nothing we can do will ever bring back the Dodo, or the Auk, or the Giant Kangaroo. Nothing we can do will ever bring back the simplest water-plant once we've extinguished it by flooding it with pesticides and polluting our water streams.

A lot of plants and animals are gone for good, and there's not much point in shedding any tears over them now. But surely there's something we can do about those other species which are on the danger list and near to death?

We must be crazy to value so highly the replaceable things we make like cars and cities and skyscrapers and not to value at all the irreplaceable things that nature took aeons to provide us with.

I read in one magazine that there are now 1000 species of birds and animals on the danger list; in another I read that man wipes out an average of three species every single year.

And now there's been a move (happily unsuccessful) to make it legal, in New Guinea, to hunt the exquisite Bird of Paradise. How long would the species have survived once that ravishing fall of bright tail feathers became the fashionable thing to wear on cocktail hats? A few years, perhaps, because zoos have their value there.

But zoos are not the best places for wild things to breed freely, and they are places in which whole populations of a species can be wiped out if some infectious disease gets a hold. So, the day would have probably come when the only Bird of Paradise feathers left in the world would have been on stuffed specimens in museum cases and in the wardrobes of fashionable women.

Men may hunt the minks but women set the traps!

WE get used to blaming men for most of the things that are wrong with the world. Men, we say, mismanage countries and make wars, and things would be different if they were run by women.

But the extinction of some of our animals and birds, and the near-extinction of many, many more, is women's work. Men do the hunting, certainly, but they wouldn't go to all that trouble if women didn't want fur for coats and fur and feathers for their hats.

It's probably easy for me to talk, because the only furs I own stalk round the house

shedding hairs and making loud Siamese noises and general nuisances of themselves.

I won't pretend that I wouldn't be sorely tempted if somebody offered me a stole of that divine creamy fawn shade of mink I always manage to sit behind at school concerts.

Somehow I don't think this is a temptation which is going to cross my path in the foreseeable future. But I may as well be honest and admit that if it did I would probably fall. And I would rationalise my fall by telling myself that the animals had been bred specifically for their fur and therefore had been granted a span of life they otherwise wouldn't have had.

This, after all, is the rationalisation most of us make over the meat we eat. We don't like the idea much when we think about it, but we tell ourselves that people aren't going to breed sheep and cattle just for the fun of doing it, and that at least these creatures have had a few years of life they otherwise wouldn't have been allowed.

This is a comforting argument—and it also happens to be true. It's true of animals bred for meat, and it's true of animals bred especially for their fur.

When you're buying a fur, please don't get "wild"...

WHAT I feel we should never be tempted by is a garment made of wild fur, whether it's wild mink or lynx or leopard or ocelot—or kangaroo.

I don't care to mix in the argument about whether the kangaroo is a menace or not. I just don't want to wear his skin, or the skin of any wild creature.

And that's not because I have sentimental feelings about the individual animal (though I have, let's face it!) but because when something becomes fashionable hunters wipe out the breed in their efforts to make a quick quid, unless the law prevents them.

Take the Somali leopard—if you can find him. In the past decade designers made his fur fashionable, the hunters went out after him, and now he has virtually disappeared from the face of the earth.

When the big cats have gone from the world we'll never have any more. All the hormone wonders we can perform won't let us breed up the leopard and lion and the cheetah and the panther from the little cats we have left.

And it's not only the cats. How do we replace the elephant when greed and illegal hunting have wiped him out? How do we replace the white rhino, already in deadly danger of extinction. And how much less interesting the world would be without that gentle, comic miracle the giraffe.

With all our technology, wouldn't you think we could replace these furs and feathers, if fashion has to have them, with indistinguishable products made from the synthetics? I'm sure we could do it if only people were more aware of the irreplaceable things we lose by wiping out natural habitats and allowing wholesale hunting.

Until we do I think I'll stick to the sort of furs that only get shut in wardrobes by accident, that need a couple of meals a day and demand a dozen, and that can only be worn in the lap of whoever happens to be sitting closest to the fire.

Old Joe happily watched Mr. Trent as he sat on a bench in the park.



THE PROFESSIONAL

By WINIFRED ANDRUSE

MR. JAMES TRENT sat on his park bench near the bandstand, as usual wearing a freshly plucked carnation in the buttonhole of his suit.

Every day Mr. Trent savored with immense enjoyment the vista of scrupulously barbed green lawns embroidered along the borders by myriad colored spring blooms and flowering shrubs.

Jealously tended by Old Joe, the oldest gardener on the council, the lovely little park enjoyed a certain amount of local fame, regularly winning the daily newspaper's Beautiful Parks Competition.

Mr. Trent liked Old Joe. Joe reminded him of his father's head gardener back in the Old Country, many years ago. Joe never failed to touch his cap with a respectful "Good day to you, sir," whenever he espied Mr. Trent sitting by the bandstand.

Old Joe could tell a gentleman, all right, when he saw one, and Mr. Trent was never too preoccupied to spare the old gardener a little time to discuss the varied problems Joe had daily to cope with in the tending of his park.

"You can tell 'e's a toff," Joe used to tell his mates in the hotel after work, "and you get used to that posh Choom voice of 'is after a bit. Bonzer old bloke, 'e is. Reads all about 'is shares in the paper every day, 'e does—reckon 'e'd be worth a bit. 'Sticks out a mile, all round 'im."

The park bench where Mr. James Trent daily took his ease was not far from a bus stop on the main road.

Mr. Trent never doubted the word of the shabby, sharp-eyed urchins who regularly approached him with a "Mister, I lost me threepence for the bus and Mum'll belt me if I'm late 'ome." A threepence was always discovered by Mr. Trent in his waistcoat pocket and he never appeared to notice that the "stranded" waif, more often than not, beat a very quick path to the nearby lolly kiosk.

Mr. Trent was well known among the local small-fry to be good for a "touch"—everyone knew he was a very rich old man—you only had to look at him!

As he sat in the sunshine watching rainbows through the sprinklers Old Joe had turned on, sometimes studying the financial pages in the newspapers, Mr. Trent would select a cigarette from his fine gold cigarette case. Sometimes Old Joe

accepted a "tailor made" from the beautiful case, although usually he rolled his own.

Each day, precisely at four o'clock, Mr. Trent would rise to his feet, after consulting his magnificent gold hunter watch.

Smoothing his well-cut trousers, Mr. Trent would stroll across to the park gates, and very often a sleek, black, imported car would pick him up. He used to smile affectionately at the young and beautiful woman in the driving seat and wave gaily to the two little boys in the back seat.

"Be the old bloke's daughter and 'er kids," Old Joe would muse, just a little bit envious of Mr. Trent's good fortune in having about everything an old fellow could wish for.

On Thursdays Mr. Trent was never in the park until after lunch, Joe noticed, pondering wistfully that the old gentleman probably went to the city to see his stockbroker.

One Thursday morning Old Joe had to ring the council yard about a load of top-dressing for his lawns, but found the park phone out of order. The next nearest phone was the local post office, and as he dialled his number, Joe glanced across to the counter.

A familiar figure stood erect in a queue of elderly people waiting to be served. Mr. James Trent, who was always missing from his park bench on Thursdays, was collecting his pension!

"Strewth!" breathed Old Joe. While he waited, Mr. Trent took a cigarette from his smooth and solid gold cigarette case—"To Mr. James Trent," read the inscription inside, "for 25 years' faithful service."

As he consulted the beautiful gold hunter watch, he idly opened the shiny back—"James Trent," it read, "for 25 years' faithful service."

"But what about the lady and the kids?" Old Joe puzzled to himself.

"Yes," Mr. Trent was saying to the dear old lady in front of him in the queue, "I expect I'm one of the first professional gentleman babysitters—I get 6/6 an hour and a very nice meal. My client picks me up at four o'clock precisely from the park in the afternoons. Very charming person—I do admire punctuality—one so rarely finds it in the younger ones nowadays!"

(Copyright)

CUNNING AS A FOX

the telephone. He straightened up and stared up to the landing.

"Ronald!" he called.

"Someone call?" Ronald seemed to be at the head of the stairs.

"Who is this man?"

"He—he's a bloke from the garage. Smith's at the corner."

"Come downstairs," Harry ordered crisply. He moved from the body, glanced round, saw Catherine, but did not make any sign.

Ronald came slowly down the stairs.

"Ronald, I want the truth. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Dad." The boy sountled humble.

"Because if you lie about this you may be in such grave trouble that your mother and I cannot help you."

He let that sink in, then went on: "How long have you known this man?"

"Er—on and off for a year, I suppose."

"Did you know he was a thief?"

"Of course not!"

"Ronald, I want you to understand that only the truth can possibly help you now. Don't make any mistake about that."

Harry paused again as if to make sure that his son could be in no doubt about his seriousness. Ronald was frightened—really frightened, Catherine believed. She was, too.

In a way which she could never explain she sensed that this was a moment of crisis even greater than when Ronald and the stranger had

met upstairs, even greater than the moment of the evil youth's death.

"Now—answer me again. Did you know this man was a thief?"

"I—er—well, in a way, yes," Ronald muttered.

"How long have you known?"

"Well, he—he used to talk about doing jobs as he called it, but I thought he was just a big mouth. It wasn't until recently I knew it was true. He—"

"Ronald," Harry said in a strangely hard voice, "this man was one of those who broke into the post office last night and murdered Mrs. Hull, the postmistress. Were you one of the others?"

Ronald's face was absolutely blank, the first indication that he

was deliberating on whether to lie or tell the truth. If he frowned, wrinkling his forehead in a way which had been attractive and so deceptive as a child, Catherine would be almost sure that a lie was on the way. If he was a little over-earnest, over-anxious to impress, then whatever he said would be untrue.

His forehead began to wrinkle. His hands moved forward, fingers flexed; another tell-tale sign.

"No, Father," he said. "I was not there last night. I saw them afterwards and looked after some money for them, but I didn't know where they'd got it from. That's the absolute truth."

Catherine's heart felt like a stone.

"Did you know the money was stolen?"

"Yes."

"Did you realise today that it was part of the money stolen from the post office here in Stoneley?"

"I realised it tonight."

"How did you find out?"

"Well, I—I wanted to give them back the money—"

"Whom do you mean by 'them'?"

"This chap Brockway and his brother, Slim."

"Did you see them tonight?"

"Only Slim. He—he wouldn't take the money. He was obviously frightened, and—well, he told me where it had come from. I was horrified."

"Self-righteous, virtuous Ronald was lying for his life. I knew Mum wanted me to give the money back and he wouldn't take it. He said it was too hot for him to handle. There wasn't a thing I could do to make him change his mind."

"So what did you do with the money?" Harry demanded.

"I put it in a rubbish bin in Stoneley Park," Ronald explained.

"Where did you see this Slim Brockway?" Harry demanded.

"At his place—he and Sam had a room over the garage."

"And you went there to see him tonight?"

"Yes. I know a back way in."

"Do you spend much time there?"

"A bit," Ronald said, and went on with fine casualness, the mark of truth. "They're so hot on souped-up engines, and that's my line, Dad. I couldn't learn enough. That's why I spent so much time with them."

He was becoming earnest again, anxious to impress; the mark of the lie. "Then I drove a car for them one night, they said they wanted to get away from a tricky garage customer and asked me to drive the car. Then afterwards they told me I'd driven them away from a robbery, and—well, they sort of blackmailed me into helping them. That's the truth, Dad."

WAS Harry impressed? Catherine prayed that he was not. He sounded almost remote as he asked: "How often have you helped them?"

"About once a week, I suppose. Dad, I—"

"Over how long a period? The whole six months?"

"Not—not quite as long, I shouldn't think."

"I see," said Harry stonily. "We have now established that you have actively assisted criminals on at least twenty occasions. What have you made out of it?"

"They—they usually slipped me a fiver. And they let me drive the cars as much as I liked."

"I see. Let us return to last night. Did you know they were going to rob the post office?"

"No, I swear I didn't."

"When you drove them away did you realise what they had done in the post office?"

Ronald caught his breath, and flung out his hands in an impassioned appeal.

"I wasn't with them last night! They only—they only wanted me to say they'd been at their place until they got back. They wanted an alibi, that's all. I—I said I would, that's what they gave me the money for."

"Two hundred and fifty pounds? Although they had only dropped you an occasional fiver for driving them to and from the scenes of their other crimes. Doesn't that seem remarkable?"

"They said it was a big job, they couldn't keep all the money at their place. I was only looking after it for them."

"I see," said Harry. "I did not think the day would ever come when I could not be sure when you were lying and when you were telling me the truth. Why did you attempt to implicate Nick Evans and Ray Carter?"

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

CURRY IN INDIA



Here is a recipe from the North of India, the New Delhi region, called Murgh Korma: Spiced Chicken in Yoghurt and Sauce. Try it. You can grind the spices yourself if you wish to do it in the Indian manner, or you can use 3 dessertspoons of Keen's Curry Powder; Keen's is a blend of many herbs and spices.

2-2½ lbs. chicken pieces — breast and legs
1 cup yoghurt, 3 level teaspoons salt
2 onions — finely chopped
1 clove garlic — crushed
½ cup ghee or clarified fat
2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 cup tomato puree
¼ cup chicken stock or water
4 whole cardamoms — cracked
6 peppercorns, 6 whole cloves
1 cinnamon stick — 2" long, 2 bay leaves
1 level teaspoon turmeric
1 level tablespoon coriander
1 level teaspoon ground cummin seeds
½ level teaspoon ground chilli pepper
½ level teaspoon ground ginger

NOTE: Three level dessertspoons Keen's Curry Powder replaces the 10 curry spices. Just add it to the onion and cook a few minutes before adding the chicken.

Mix the chicken pieces with the yoghurt and the salt in a basin and set aside for 1 hour. Lightly fry the onion and garlic in the heated ghee or clarified fat until well softened. Tie the cracked cardamoms, peppercorns, cloves, cinnamon stick and crushed bay leaves in a cotton bag and place into the onions with the turmeric, coriander, cummin seeds, chilli pepper and ginger. Simmer for 5 minutes. Add the chicken and cook a further 5 minutes, turning occasionally. Cover tightly and simmer for 40-45 minutes or until the chicken is tender. Add the lemon juice, tomato puree and stock or water and cook a further 10 minutes. Remove the cotton bag. Serve curry hot with boiled rice. Serves 6 — or halve the ingredients to serve 3.

For more recipes write to:
Keen's Curry, Box 80, West Ryde, N.S.W.

KEEN'S

CURRY
FINEST QUALITY CURRY POWDER

To the Indian housewife, "curry" means a richly spiced sauce. It can be thick or thin. Indian housewives grind their own "curry powder". Indian tradition demands that the cook grind or bruise whole spices as they are needed in the day's cooking. Turmeric, for instance, is used in almost everything. It helps to preserve food and gives it a pleasant yellow colour. Chillies are whole, green, dry, red or powdered. Ginger is considered good for digestion, and many people eat it not only in food but in crystallised form — after a meal.

Mustard, Cinnamon, Nutmeg, Pepper, Cloves, Poppy and Caraway seeds are all familiar to you. Coriander seeds or leaves are used in practically every Indian dish, probably because they are supposed to have a cooling effect on the body. Cardamoms are strong and sweet and used in almost every Indian dessert, and in some of the richer meat dishes. Saffron is delicate and costly. But it doesn't need much to give its pale yellow tint and subtle fragrance to rice or curries.

Indians curry anything: meat, fish, fowl, eggs or vegetables. They are always fried in ghee (pure clarified butter), or a vegetable fat; they are always more or less spiced according to the cook's fancy and they are always served with rice.

CUNNING AS A FOX

"I—I just didn't want Mum to worry too much and she knew they were—"

"You have proved yourself an associate of thieves, a liar, and a fool," Harry said. "Don't worsen the situation by being a hypocrite as well." Now his voice was cold and scathing. "I don't believe you have had a moment's consideration for your mother for years. Why did you try to implicate the sons of two reputable local people? I have been to see the fathers. Both boys were at home last night. I have talked to them. They told me that they gave up going to this garage where your precious friends lived and worked because they were asked to steal cars. They showed quite remarkable loyalty to you by saying that they did not know whether you have ever stolen cars or not. Have you?"

Ronald flared up. "No, I haven't! I told them I wouldn't!"

"You preferred a safer kind of criminal activity," Harry said. He moved for the first time and looked down at the body of young Brockway. All the time the dead youth had been on the stairs and Catherine realised that she had forgotten the man—forgotten the death which had taken place in her house.

Harry asked: "Why did Brockway come here tonight?"

"I think he thought I'd got something of his, that's all I can think of. He was here when I got back—the swine." The vehemence startled Catherine and seemed to surprise Harry, and the boy continued with rage or a semblance of rage tearing his voice. "When I got back he was threatening Mum! He had a knife in his hand and was actually threatening her." Ronald swung round. "That's the truth, isn't it? You ran into Elsa's room and slammed the door, and he started to batter it down until I stopped him. Isn't that the truth?" Ronald's voice rose almost to a scream: "Tell Dad, do something for me, even if you do hate me. Isn't it the truth?"

HARRY looked at Catherine quite steadily. Ronald took a step toward her, arms flung out to strengthen his impassioned plea.

"Catherine," Harry said.

"Yes, that's all true, Harry." She spoke very quietly.

"The man actually threatened you?"

"Yes."

"I told you he did, that's why I brought with him. I know some judo and he doesn't, but he had a knife and I had to get it over quickly. I flung him over my shoulder and down the stairs, that's how he happened to die. I was saving Mum. I wouldn't have killed him if it hadn't been for that. You can't deny it."

"Catherine, did Brockway give you any idea why he came here and what he wanted?" Harry asked.

"He told me that he came for something Ronald had stolen from him," Catherine said. "That's all."

"That's a lie!" Ronald cried. "It's a damned lie. She is making it up. In spite of what I've done for her, she still hates me, she wants to get rid of me. That's all she ever thinks about—getting rid of me. Brockway didn't come for anything except to hide here. He just wanted a safe hiding-place." The boy swung round on his mother and screamed: "What are you doing to me? Why do you hate me so? Ever since Elsa was born you've hated the sight of me. It doesn't matter what I do it's wrong. If it hadn't been for Father I couldn't have stayed here. Why do you think I'm never at home? Because I don't like it here? Or because I know you hate having me around. You hate, hate, hate me!"

Catherine stood quite still, hearing and comprehending now—fully comprehending. Harry was speechless, staring first at her and then at the boy. At last, he moved. Ronald was near Catherine, waving his arms in front of her, his face twisted in what seemed an uncontrollable fury. One part of her mind was asking whether it was, whether he was feigning this hysterical outburst, whether part of

him was coldly and dispassionately assessing the effect on her and on his father.

Then suddenly Harry's right hand dropped on to the boy's shoulder. He swung Ronald round. Incredulously she saw him bunch his other hand and strike Ronald on the side of the jaw.

Catherine saw Ronald fall back, away from her, against the banisters. His eyes were rolling, his hands weaving in front of him. He slumped down, then flopped, as if he were quite unconscious.

Harry looked down at him.

"Are you all right, Catherine?"

"Yes. Yes, he didn't touch me."

"I think I'll take him along to the

bathroom," Harry said. "When he comes round he can cool off there." He bent down and lifted Ronald much more easily than he had carried her. "Pop up and see that Elsa's all right, will you?"

Catherine began: "She is—" and then broke off and moved to the foot of the stairs. She saw the body of young Brockway with a start almost of surprise—she had forgotten him again. Clenching her teeth, she stepped over him.

She reached Elsa's room. The light was on, and the child lay sleeping. She was a little too warm, but otherwise perfectly all right.

Ever since Elsa had been born, Ronald had screamed, she had bated him. Could there be any truth in

that? Had Elsa influenced her thinking, even her emotions?

She went out, closing the door. She heard Harry and wondered what he was going to do and what he was thinking. Was he asking the question which was pressing so agonisingly into her mind?

She made herself go quickly down the stairs, and saw Harry straightening up from Brockway's body. He looked at her.

"You don't happen to know what time I came in, do you?"

"No."

"I left the Evans's place at a quarter past ten. Say I was here by half past. It's now eleven—just turned eleven."

"Does it matter?" Catherine asked.

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RIVETS



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"It could do. It means that we've let half an hour or more pass with a dead man in the house. How long was he lying here before I came back?"

"Only a few minutes," she answered.

"That's something, anyhow. I must call the police now." He stood aside to let her pass but made no attempt to help her. "You know that, don't you, Catherine?"

"Of course."

"Did Brockway say what he had come for? It's no use believing Ronald, he's too distraught to know what he's saying or doing. Is there anything else to tell me before the police arrive? What happened before the fight, for instance?"

She told Harry exactly what had happened. She did not realise that in the telling she conveyed much of the horror she had known, even of the dreadful moment when she had realised that Brockway was dead.

WHEN she finished, Harry said quite gently: "I wish I could save you from police questions, but it won't be possible. I've put a kettle on. Why don't you make some tea while I talk to them?"

The homely thought brought an emotion which she had not experienced for a long time. Hot tears stung her eyes. She wanted to break down and cry in Harry's arms. He must have realised it, for after a moment's hesitation he drew her toward him. It was a long, long time since they had stood like this, his arms round her, both comforting and strong. But it was not reassuring; he gave her the respite and the outlet for tears that she needed, but there was aloofness in him which she could not fail to recognise.

Yet when she was in the kitchen she felt better; washed out and low in spirit, but quite calm and able to cope. She heard Harry's voice as he talked to the police on the telephone.

Continued from page 73

At least and at last she was not facing this alone.

"You were quite right not to move the body, Mr. O'Neill," Chief-Inspector Ibbotson said.

He was the Scotland Yard officer in charge of the four men who arrived ten minutes after Harry O'Neill's call to the local police station. He stood at the foot of the stairs, looking up. Two of his men were already at the landing, the third was at the telephone—a tall, younger man whom Ibbotson had introduced as Detective-Sergeant Redman.

"How long has the body been here?" Ibbotson asked.

"I can't tell you exactly. About half an hour, I would say."

"That's a long time, isn't it, sir?"

"It didn't seem very long in the circumstances prevailing when I got home," Harry said. "My wife was greatly distressed by the intrusion and the fight, and even more distressed by discovering that the man was dead. My son was also in a highly emotional state."

"Why was that, Mr. O'Neill?"

"I doubt if he's seen a dead person before, and he realised that this man had died in the course of their struggle."

"Where is he now?"

"In the bathroom, tidying up."

"I would like to talk to him at once," Ibbotson said.

"And to your wife. Where is Mrs. O'Neill?"

"In the kitchen," Harry answered. "Inspector, my wife has had a very trying evening and a very alarming experience. I would like her to go to bed with a sedative. Can you leave your questions to her until the morning?"

"I wish I could," Ibbotson said. "I may not need to keep her long, though."

A car sounded outside and the front door opened. A policeman, posted there, stood aside to admit a short,

CUNNING AS A FOX

plump man and two big men carrying cameras and equipment. Detective - Sergeant Redman took over the photographs and told them what he wanted them to do, while Ibbotson concentrated on the police surgeon and Harry.

"Dr. Gardner — Mr. O'Neill," he introduced.

"Sorry we meet in these circumstances," Gardner said formally. His gaze darted from Harry to the body. "Anything you want to tell me, Inspector?"

"The deceased fell, was pushed, or was thrown from the landing," said Ibbotson. "Presumably he died somewhere on the way."

Ibbotson went upstairs briskly, talked to the men up there, and behaved as if he owned the house. Harry resented but accepted the inevitability of it. He was grateful for the respite this gave him. Dr. Gardner made a more thorough examination than had seemed likely, kneeling on the stairs all the time. Upstairs, the photographers erected a tripod, and a camera was already focused on the body. There was a bustle of activity everywhere.

Ibbotson came downstairs. "How're you doing, Doc?"

"Give me another ten minutes," Gardner said.

"Right you are," Ibbotson turned to Harry. "I would like to see your son now, please."

"I'll get him," Harry said.

"I won't be a moment." It was a further relief to have something to do. He went along to the bathroom, calling: "Ronnie. How much longer are you going to be there?" There was no answer.

He shook the handle of the door and at the same time turned the key. If the detective noticed that the door had been locked from the outside he made no comment.

"Ronald! Why don't you answer?" Harry called.

HARRY pushed open the door and stopped still, his fingers clamping on the handle.

Ibbotson pushed past, thrusting him to one side, stood in front of Ronald, and took one of his hands and then lifted the boy's eyelids and peered closely.

"He's unconscious, but his pulse isn't bad. Did you know he had taken some drug or other?"

"I had no idea." "Morphine, or something like it. His pupils are pin-points," Ibbotson declared. "Had he any reason to want to avoid being questioned?"

Harry O'Neill said heavily: "I don't know. Are you sure he's no worse than that? Should Dr. Gardner see him?"

"He can take a peek," Ibbotson conceded. "No need to worry, though. Is there a couch or a big arm-chair handy?"

Harry nodded. "I'll take him."

He stretched the boy out on the couch in a small room, a study-cum-office near the bathroom. Ibbotson bent over the boy and began to go through his pockets. He brought out two handkerchiefs, keys, some loose change, and finally a small glass phial, the kind in which saccharine and other small tablets are sold.

The detective rolled this on the palm of a calloused hand; a gardener's hand.

"Morphine tablets — quarter-grain," he observed. "Do you know where he got these from?"

Harry said with an effort: "Certainly not from here."

"We'll find out when he wakes up," Ibbotson said. He studied Harry closely and

seemed about to ask another question when footsteps sounded at the door. It was Dr. Gardner.

"I've told the photographers they can take over, Inspector."

"That's good — they won't be long. What did you find?"

"Bruises on the neck, back, and front, and other indications that he died of strangulation," announced Dr. Gardner, sounding positive.

"Before or after he fell down the stairs, Doc?"

"Oh, before," answered Gardner with glib confidence. "No one could have got fingers round his neck in the position we found him. The force of the fall jammed his head against the wall and thrust his head forward. The frontal neck pressures causing the bruises would have been impossible once he was down there. He was dead before he bumped down those stairs, you can take that for certain."

Gardner went out, with a murmur of "excuse me," as if he had finished his part here.

"You see what that means, don't you, Mr. O'Neill?" Ibbotson sounded both sympathetic and understanding.

Harry asked: "What, exactly?"

"If the man was dead before he fell from the landing, then he was killed in the struggle upstairs."

"You already know there was a fight and that this man had a knife."

"Oh, no, sir. You've passed on statements made by your son and your wife," retorted Ibbotson. "You have made it quite clear that you yourself saw nothing of what happened. Has your son any experience of fighting with his hands, Mr. O'Neill?"

"He attends judo classes," Harry replied. He did not have to say that, but the police would soon find out.

"Mr. O'Neill, has your son ever used his knowledge of judo to injure other people?"

"I very much doubt it."

"Thank heaven his mind was working normally, and he felt less on the defensive, but in his heart there was a gnawing fear. If Catherine was right, the desire to hurt was in their son. If Ronald was so distorted that she had bred hatred in the boy."

Ibbotson smiled for the first time since the questions had begun.

"Well, now I would like to have a word with Mrs. O'Neill, if you please."

"I'll go and see how she is," Harry said hurriedly. "I won't be a moment."

As he stepped into the kitchen and saw Catherine asleep he had a moment of almost absurd fear — that she was unconscious, as Ronald had been. She sat in a wooden chair, the only form of comfort in the kitchen. Flushed and bewildered, she struggled upright.

Ibbotson said, "I'm the detective-officer in charge of investigating this unhappy business — I wouldn't have disturbed you if I'd known you were asleep."

"Oh, that's all right."

Flushed as she was, she looked younger than she had for a long time, Harry thought. A pang of regret surprised him, conscious regret because of so many of their years that were gone. The last time she had looked like this to him was after Elsa's birth, that happy day when they had had a daughter to compensate a little for the one who had been lost. In a vivid flashback, Harry realised that the change in the atmosphere in this home had started soon after Elsa had been born.

"Is the boy — is it still here?" Catherine asked.

"Won't be for long," said Ibbotson. "Had you ever seen

the man before, Mrs. O'Neill?"

"Not to remember."

"Had you ever had intruders in the house before?"

"My goodness, no!"

"Does your son ever bring friends in without your knowledge?" the detective asked.

"Not exactly without my knowledge," Catherine answered. "But sometimes he has friends here whom I don't see. If I happen to be out, I mean. He doesn't bring anyone very often, but it does happen."

"Did he ever bring the man Brockway?"

"Not as far as I know."

"Mrs. O'Neill, did you see what happened on the landing tonight?"

"No," Catherine said.

"I see. This knife the man had, now. Would you recognise it again?"

"I think so."

"What kind of knife was it?"

"I think it's called a flick-knife. The blade snapped in and out; he didn't have to open it like a pen-knife."

"Did he actually threaten you with it?"

"Yes. He said it was surprising how it could help people to remember, and he held it close to me."

"What did he want you to remember?"

"Where my son was."

"Had you any idea at all?"

"No," Catherine moved back in the chair. "I know that a young man of his age must have his own friends, must have a reasonable amount of freedom. He is nearly eighteen. I don't expect him to tell me where he's going every night — only whether he is likely to be in late."

"How can you be sure they didn't arrive together?"

"If they had the man wouldn't have wanted to know where Ronald was!" she cried.

"Unless he thought your son was hiding in the house!" Ibbotson said cunningly.

"Catherine," Harry said firmly, "I want you to go up to bed. Inspector, it may be necessary for you to question my wife. It is neither necessary nor permissible to raise your voice or to behave as if you were cross-examining a hostile witness. In the morning, when my wife has had a night's sleep, I'm sure she will answer your questions if they are posed civilly." He took Catherine's arm and led her to the door.

"The terrible thing for each was that he had to ask."

knife with which you were threatened, Mrs. O'Neill. There is no doubt it was Brockway's. There is little doubt that Brockway actually used the knife on Mrs. Hull. But two others were present at the time of the crime last night. That we know for certain. Can you explain why the murderer should come here looking for your son? Why he should want something so desperately that he would come and search for it, knowing that all the police in the district were looking for him?

"Perhaps you or your wife will answer that question, Mr. O'Neill, before you go to bed."

Harry gripped Catherine's arm, as if forbidding her to speak.

"Not another word," Harry insisted very quietly. "Catherine, with so many men clumping about upstairs, you'd better rest in the dining-room. I'll pull down the end of the couch so that you can lie down." He kept a hold on her arm and led her into the dining-room. As he released Catherine, he said in a voice pitched so low that only she could hear: "You and I may have our problems, but I am not going to allow you to be browbeaten by a little pipsqueak of a policeman. I'm going to telephone a client of mine. A doctor. If Ibbotson tries to make you stay up, we'll throw the medical book at him."

"Who is the doctor you're going to send for? Do I know him?"

"He hasn't a general practice, and he's a specialist in his way. A Dr. Emmanuel Cellini. I doubt if you've heard of him."

Very quietly, Catherine said: "Yes, I have, Harry."


She closed her eyes. "I suppose you're right. I hope you're right."

"One thing has become obvious," Harry said. "We need help, and our boy needs help. You agree about that, don't you?"

The terrible thing for each was that he had to ask.

To be concluded

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style



You'll adore these party-time shoes featuring the tapered toe. Available in Black Patent or White Yearling. Sizes 4 to 1 1/2. Priced from 35/11.

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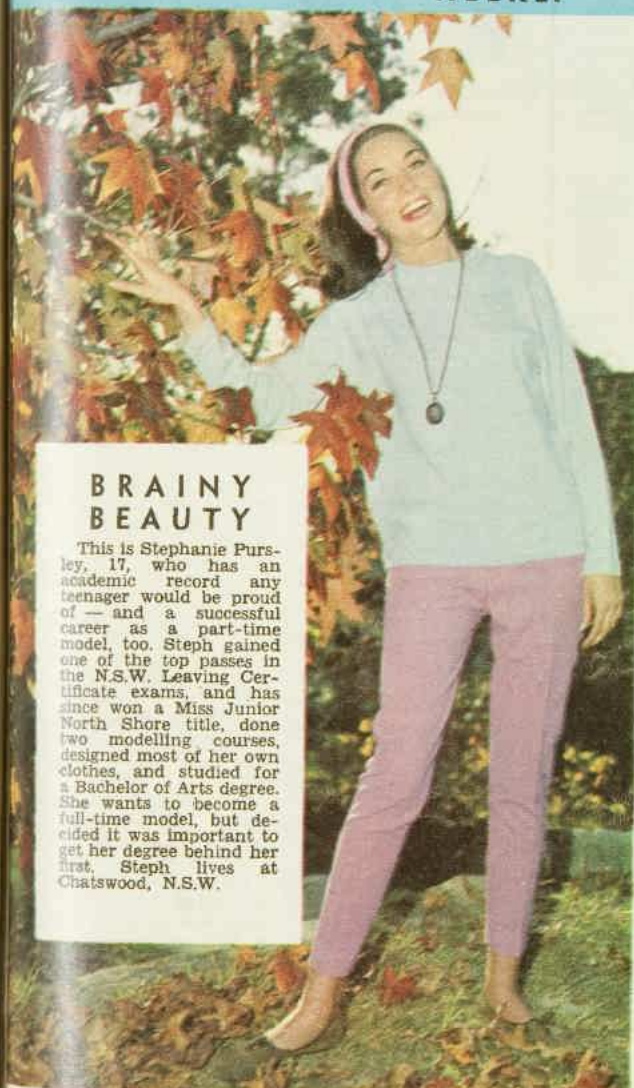
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She's a champ at hairdressing

● Loretta Rech, the Australian junior hairdressing champion of the year, designs a client's hairstyle to match her dress, and likes to use a rinse to complement the color.

FOR a high neckline she likes an upswept, rather severe style; and for a low neckline something softer, with curls.

Teenagers' WEEKLY



BRAINY BEAUTY

This is Stephanie Pursley, 17, who has an academic record any teenager would be proud of — and a successful career as a part-time model, too. Steph gained one of the top passes in the N.S.W. Leaving Certificate exams, and has since won a Miss Junior North Shore title, done two modelling courses, designed most of her own clothes, and studied for a Bachelor of Arts degree. She wants to become a full-time model, but decided it was important to get her degree behind her first. Steph lives at Chatswood, N.S.W.

Singing stars to tour

● "The sort of thing about this voice of mine is that I'm a very lucky guy, it's the sort of voice that doesn't seem to date — it's just sort of there, I guess."

THIS is how twenty-four-year-old American singer Gene Pitney (at right) describes the throbbing, haunting sound that has sold millions of records for him.

Next month Gene will tour Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth with popular Irish group the Bachelors (inset), Mike Preston, and English songstress Twinkle.

Gene, who is also a pop-song composer — he has written songs for the Crystals and Steve Lawrence, Roy Orbison, and Caterina Valente — has had continuous hits since his rise to popularity in 1962, despite strong Mersey-beat competition.

As well as singing in English, dark, good-looking Gene records in Italian, French, Spanish, and German. "I can speak only English," he said, "but I record and do concerts phonetically in the other languages."

— continued on page 76

Loretta, 18, from Glenroy, Victoria, says "Cameo" is the most popular evening style of the moment — with hair pulled back behind the ears and cascades of curls down the back.

"Even if a girl has short hair she can have this style if she has a wiglet . . . and no girl should be without one."

Loretta's favorite hairstyle (see picture), and the one requested by 70 percent of her clients, is for short hair.

It has a fluffy look with height, suits any face, stays in well, and looks right for day or evening wear.

For formal wear, Loretta suggests adding bows or jewelled clips to the front.

She does the style using eight rollers — to give the high, basket-weave effect of the hair on top — and pin clips for the softly curled-up sides.

Now that high bird-nest and bouffant hairstyles are "old hat," the condition of girls' hair has improved tremendously, Loretta said.

"With those high, teased styles the girls hardly touched their hair with a brush or comb between sets," said Loretta.

"Their hair was stiff and lifeless, but now, with shorter styles and less teasing, it is softer and shinier."

A fourth-year apprentice at a Bourke Street hairdressing salon, Loretta wears her shiny hair in a simple, fringed style ("I love fringes, they suit everyone") and uses heavy eye make-up, but little powder or lipstick.

Trophies that she has won during the past three years are in the window of her salon and her boss, Mrs. Josephine Duke, was so thrilled when Loretta won the Australian Junior Championship in Melbourne. She made her a present of a trip to Adelaide to compete in State championships there.

Loretta didn't let her down — she won the junior evening style section.

"Mrs. Duke feels it is good experience for me," said Loretta, who decided to become a hairdresser at the age of 12. She has natural wavy hair, and until she became a hairdresser she had never had her hair set in a salon.

Loretta feels there is no one style that is really hard to do — but she does find bleached hair is the hardest sort of hair to set.

"Bleaching makes hair porous, which means it



JUNIOR CHAMPION Loretta Rech finishes off her favorite style — "Charm." Her model is apprentice hairdresser Diane Condon, whose hair was first bleached, then rinsed pastel mauve.

takes longer to dry, and if the rubbers and rollers are too tight the hair is likely to go crinkly."

Loretta says that with so many good bleaches, tints, and rinses available girls should be more adventurous with their hair coloring. She changes her hair color every few months, and to date has gone blonde, black, and burgundy-brown.

"Changing the color of your hair gives you a lift when you're sick of yourself," said Loretta.

"And once you bleach your hair pale yellow or brown-black you can have many different rinses to change the color again."

"I've found rather plain, mousy-haired girls have improved their appearance by having their hair bleached or tinted," she said.

— CLAUDIA WRIGHT



Letters

Studying Indonesian at school

THIS year I have been studying Indonesian at university. I wished to do something new and interesting, and have not been disappointed. The language itself is quite a deal simpler than French, and, as far as I can see, simpler than most languages commonly studied.

The basic grammar is very simple, and, contrary to many ideas, the Indonesians use Roman script. As with all languages, the vocabulary has to be learnt, and there is no way of avoiding some hard work in this respect.

As well as studying the language we study the history (both ancient and modern) and the sociology of the Indonesian and Malayan lands. — "Student," Wellington, N.S.W.

Life on Mars

PEOPLE frequently say, "Wouldn't it be strange if there was life on other planets?" Mars used to be considered the most likely place, but recent photographs have contradicted the old idea of there being Martians.

Wouldn't it be even stranger if in the whole vast expanse of the universe there was no other life than that on Earth? This is just as reasonable. — "Just Think," Ivanhoe, Vic.

Cheer squads

MANY readers may not have heard about cheer squads. Each Victorian Football League team has such a squad, and they are usually recognised and helped by their respective team.

As a member of the Essendon Cheer Squad I enjoy myself with my friends at the football every Saturday afternoon during the season, and at social func-

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"Turn in your make-up, Caswell. The station has decided to buy back your contract."

tions such as dances, picture nights, and snow trips.

We make enormous banners bearing messages of support for our team, and sit behind the goals with our team colors and plenty of streamers and cut-up paper to throw, and give our team a rousing welcome. — David Considine, West Preston, Vic.

Body surfing

NOW that the surfing season is about to begin, I would like to know the answer to the following question: Why do board-riders receive so much publicity and body surfers almost none?

In my opinion body surfing requires just as much skill as board-riding. Is the lack of publicity because body-surfing pictures are harder for a cameraman, or because people are not in-

terested in the finer points of what was the original sport? — "Body Surfer," Roseville, N.S.W.

Career choice

HAVING difficulty in choosing a career is not an unusual problem, but I think the best possible way to tackle it is to acquire a detached attitude and take an honest look at oneself.

Ask yourself if you work best alone, or surrounded by people — as in an office or shop. Do I have a strong desire to help others? If so, teaching, nursing, or social welfare work would be most satisfying.

Most girls no longer use their career as a fill-in between school and marriage, but continue to work after marriage. So the possible number of working hours of any job in relation to a

family's need is one of the most important factors in deciding. — "Best Way," Richmond, Vic.

Follow the others

I'M sick of hearing teenagers round me parroting about being "with it," complaining about not being understood, or not treated as an adult.

How can any of us be socially acceptable when we go against the simplest rules and restrictions? We can only hope to be classed as adults when we decide to behave like them. The most primitive native follows the teachings of his tribal laws. Surely we who consider ourselves civilised can do the same.

Look around. Most of us conform in the end, so why not sooner than later? Wake up, rebels. You can enjoy these teen years being both modern and a respectable citizen. Really "with it," instead of swimming against the tide, getting nowhere. Life is so wonderful — let's not waste a minute of it. — Susan Foster, Emu Plains, N.S.W.

Keeping fit

I FEEL that the number of young Australians who are physically unfit is appalling. A group of friends and I (all in the 14 to 17 age group) have decided that we are not going to be caught in this rut of unfitness and laziness, and have begun regular training sessions.

Every morning except Sundays, at 5.50 the six of us rise to the music of an alarm clock and at 6 o'clock meet in our local park. After half an hour of running round the oval we return home to prepare for the day ahead.

I hope that in writing this letter I encourage one boy, if not many others, of our age to participate in similar healthy recreation. — Gary Edge, Bexley, N.S.W.



TWINKLE, English singer who's writing a book on adolescence, and wears satin boots.

... Twinkle, too

(Continued from page 75)

- Eighteen-year-old green-eyed blonde Twinkle is one of the latest singing "mods." She'll be touring with Gene Pitney.

TWINKLE—her real name is Lynn Ripley, but she has been known as Twinkle or Twink since the day she was born—wrote and recorded "Terry," the melodrama of a boy and his motor-bike, which became her first hit.

As way-out as a mod can be, Twinkle is an ardent boot collector. "I have leather boots in all colors," she said, "lame boots for cocktles and satin boots in place of bedroom slippers."

At the moment she is writing a book about adolescence. "I don't suppose anyone will ever read it," she said, "but I enjoy writing it, but most of all I want to write a musical about young people, with lots of color and drama as well as gaiety," she added.

Twinkle's first recording effort has already established her in the pop world, and there will be more hits to come—for tiny Twinkle (5ft. 1in.) wants to become a big star!

The Bachelors are fairly new on the pop scene. They are Con Cluskey, Dec Cluskey, and John Stokes—all Dublinites—whose first major hit was "Diane." All in their early twenties, the Bachelors followed up the success of "Diane" with "I Believe," "Charmaine," "I Wouldn't Trade You For the World," and "Marie."

The success of their version of "Marie" has given the Bachelors their most thrilling experience in show-business—a telephone call from Irving Berlin, in New York, the man who wrote the song more than thirty years ago.

He rang to congratulate the group. "I answered the call," said Dec, "and nearly fainted when he said who he was. Then he said he thought our version of 'Marie' was just great and he would help us in any way he could in the future."

—JAYNE O'FLAHERTIE

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



IF WE FILL UP HERE FIRST, WE CAN SKIP THE MILK BAR AND SAVE AT LEAST EIGHT BOB!



WANTED:
A FIGURE

HERE are the exercises that will help make your figure look prettier than it is. Spring's new look is slim and gently curved; it points up nice posture, won't give an inch to excess padding.

Do these exercises slowly, rhythmically. Five to ten minutes each day is enough. Gradually build up the number you do.

Firm bust and upper arms: sit on floor with legs crossed, back straight, head high, elbows bent with palms facing outward at shoulder level. Slowly push hands out to either side, pretending you are trying to budge a heavy article. "Push" until arms are extended at shoulder level. Relax. Repeat.

Tiny waist, flat tummy: lie on right side, arms stretched overhead, legs and feet together. Simultaneously lift left leg (knee straight) and swing left arm down to touch leg at thigh or knee. Hold for a count of 10, then slowly return arm and leg to first position. Relax. Repeat. Do on other side.

Firm thighs, flat hips: (1) Sit on floor, legs outstretched, feet about 12 inches apart. Stretch right arm back, with hand on floor for support. Stretch left arm high overhead. (2) Roll over on right hip as far as possible, then, in continuous motion (3), roll over on left hip as far as possible, switching arm positions as you go.

Figure streamliner from head to toe: (1) Lie on back, arms outstretched to sides at shoulder level, palms up, legs together, toes pointed, knees bent over chest. (2) Keep both shoulders close to the floor. Drop both knees to floor to the right. (3) Stretch legs out without bending knees, slowly draw toes up toward fingertips in a jack-knife movement, then (5) bend knees and bring back over chest. Rest. Do exercise to other side.

—Carolyn Earle

THE CLASSICS

Music at the Court of Frederick the Great

IN the 18th century the part of Europe now called Germany was not a single country but a patchwork of little states and kingdoms; politically, this subdivision may have been a bad thing, but it was a boon to the musicians of the day.

Most of these petty rulers did their best to outshine each other in cultural display, and particularly in the size and excellence of their musical establishments.

One of the finest of all these establishments was to be found at the Court of Frederick the Great of Prussia, who was not only the most powerful head of State but the passionate music-lover among these rulers. He himself was an amateur flutist and quite a passable composer.

Music by three of the composers patronised by Frederick, as well as a work by the king himself, is to be heard on a new release of the Record Society, the first in a series devoted to "Music in Old Towns and Residences."

There is a specially fine harpsichord concerto by C. P. E. Bach, the most famous of the sons of the great J.S.; an expressive soprano aria from an opera by Graun, one of the leading opera composers of the day; an elegant flute concerto by Johann Quantz, Frederick's flute master, and a symphony by the king himself, a work that can claim more than curiosity value.

The lively and skilful performances are directed by Hans von Benda.

—MARTIN LONG

Poland loved Patsy
(England's keeping her busy)

● It was quite a momentous meeting when Australia's Patsy Ann Noble sang recently for 7000 Polish pop fans at one of the biggest song festivals behind the Iron Curtain.

From BRIAN GIBSON, in London

FOR Patsy, who was representing Britain at the Sopot Festival, not only gave the Poles their first glimpse of an Australian singer—she also walked off with two of the ten prizes that were awarded to competitors from 28 countries.

Later at another festival, at Ostend in Belgium, which was connected with the Polish one, she gained another award in the shape of a seahorse and a saxophone.

"My awards from Poland haven't arrived yet," Patsy told me at her London home, "but it was wonderful getting them. I really was the first Australian girl singer they'd ever seen in Poland and they were wonderful to me. As you can see from the number of countries represented, it was quite a festival, and it was by far the most exciting thing I've done in ages."

Patsy Ann spent a total of two and a half weeks on

the Continent and she returned with a deep suntan that highlights her natural beauty.



PATSY ANN just before her trip to Poland.

She may not have had the hit discs of Cilla Black or Sandie Shaw, but, working steadily and consistently, her reputation with audiences has gone from strength to strength. Television, radio, and a triumphant summer season at Glasgow have kept her busy and she would have gone into a leading role in the West End musical "Passion Flower Hotel" had it not been for the BBC asking her to represent Britain at this important festival.

Patsy Ann has proved that talent and not merely a succession of hit records is the real test of an artist's survival in the tough music business scene.

"I've always said I'd love a hit record and I still would," Patsy told me, "but not having one hasn't stopped me working. In fact, I think it was because I could sing 'live' that they gave me a place at the festival."

Patsy's triumph casts tre-



PATSY holds the trophy awarded to her in Belgium. The Polish trophies had not yet arrived.

mendous credit on her background and training in Australia.

At the Sopot festival Patsy sang a number by Australian writer Frank Thomas, who looks as though he has penned an international hit with "When You're In Love," which certainly proved a winner with the judges.

Patsy also scored heavily with a Polish song, "This Is Love," and she confessed herself surprised at the appeal of pop music in Poland.

"The kids seem to love pop music just as much as they

do here and their musicians are fabulous," she said.

"This kind of festival certainly gets people together. There were singers from Russia, Hungary, Sweden, America, and nearly all of the European countries. We ended up one big family, and there were quite a few tears when we had to say goodbye."

Now back at her home, Patsy Ann is busy sorting out plans that will occupy her for the rest of this year and well into next.

"You can tell everyone that I'm very, very happy and really excited about the future," she said.

QUAINT QUANTS



MESH SLEEVES or not at all. At left, cool, sleeveless rayon linen boldly stitched and zipped down the front. Right: Loosely fitting linen skimmer with see-through sleeves.



"A LOT OF HOLES held together by string" will give a peek (above) at midriffs this summer. The trouser jump-suit has cuffed bell-bottom trousers. White topper contrasts hipster skirt.

Five
Mary
Quant
ideas for
summer

GABARDINE, prettily embroidered, becomes romantic. Note the new look in self-belts. Mary Quant's famous skinny-ribbed summer sweaters top many of her styles.

BOLDFINGER ROUND ROBIN
STRIKES AGAIN

● Boldfinger, the evil mastermind and arch-enemy of boy-girl get-togethers, was at it again.

AND once more pitted against him was special agent Chanel No. 005 — in the guise of meek-mannered Teenagers' Weekly reporter Robin Adair.

(You may recall my earlier clashes with Boldfinger — you know, when he was trying to put covers, called modesty panels, on the fronts of secretaries' desks to stop blokes looking at their legs. And then when he tried to steal all the Public Service girls in Sydney.)

The Chief called me in the other day and threw across a newspaper cutting. "Birds Banned at Cross," read the heading.

The story said that the Sydney City Council had stopped a man giving performances of trained birds in a Kings Cross park.

But, reading between the lines, I realised that Boldfinger, the swine, had started a vicious plot to bar all "birds" from the famous sanctuary.

For years there had been little fauna at The Cross — soon there would be no Flora.

I asked an alderman I know if the ban would apply to other Kings Cross chicks.

"Don't fly off the handle," he said. "We don't give a hoot about them."

I then talked to the owner of a girls-show at The Cross. "Don't be a galah!" he scoffed.

I reported back to the Chief that our fears were groundless. "I guess we laid an egg," I said.

Suddenly it hit us. Hoot . . . galah . . . egg . . . flying off the handle — Boldfinger had outsmarted us!

The girls would stay at The Cross, but now we would be banned!

You could have knocked me down with a feather!

—Robin Adair

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Color problem

"I WOULD be very grateful if you could tell me if there is any foundation for the belief that if a man's ancestors were of aboriginal blood three generations ago the color would come out in the next generation. This has been worrying me greatly."

"Color Bar," Qld.

The laws of genetics are extremely complicated, and the only person who could give you a reliable answer is a doctor who has made a special study of the subject. Ask your local doctor to refer you. If you are worried it is well worth the expense, and the matter would, of course, be kept confidential.

"Fatherless daughter"

"I AM 13 and unhappy because every night when Dad comes home he argues with me for no reason at all the minute he steps in the door. He treats me like a stranger. Other fathers kiss their daughters when they come home and ask them what they did at school or what's new. When I try to help him I'm in the way, and when I stay out of the way I'm not doing enough. I feel like a fatherless daughter."

"BAM," Vic.

Ask your mother to help you talk things over with your father one night. Then say something like this: "Dad, I know that 13-year-old girls are not always the easiest people to live with, but I

wish we could be friends. Let's talk about it." Tell him how you feel that he is being unfair, and let him have his say, too. Take care that neither of you becomes too angry or emotional.

If it goes well you should take the initiative in showing affection and interest. Men are sometimes gruff because they are embarrassed about showing how they feel. Underneath his bluster he might be feeling like a daughterless father!

Was it wrong?

"I WENT out with a boy about four months ago. I think he is Mr. Right for me. I found out the other day that he is shortly to become engaged, and I thought I would be nice and ring him to congratulate him. He seemed surprised about the whole thing and asked if we could go out again just for old times' sake. Do you think it was wrong of me to accept this offer? I think I am in love with him."

"Worried," N.S.W.

I think you are rationalising your reasons for ringing him up. Why not admit you just wanted to talk to him? I can't work out whether he was surprised about his engagement or about you ringing him up. If he is engaged I do think you were wrong to accept his offer.

Trouble at work

"I AM very upset, as I have been told at work that I give my married boss star-eyed looks and that I look as though I have a crush on him. I really haven't. Please help me, as I am desperate. The Gap is the only way out."

"Starry-eyed," A.C.T.

The Gap, indeed! You know what they say isn't true, and I'm sure it isn't worrying your boss. The others are teasing you because you are taking the bait like a barracuda. Ignore them, get your "problem" into perspective, and don't dramatise things.

Making a move

"I AM 21 and I met a girl, who is four years older, in Brisbane. We like each other and have been writing frequently. Does the age difference matter? I promised that I would visit her in December, so that we could get to know each other better. Am I doing the right thing if I ask her before I go if it is worth while for me to be there, as she might have found another man. My presence would then be pointless."

"Anxious," Vic.

A person's age in years isn't the only guide. Whether the difference matters or not depends entirely on how you get on together and feel about each other.

It is possible that she is writing to you merely as a friend—a person she likes—while you obviously feel more than that for her.

But she might also be waiting for you to make the first move, as I think you will have to. It is better to do it before you go there to save possible embarrassment for both of you. When you write about how you feel, do it in such a way that it won't be awkward for her if her interest in you isn't romantic.

Unhappy thirteen

"I AM nearly 13 and in love with a boy. He is a darling and very lovable. Last year we were in the same form and sat near each other. He used to write letters to me. This year he has moved to a nearby school. I have heard that he is in a form with all of the most attractive girls and I'm very worried about him. I only see him out of school and would like to know how to see more of him and how to keep him loving me."

"Desperate," Vic.

You can't see more of him, and if I had a formula for securing love I would be rich and famous.

The only
fresher fish
are still in the sea

These are the best netted from the deep sea. And only the plumpest, choicest whole cuts of fresh fillets are selected. That's Birds Eye quality. Flavourful fish fingers cooked in light golden batter. You just heat. Better buy Birds Eye.



Distributed by Gordon Edgell Pty. Ltd.—A Petersville Company

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE and The Stranger find that the place where The Strangers' homeland used to be is covered with ice. NOW READ ON . . .



THE STRANGER'S TALE:
NEAR THE NORTH POLE--
60,000 YEARS AGO--
A TROPICAL PARADISE--

AT FIRST WE STAYED
AT LOW ALTITUDES
IN OUR LAND-SEA
SKIMMERS--

AS WE ACHIEVED
GREATER POWER
AND TECHNIQUE--
IT BECAME A
REAL FLYING
MACHINE.

THE STRANGER'S TALE: ABOVE THE
ARCTIC CIRCLE--
ARE YOU TELLING ME
THERE WERE FLYING
MACHINES ON THIS
EARTH 60,000 YEARS
AGO?

THAT'S
WHAT I
TELL YOU. I
BECAME AN
EARLY PILOT--

"FIRST WE EXPLORED THIS
PLANET-- MOSTLY WATER
AND JUNGLE--"

THEN INTO SPACE.
I WAS ONE OF THE
FIRST TO TRY FOR
THE MOON.

"I FLEW TO THE MOON THREE
TIMES-- AND LANDED--"

"--IT WAS AN AIRLESS,
DRY, DULL PLACE, NOT
WORTH ALL THE COST
AND TROUBLE."

YOU LANDED--
ON THE MOON?
THRICE, I TRUST
YOU MODERNS
ARE NOT SO
FOOLISH AS TO
WASTE TIME ON
THE EFFORT--

I'M GETTING DIZZY--
ER, NO--
OF COURSE NOT--
WHAT THEN?

--LONGER
WINTERS--OUR
WEATHERMEN
PREDICTED THE
ENTIRE WORLD
WOULD TURN TO
AN ICE BALL--

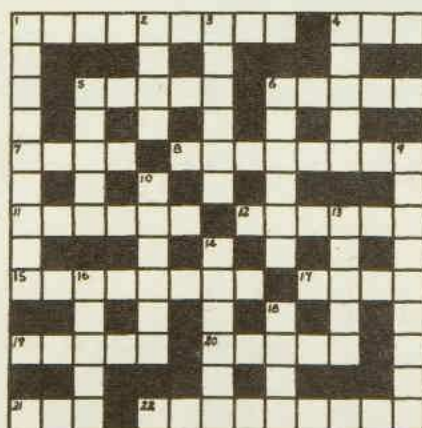
WE LAUGHED AT THIS--MY
LOVELY ADRAKA AND I--

NEXT WEEK: ADRAKA--

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Trace a die and root out (9).
4. A quill in an opening (3).
5. A spell in March (5).
6. A lyric poem in positive pole (5).
7. Incite by encouragement with a wager (4).
8. A sir rang (anagr., 8).
11. Purpose in temporary shelter (6).
12. Did me a crown (6).
15. Fine particles (8).
17. Sly, sidelong look (4).
19. Feed on grass (5).
20. Washes (5).
21. Bird in the Athenaeum (3).
22. Not instructed, not a mug (9).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Grenadine (anagr., 9).
2. I hurried to Persia (4).
3. Mary or the science of heraldry (6).
4. Forked instrument kept in an apron garment (5).
5. Summit where you can find rest (5).
6. Old name for Nova Scotia (6).
9. Half sheep is a legendary Assyrian queen (9).
10. To tolerate (6).
13. Sediment (5).
14. A small falcon, probably drawn by a limner (6).
16. A win, not the first time (5).
18. To declare to be true (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

The Australian Women's Weekly - September 22, 1965

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3433



3433.—Lovely party or street dress with ruffled neckline and full dirndl skirt. Attached underdress. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.



3505.—New Mary Quant design. Smocking instructions given for 1/2 in.ingham check. Sizes: Junior, 30 1/2, 31 1/2, 33in. Misses, 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 7/- includes postage.



3498

3498.—Another pretty Mary Quant style with the new low flared skirt. Sizes: Junior, 30 1/2, 31 1/2, 33in. Misses, 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 7/- includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

3460.—Cool, extra quick'n-easy dress. Elbow-length sleeves provided in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

3526.—High-waisted, semi-fitted dress with contrast scalloped collar. Sizes: Young Junior, 30 1/2, 31 1/2, 33in. Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.



3519.—Pretty party dress, pleated from shoulder, for 2 to 8 sizing, 21, 22, 23, 23 1/2, 24, 26in. chest. Price 5/- includes postage.



3519



3526

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME _____	DESIGN _____	SIZE _____
ADDRESS _____		



Who ate all Dad's Scotch Finger Biscuits?

Well, now we know it was the Red Indians!

But the whole family could have been suspected, because everybody loves the good crunchy taste of Arnott's Scotch Finger Biscuits.

Arnott's famous **Biscuits**



There is no Substitute for Quality

Resort Styles

● Just made for summer . . . an exciting collection of holiday fashions—some knitted, others crocheted—to wear when you're lazing dreamily on a sun-drenched beach, seeing the sights, dining in the open air, or whiling the day away on some secluded terrace.

DIRECTIONS for making this fishnet cover-all are on page 2.



Fishnet cover-all

See color picture page 1

Materials: 5 (6, 7) balls Villawool Gold Label Ban-Lon; No. 7 and 10 crochet hooks.

Measurements: To fit 32 (36, 40) in. bust; length, 26in. (all sizes).

Tension: 4 patts. to 4in.

BACK

Using No. 7 hook, make 105 (117, 129) ch., including 2 ch. for turn.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, * 9 ch., miss 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: * 9 ch., 1 d.c. into centre ch. of next loop, rep. from * to end, 1 ch. for turn.

Rep. 2nd row inclusive. Cont. until work measures 18in. (or length required).

To Shape Armholes — Next Row: Sl-st. over half of first loop, * 9 ch., 1 d.c. into centre of next loop, rep. from * ending with a d.c. into centre of last loop.

Rep. this row 3 times more. Cont. until armholes measure 4in. on the straight.

To Shape Neck — 1st Row: (9 ch., 1 d.c. into centre of next loop) 4 (5, 6) times, turn.

2nd Row: Sl-st. over half of loop, (9 ch., 1 d.c. into centre of next loop) 3 (4, 5) times, 1 ch. for turn.

Cont. until armhole measures 7in. ending at neck edge.

To Shape Shoulder: (9 ch., 1 d.c. into centre of next loop) 3 (4, 5) times and fasten off. Join yarn at neck edge at centre of 5th (6th, 7th) loop in from armhole edge.

Next Row: (9 ch., 1 d.c. into centre of next loop) 4 (5, 6) times, 1 ch. for turn. Finish as for other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up shoulder and side seams. Using No. 10 hook work 2 rows of d.c. round neck and armholes.

Lower edge: Work 164 (174, 184) d.c. on lower edge and cont. in rounds of d.c. until 2in. worked; fasten off.

SUBTLE FLAT-TERY of mesh — to cover but not conceal — is artfully revealed in this hand-crocheted beach shift. See directions at left for 32, 36, and 40in. bust measurements.



Striped pull-on

● Slim-line sweater in cool blue and white stripes is trimmed with a crocheted belt. Below are directions for three sizes.

Materials: 5 (6, 6) balls Emu Scotch 4-ply or Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply, main color; 4 (4, 5) balls contrast color; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 5in. slide fastener; No. 7 crochet hook; 2 small buttons; 1 curtain ring.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust — actual measurement will be 2in. larger for easy fit; length, 21 (21½, 22) in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; st-st., stocking-stitch; m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 128 (136, 144) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 4in. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st. for 20 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of 15th and every foll. 16th row until dec. to 122 (130, 138) sts. When 20 rows of m.c. are completed change to c.c. and work another 20 rows. Then work 8 rows m.c., 8 rows c.c. alternately throughout. Cont. for 2in. without shaping, then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 16th row until inc. to 128 (136, 144) sts. When work measures 14 (14½, 14½) in. or required length,

shape armholes by casting off 8 (8, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 6 (7, 8) rows. When armholes measure 3 (3½, 3½) in. divide sts. for back opening.

Next Row: K 50 (53, 56) sts., leave rem. sts. on spare needle.

Cont. on these 50 (53, 56) sts. When armhole measures 7 (7½, 7½) in., shape shoulder by casting off 8 (10, 9) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 8 (8, 9) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Cast off loosely. Join wool at centre back and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work same as back until armholes measure 4½ (4½, 4½) in., then shape neck.

Next Row: K 40 (42, 44) sts., leave on spare needle. Cast off 20 (22, 24) sts., k to end of row.

Cont. on last 40 (42, 44) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 2nd row until dec. to 32 (34, 36) sts. When armhole measures 7 (7½, 7½) in., shape shoulder by casting off 8 (10, 9) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 8 (8, 9) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side facing, using No. 12 needles and m.c., pick up and k about 125 (127, 129) sts. round neck. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 4in. Cast off in ribbing.

ARMBANDS

With right side facing using No. 12 needles and m.c., pick up and k about 109 (113, 117) sts. round armhole. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 4in. Cast off firmly in ribbing.

BELT

Using m.c. double and crochet hook make ch. of 40 (42, 44) in., or 6in. longer than required length. Work 5 rows d.c., making buttonholes at either end on 3rd row thus: 3rd Row: 4 d.c., 2 ch., miss 2, d.c. to last 6 sts., 2 ch., miss 2, d.c. to end.

Using c.c., cover curtain ring with buttonhole-stitch. Make 2 tabs by working a ch. 2in. long and using c.c. double.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements, press with warm iron over damp cloth. If using Bri-Nylon, press over dry cloth. Sew up side seams. Work 1 row d.c. round neck opening and sew in slide fastener. Stitch buttons on belt. Stitch tabs into position.

Sightseer suit

See color picture top left page 4

Materials — Jacket: 14 (15, 16) balls Patons Soft Touch Orlon yarn. Skirt: 12 (13, 14) balls Patons Soft Touch Orlon yarn; Milwards Phantom crochet hook No. 8; length of elastic for waist.

Measurements — Jacket: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 20 (20½, 21½) in.; sleeves, 12½ in. Skirt: Waist, 26 (28, 30) in.; hips, 33 (35, 37) in.; length, 24 (24½, 24½) in.

Tension: 9 tr. to 2in.; 8 rows to 3in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; h.tr., half treble; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; dec., decrease; rep., repeat.

JACKET BACK

Make 80 (88, 94) ch. 1st Row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 3 ch., turn (3 turning ch. are counted as 1st tr.).

2nd Row: 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 3 ch., turn. 78 (86, 92) tr.

Rep. 2nd row until work measures 11½ (12, 12½) in.

To Shape Armholes: Omitting 3 ch. at end, sl-st. over 4 tr., work to last 4 tr., turn.

Dec. 1 tr. each end of next 3 rows. Work without shaping until armhole measures 7½ (8, 8½) in.

To Shape Shoulder: Omitting 3 ch. at end, sl-st. over 6 (7, 8) tr., 1 d.c. into next tr., 1 h.tr. in next tr., work in tr. to last 8 (9, 10) tr., 1 h.tr. in next tr., 1 d.c. in next tr., turn.

2nd Row: Sl-st. over 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 4 (5, 6) tr., 1 d.c. in next tr., 1 h.tr., tr. to last 8 (9, 10) tr., turn.

Repeat 2nd row once. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Make 46 (49, 52) ch. Work as back until work measures 11½ (12, 12½) in.

To Shape Armhole: Omitting 3 ch. at end, sl-st. over 4 tr., 3 ch., tr. to end. Dec. 1 tr. at armhole edge in next 3 rows. Work 4 (6, 8) rows without shaping.

To Shape Neck: Work to last 3 (5, 7) tr., turn.

Dec. 1 tr. at neck edge in next 4 (5, 6) rows. Work 1 (2, 3) rows without shaping.

To Shape Shoulder: Omitting 3 ch., sl-st. over 6 (7, 8) tr., 1 d.c. in next tr., 1 h.tr. in next tr., tr. to end.

2nd Row: Tr. to last 8 (9, 10) tr., 1 h.tr. in next tr., 1 d.c. in next tr., turn. Sl-st. to neck edge. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, working shapings at opposite side.

SLEEVES

Make 53 (53, 55) ch., 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. Cont. in tr., inc. each end of every row, until 68 (70, 74) tr. Work without shaping until work measures 12in.

To Shape Top: Omitting 3 ch., sl-st. over 4 tr., work to last 4 tr., turn.

Dec. 1 tr. each end of next 3 rows. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly on wrong side. Oversew seams together neatly.

Edge (right side facing): Join yarn at lower edge of right front. Into 1st tr. work * (1 h.tr., 1 tr., 1 h.tr.), 1 d.c. in next st., rep. from * evenly round fronts and neck. Work lower edge as front, working in every 2nd ch. of commencing ch. Work edging round sleeves as lower edge.

SKIRT

(Front and back alike)

Make 85 (91, 97) ch. 1st Row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch., 3 ch., turn (turning ch. stands for 1st tr.).

2nd Row: 1 tr. in each tr., 3 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row 51 (52, 53) times.

Next Row: Work 28 (30, 32) tr., dec. 1 tr. by working 1 tr., leaving 2 loops on hook, 1 tr., work through all loops, work 24 (24, 26) tr., dec. 1 tr. as before, work to end.

Next Row: Work 27 (29, 31) tr., dec. 1 tr., work 24 (24, 26) tr., dec. 1 tr., work to end.

Cont. dec. 1 tr. each side of 24 (24, 26) tr. every alt. row until 8 decs. have been completed. Work 1 row. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly on wrong side with cool dry iron. Join seams. Herringbone elastic round waist. Press seams.



Page 2 — RESORT STYLES

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 22, 1965

Two lace-trimmed sweaters

See color picture bottom left page 4

Orange sweater

Materials: 12 (13, 14) balls Patons Bluebell knitting yarn; 1 pr. No. 9 knitting needles; Millwards Phantom crochet hook No. 10; 5in. slide fastener.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 22 (22½, 22½) in.; sleeve, 5in.

Tension: 13½ sts. to 2in. Abbreviations: D.c., double crochet; d.tr., double treble (work twice over hook); sl-st., slip-stitch; picot, 3 ch., sl-st. in 1st ch.; st-st., stocking-stitch.

FRONT

Cast on 120 (130, 140) sts. and work in st-st. for 14in., ending on a p. row. Cast off 7 (8, 9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 94 (100, 106) sts. remain. Work 27 (29, 31) rows without shaping.

Next Row: K 36 (38, 40) sts., cast off 22 (24, 26) sts., k 36 (38, 40) sts.

Cont. on these last sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every alt. row until 30 (32, 34) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures 8 (8½, 8½) in. on straight, ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and foll. alt. rows 10 sts. twice and 10 (12, 14) sts. once. Ret. to rem. sts. on needle, join yarn to neck edge and work as other side in reverse.

BACK

Work as front to *. Work 19 (21, 23) rows without shaping.

Next Row: K 47 (50, 53) sts., turn.

Rep. these 2 rows until armhole measures same as front, ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and foll. alt. rows 10 sts. twice, 10 (12, 14) sts. once, and 17 (18, 19) sts. once. Ret. to rem. sts. on needle, join yarn to neck edge, and work as other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Cast on 78 (84, 90) sts. and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of needle in 5th and foll. 4th rows until inc. to 88 (94,

100) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 5in., ending on a purl row. Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 26 (28, 34) sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using fine back-stitch, seam shoulders. Using No. 10 crochet hook, crochet cuffs and collar as follows:

CUFFS

Join yarn at side seam edge on right side sleeve and work as follows:

1st Row: 3 ch. to stand for 1st d.tr., 2 d.tr. in 1st stitch, * miss 4 sts., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next st., 3 ch., 5 d.tr. in foll. 5th st., rep. from * to end, turn with 6 ch.

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. in top of each d.tr. of previous row, 3 ch., rep. from * to end, turn with 6 ch.

3rd Row: * 7 d.tr. in each 3 ch. loop, (3 ch., 1 d.c., 3 ch.) in centre d.c. of last shell, rep. from * to end, turn with 6 ch.

4th Row: * 1 d.c. in top of each d.tr. of previous row, 3 ch., rep. from * to end, turn with 6 ch.

5th Row: * 9 d.tr. in each 3 ch. space, (1 ch., 1 d.c., 1 ch.) in centre d.c. of last row, rep. from * to end, turn with 6 ch.

6th Row: * 1 d.c. in first 4 d.tr. of last row, picot, 4 d.c. in next 4 d.tr., 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp., picot, 1 d.c. in next 1 ch. sp., rep. from * to end. Fasten off. Turn back and press carefully, neatening with row of d.c. worked into cast-on edge of sleeve, if desired.

COLLAR (2 pieces alike)

Mark centre front neck with colored thread. Divide half neck edge in 6 equal parts and mark. Join yarn at back opening on right side of work.

1st Row: 6 ch., 1 d.c. in centre of first marked section, 3 ch., 5 d.tr. in 1st mark, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in centre of next section, 3 ch., 5 d.tr. in next mark. Rep. from * 3 times, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in centre of last sec-

tion, 1 triple tr. (yarn 3 times over hook) in st. at centre front neck, turn.

2nd Row: * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in top of each d.tr. of previous row, rep. from * to end, joining last 3 ch. by sl-st. in 3rd of 6 ch. at beg. of 1st row, turn.

3rd Row: 4 ch., to stand for 1st d.tr., 6 d.tr. in 3 ch. loop * 3 ch., 1 d.c., 3 ch. in centre of shell on last row, 7 d.tr. in next loop. Rep. from * 4 times, turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. in each d.tr. of previous row, with 3 ch. between each shell. Finish off.

5th Row: Join yarn again at back opening, 6 ch., 1 d.c. in 1st d.tr. of 7 ch. shell, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in centre d.c. on same shell, 1 ch., * 9 d.tr. in 3 ch. loop, (1 ch., 1 d.c., 1 ch.) in centre of next shell. Rep. from * 3 times, 9 d.tr. into next sp., 1 ch., 1 d.c. in centre d.c. of 7 ch. shell, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in end d.c. of same shell, 6 ch., sl-st. in centre neck, turn.

6th Row: 6 d.c. in 1st loop, (1 d.c., picot, 1 d.c.) in end of shell, 5 d.c. in next loop, picot, 1 d.c. in 1 ch. loop. Cont. as 6th row of cuff to end of last shell, finish row to correspond with beginning of row, ending at back opening. Work other half of collar as first half, commencing at centre front.

Turn back on to right side and press carefully. With fine back-stitch seam, sew in sleeves. Sew side and sleeve seams. Insert slide fastener. Work row of picot edge round lower edge of sweater. Finally press. Stitch cuff lightly to hold in position.

Yellow sweater

Materials: 12 (13) balls Patons Charm crochet and knitting yarn; 1 pr. No. 9 needles; Millwards Phantom crochet hook No. 12; 5in. slide fastener.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length, 23 (23½) in.; sleeves, 4in.

Tension: 13½ sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; tr., treble; sp., space; st-st., stocking-stitch; picot, 3 ch., sl-st. in 1st ch.

rep. from * to end of round, join with sl-st. into 3rd ch.

4th Round: 4 ch., * 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. into centre of shell, 1 ch., 1 tr. into tr. of prev. round, 1 ch., rep. from * to end of round, join with sl-st. into 3rd ch.

5th Round: 4 ch., * 4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr. into centre of shell, 1 ch., 1 tr. into tr. of prev. round, 1 ch., rep. from * to end of round, join with sl-st. into 3rd ch.

6th Round: As 5th round.

7th Round: 4 ch., * 5 tr., 3 ch., 5 tr. into centre of shell, 1 ch., 1 tr. into tr. of prev. round, 1 ch., rep. from * to end of round, join with sl-st. into 3rd ch.

8th Round: As 7th round.

9th Round: 4 ch., * 6 tr., 3 ch., 6 tr. into centre of shell, 1 ch., 1 tr. into tr. of prev. round, 1 ch., rep. from * to end of round, join with sl-st. into 3rd ch. and fasten off.

ARMHOLE EDGE TRIM

Work 1 row of d.c. round armholes, join with sl-st.

Next Round: 3 d.c., * 1 picot, 6 d.c., rep. from * ending 3 d.c., sl-st. to join and fasten off.

FRONT TRIM

Run a contrast thread from centre front neck down 7in. from the lower end of the 7in. work up to neck edge as follows:

1st Row: 1 tr. into 1st knit stitch, * miss a space of 2 rows, 1 tr. into next knit st., rep. from * to neck edge, 1 ch., turn. (15 tr.)

2nd Row: (Make a shell of 6 tr. into 1st loop, 1 d.c. into next loop), rep. to end and fasten off.

FRONT

Cast on 112 (120) sts. and work in st-st. for 6 rows.

Next Row: K 1, * w.fwd, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end, k 1.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 16th and foll. 20th rows until inc. to 124 (132) sts.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 15½in., ending on a p. row. Cast off 9 (10) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row to 88 (92) sts. Work 29 (31) rows.

Next Row: K 36 (37) sts., cast off 16 (18) sts., k 36 (37) sts.

Cont. on these last sts., dec. once at neck edge in every alt. row until dec. to 28 (28) sts. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 8 (8½) in. on straight, ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next and foll. 3 alt. rows.

Ret. to rem. sts. on needle, join yarn to neck edge and work to correspond in reverse.

BACK

Work as front to end of armhole shaping (88, 92 sts.). Work 7 (9) rows.

Next Row: K 44 (46) sts., turn. Cont. on these sts. thus:

Next Row: K 1, p to end.

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows until armhole measures same as back armhole, ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next and foll. 3 alt. rows. Cast off rem. sts.

Return to rem. sts., join yarn to centre, and work to correspond in reverse.

SLEEVES

Cast on 78 (84) sts. and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of needle in 5th and foll. 4th rows until inc. to 88 (94) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 4in., ending on wrong-side row. Cast off 5 (6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 26 (28) sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using fine back-stitch, seam shoulder, sleeve, and side seams. Set in sleeves. Sew in slide fastener. Turn hem to inside at lower edge and sl-st. in position. (Picot.) Press.

CUFFS

1st Medallion

With No. 12 crochet hook, make 4 ch., join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 6 ch., 1 tr. in ring, * 3 ch., 1 tr. in ring, rep. from * 4 times, 3 ch., sl-st. in 3rd of 6 ch. at beg. of round, 6 sp.

2nd Round: Sl-st. in 1st sp., * (1 d.c., 3 tr., 1 d.c.) in 1st sp., rep. from * 5 times, sl-st. in 1st d.c.

3rd Round: Sl-st. to 1st tr., then (1 d.c., 4 ch.) in 1st and 3rd tr. of each group of previous round, 12 loops.

4th Round: (2 d.c., 1 picot,

2 d.c.) in each of 10 loops, leaving 2 loops unworked. Finish off.

2nd Medallion

Work as first, until last round. Then join 2nd and 3rd picots with sl-st. to 8th and 9th picots of previous medallion.

Cont. thus to 4th medallion, then join picots to corresponding picots on 1st and 3rd medallion making a circle. Beginning at loops left free of picots, join yarn and work 1 d.c. in each space and also in free picots with 4 ch. between each d.c. Sew this band neatly to edge of sleeve, or for a neater finish, tack finely to edge of sleeve and work 1 round of d.c. through loops and cast on sts. of sleeve edge.

COLLAR

Make 6 medallions as sleeve, joining only 2nd picots of each medallion (not 2nd and 3rd as on sleeve). Do not join in a circle, leave opening for back. Work row of 4 ch., 1 d.c. in each loop and picot as sleeve. Attach to neck as for sleeve.

FRONT MEDALLIONS

Oval

1st Medallion

1st Round: Begin with 12 ch. 1 tr. in 6th ch. from hook, 3 ch., 1 tr. in following 3rd ch., (3 ch., 1 tr.) 4 times in end ch. Turn and work into foundation ch. as follows: 3 ch., 1 tr. in 3rd ch., (same ch. as on opposite side), (3 ch., 1 tr.) twice in following 3rd ch., 3 ch., sl-st. in 3rd of 6 ch. at beg. of round, 10 sp.

2nd Round: 1 d.c., 3 tr., 1 d.c. in each of first 3 loops, 4 ch., 1 d.c. in each of next 3 loops, 4 ch., * (1 d.c., 3 tr., 1 d.c.) in next loop, rep. from * to end, sl-st. in 1st d.c. Fasten off.

2nd Medallion

Work as 1st to end of 1st round, 10 loops.

2nd Round: Sl-st. in 1st sp., (1 d.c., 3 tr., 1 d.c.) in every sp.

3rd Round: Sl-st. to 1st tr. (1 d.c., 4 ch.) in 1st and 3rd tr. of each group of previous round.

4th Round: 2 d.c., picot, 2 d.c. in each loop. Finish off. Stitch end picot of large medallion to centre of 3 tr. group at lower end of small medallion. Join wool at 1st tr. on right hand side of 3 tr. group on small medallion and work round both medallions thus: (3 ch., 1 d.c.) in every 1st and 3rd tr. and loop of small medallion, cont. across to large medallion with 3 ch. loop and work (1 d.c., 3 ch.) in each picot of large medallion.

Work final round of (1 d.c., picot, 1 d.c.) in every loop round both medallions. Fasten off. Stitch neatly between two centre medallions of collar.

Press, then lightly stitch cuffs and front band in position.

SHELL TRIM FOR NECK EDGE

With right side facing, join yarn at left shoulder and proceed as follows:

1st Round: Work 1 row d.c. round neck edge, join with sl-st.

2nd Round: 5 ch., * miss 2 d.c., 1 tr. into each of next 2 d.c., 2 ch., rep. from * to end of round, then work 1 tr. into last d.c., join with sl-st. to 3rd ch.

3rd Round: Miss 1st space, 1 shell of 6 tr. into centre of the 2 tr. of prev. round, * miss a space, 1 d.c. into centre of next 2 tr., miss a space, 1 shell of 6 tr. into centre of next 2 tr., rep. from * to end, 1 d.c. into centre of last 2 tr.; fasten off.

BELT

Make 4 ch. Next Row: 1 d.c. into each ch., turn. Cont. in d.c. for 24in. Fasten off.

TO MAKE BUTTON COVERS

(7)

With crochet hook, holding ring between thumb and forefinger of left hand, work half trebles into ring until ring is covered, join with a slip-stitch, leaving a length of yarn, thread yarn and run through outside edge of all sts. Draw together firmly and fasten off securely.

TO FINISH OFF

Press edges lightly. Attach buttons and thread ribbon as illustrated.

RESORT STYLES — Page 3

Dining-out dress

See color picture top centre pages 4 and 5

Materials: 11 (13, 15) skeins Villawood Parisienne; No. 10 circular needle; 1 pair No. 10 needles; No. 10 crochet hook; ribbon; 7 small brass rings for buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 37in. (all measures); hips, 35 (37, 39) in.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviation: Picot, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st of the 3 ch.

Using No. 10 circular needle, cast on 190 (202, 214) sts., join carefully without twisting the cast-on sts. and knit every round. Cont. until work measures 25in. from beg. (or length required, keeping in mind crochet flounce will be 5½in. deep), ending at end of round.

Next Round: Cast off 8 (10, 12) sts., k 87 (91, 95) sts., cast off 8 (10, 12) sts., k 87 (91, 95) sts.

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed on last 87 (91, 95) sts. for front armholes as follows: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 4 (5, 6) sts. twice, 2 sts. twice and 75 (77, 79) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 3in. on straight, ending on purl row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 25 (26, 27) sts., cast off centre 25 sts., k 25 (26, 27) sts.

Cont. on last 25 (26, 27) sts. and dec. on neck edge at beg. of next and every 2nd row 1 st. 10 times. (15, 16, 17 sts. rem.) Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 6½in., ending at armhole edge, and cast off. Ret. to rem. 25 (26, 27) sts. and finish as other side in reverse.

Ret. to rem. 87 (91, 95) sts. for back armholes; with wrong side of work facing, join in yarn and finish as for front armholes and neck.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch sew up shoulder seams. Press seams open.

FLOUNCE FOR LOWER EDGE

Using No. 10 hook, with right side of work facing, join in yarn and proceed as follows:

1st Round: Make 5 ch. * miss 2 sts., 2 tr. into each of next 2 sts., 2 ch., rep. from * to end of round, 1 tr. into last st., join with sl-st. into 3rd ch.

2nd Round: 4 ch., * 2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr. into centre of the 2 tr., thus making 1 shell, 1 ch., 1 tr. into centre of the 2 tr., 1 ch., rep. from * to end of round, join with sl-st. into 3rd ch.

3rd Round: 4 ch., * 3 tr., 2 ch., 3 tr. into centre of shell, 1 ch., 1 tr. into tr. of prev. round, 1 ch.,

**From Palm Beach to
Port au Prince,
these are the wild,
heady, holiday
colors of summer**

SIGHTSEER SUIT
(at left) — a fetch-
ing two-piece in
crochet, which can
also be worn as
separates, is in
Gauguin colors, pink
and coffee-brown.
Directions for mak-
ing the suit are com-
plete on page 2.

LACE-TRIMMED
sweaters (below)
are knitted in bril-
liant tones to stand
out strongly against
bright spring sun-
shine. Crocheted
collars and cuffs can
also trim plain
summer dresses.
Directions, page 3.





DINING-OUT DRESS (above). The body is a tube knitted in one piece on a circular needle then lightly trimmed with crochet on hem and bodice. Directions for making are on page 3.

PATCHWORK beach bag is king-sized to cope with all your surfside paraphernalia. Vivid patches are worked separately. The bag measures 18in. by 25in. Directions page 6.

HIBISCUS JACKET (at right) looks superb with pants or will double as a beach coat. It's crocheted in a synthetic yarn and washes like a dream. Directions for making, page 6.



SUNFLOWER SLIP-ON (above) with a bikini scarf to match is in stocking-stitch and very easy to knit. Flowers are embroidered on in satin-stitch. Directions are on page 6.

Sunflower slip-on

See color picture bottom right page 5

Materials: 11 (12, 13) balls Patons Charm knitting and crochet yarn; quantity of 2 contrast yarns for embroidery; 1 pr. No. 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 28½ (28½, 28½) in. Tension: 13½ sts. to 2in.

FRONT AND BACK ALIKE
Cast on 122 (128, 134) sts. Next Row: Knit. Next Row: Purl. Rep. these 2 row 3 times more.

Next Row (picot edge): K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1. Next Row: Purl. Cont. in st-st, dec. 1 st. each end of needle in foll. 20th row, then in foll. 24th row until dec. to 114 (120, 126) sts. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 21in. from beg., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of needle in next and every alt. row until

dec. to 90 (96, 102) sts. Cont. without further shaping until armholes measure 5½in. on straight, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: K 27 (28, 29) sts., cast off centre 36 (40, 44) sts., k to end. Cont. on these last sts. only, casting off at neck edge on next and alt. rows, 2 sts. twice, and 1 st. 2 (3, 4) times.

Cont. until armhole measures 7½ (7½, 7½) in. on the straight, ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows, 7 sts. 3 times (all sizes). Rejoin yarn at neck edge and work other side, reversing shapings.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Neck Facing: Using a small back-stitch, join right shoulder seam. With right side facing, and beg. at left front, pick up and knit 160 (160, 166) sts. round neck edge. Work in st-st. for

lin. Cast off. Back-stitch rem. shoulder seam, neckband ends.

Armhole Facings (2): With right side of work facing, pick up and knit 86 (86, 92) sts. round armhole edge. Work in st-st. for lin. Cast off.

TO FINISH OFF
Back-stitch side seams. Join armhole facings together, turn armhole and neck facings to inside, and st-st. in position. Turn hem to inside at lower edge (picot) and st-st. in position. Press seams.

EMBROIDERY
Using contrasting yarns, embroider sunflowers in satin stitch.

HEADSCARF
Materials: 2 balls Patons Charm knitting and crochet yarn; 1 pr. No. 9 needles; crochet hook No. 8.

Cast on 154 sts. and work in garter-stitch for 8 rows. At same time dec. 1 st. (by k 2 tog.) at beg. of every row. Change to st-st. and cont. dec. as before until 2 sts. K 2 tog., fasten off. Press scarf on wrong side and work 1 row of d.c. along side edges. Press crochet lightly.

using No. 8 hook work 12 rows of d.c. on front edge, fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT BAND
Join in yarn at lower edge, work five rows of d.c. on front.

Make Five Buttonholes thus:
Next Row: Beg. at neck edge, 1 d.c. into each of next 2 d.c., 3 ch., miss 3 d.c., * 1 d.c. into each of the next 13 d.c., 3 ch., miss 3 d.c., rep. from * 4 times, work d.c. to end. Work five more rows of d.c. and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP
Press work lightly on the wrong side. Flat sew shoulder seams. Join side and sleeve seams on the wrong side as follows: (1 d.c. into both shells, 3 ch.), rep. to end.

With right side facing, work one row of d.c. round armholes. Set sleeves in smoothly with flat seam. Work two rows of d.c. round sleeves edges, one row of d.c. round neck and lower edges.

PATTERN FOR BORDERS
Work 1 d.c. into each of next 5 d.c., * (1 d.c., 2 tr., 1 d.c.) into next d.c., rep. from * to end.

Join in yarn at neck edge inside right front band and work border patt. down, across band, up to neck edge, around neck edge to inside edge of left front band and fasten off.

Join in yarn at lower inside edge of left front band, work in border patt. round bottom edge to right front band and fasten off.

Join in yarn at sleeve seam and work in border patt. around edge of sleeves.

TOGGLE COVERS (5)
With No. 12 hook make 5 ch., join with sl-st. 1st Round: 7 d.c. into ring. 2nd Round: 1 d.c. into every d.c. to end.

Rep. 2nd round 8 times. Next Round: 1 d.c. into every 2nd d.c. to end, insert toggle, break yarn, draw up ends and fasten off. Sew on toggles.

of work, sl. 1 purlwise, k 1, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: K 1, * yarn at front of work, sl. 1 purlwise, yarn to back, k 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. these 4 rows inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles cast on 121 (129, 137) sts. and knit 1 row, then cont. in pattern inclusive for skirt. Cont. until 5in. worked. Change to No. 9 needles and cont. until work measures 13in. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. until 20in. worked. Change to No. 11 needles and cont. until 26½in. worked, ending on the 1st row of pattern. (Work more or less at this point for length required.)

Next Row: Purl. Cont. in pattern inclusive for

Patchwork bag

See color picture bottom left page 5

Materials: 15 balls Patons Ariel Triple knitting yarn in main color (m.c.); 1 ball each of 7 contrasting colors; McIlwards Phantom crochet hook No. 8; lining; handles.

Measurements: Approx. 25 in. x 18in.

Tension: 7 l.tr. to 2in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; l.tr., long treble.

TO MAKE
Using m.c. make 80 ch. loosely. 1st Row: Miss 3 ch., 1 l.tr. in each ch. 2nd Row: 3 ch., 1 l.tr. in each l.tr. Rep. 2nd row until work measures 2½in.

* Next Row: Work 32 l.tr., 13 ch., miss 13 l.tr., work l.tr. to end. Next Row: Work l.tr., making 13 l.tr. over ch. loop.*

Cont. repeating 2nd row until work measures 32in., then rep. from * to *. Work 2½in. Fasten off.

Make two 3in. squares in 3 contrasting colors, 1 square in each of 4 other colors.

TO MAKE UP
Fold 2½in. at each end to form a hem. Make lining as desired and attach. Attach handles, applique squares at various angles—7 on front, 3 on back.

Drawstring dress

See color picture top left page 8

Materials: 14 (15, 16, 17) balls Villawool Gold Label Ban-Lon; 1 pr. No. 6 needles; No. 12 Aero Crochet Hook.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38, 40) in. bust; length, 38½in.

Tension: 4 sts. to 1in.

Abbreviations: M 1, make 1 stitch by bringing yarn forward between needles; m 2, make 2 sts. by bringing yarn forward between needles then taking it round needle once.

PATTERN

1st Row: K 3, * m 2, k 4, rep. from * to last 3 sts., m-2, k 3.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 2 tog., knit into first "made" stitch, purl into 2nd "made" stitch, p 2 tog., rep. from * to last stitch, k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, m 1, * k 4, m 2, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 4, m 1, k 1.

4th Row: K 1, purl into "made" stitch, * p 2 tog. twice, knit into first "made" stitch, purl into 2nd "made" stitch, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 2 tog. twice, knit into "made" stitch, k 1.

Rep. these 4 rows inclusive. Note: The extra sts. made in the 1st and 3rd patt. rows are reduced to their normal number in 2nd and 4th rows and where instructions refer to a number of sts. these extra sts. are not included. It is therefore essential to work in patt. when casting off on 2nd and 4th rows, counting each p 2 tog. as 1 stitch.

FRONT

** Using No. 6 needles cast on 74 (78, 82, 86) sts. and work in patt. Cont. until work measures 30in. (or length required), ending on a 2nd or 4th row of patt.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. ** Cont. in patt. on rem. 66 (70, 74, 78) sts. until the armholes measure 5 (5½, 5½) in., ending on a 2nd or 4th row of patt.

To Shape Neck—Next Row:

Patt. 24 (26, 28, 30) sts., cast off centre 18 sts., patt. to end.

Cont. on last 24 (26, 28, 30) sts. to neck edge. Cast off at beg. of next and every 2nd row 2 sts. 4 times, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and every 2nd row 4 sts. once, 4 (4, 4, 6) sts. once, 4 (4, 6, 6) sts. once, 4 (6, 6, 6) sts. once. Ret. to rem. sts., join yarn at neck edge and finish as other side in reverse.

BACK

Work as front until armholes measure same as front to shoulders ending on a 2nd or 4th patt. row.

To Shape Shoulders and Neck: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: Cast off 4 (4, 4, 6) sts., patt. 12 (14, 16, 16) sts., cast off the centre 26 sts., patt. to end.

Cont. on last 16 (18, 20, 22) sts. Cast off for shoulder at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 (4, 4, 6) sts. once, 4 (4, 6, 6) sts. once, 4 (6, 6, 6) sts. once, at the same time cast off on neck edge at beg. of every 2nd row 2 sts. twice. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, finish as other side in reverse.

BELT

Cast on 3 sts. 1st Row: K 1, p 1, k 1. 2nd Row: P 1, k 1, p 1. Rep. these 2 rows until belt measures 50in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Lightly press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, sew up shoulder and side seams. Press seams. Work 1 row of d.c. firmly round neck edge.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next d.c., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into last d.c. to form picot, 1 d.c. into each of next 4 d.c., rep. from * to end and fasten off.

Rep. these 2 rows on lower and armhole edges. Thread belt through holes at waist.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and every 2nd row 3 sts. 3 (1, 2) times, 4 sts. 2 (4, 0) times, 5 sts. 0 (0, 3) times. Ret. to rem. stitches, join in yarn at neck edge and finish as other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work exactly as back.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side. Using small back-stitch sew up shoulder and right-side seam. Sew up left-side seam leaving a 10in. space from 2½in. below armhole. Press seams. Neatly insert slide fastener. With crochet hook work 2 rows double crochet round neck and armhole edges. Turn up hem approximately three-quarter inch wide and slip-stitch down. Lightly press all edges. Insert and tie ribbon.

Hibiscus jacket

See color picture top right page 5

Materials: 13 (15, 17) balls Villawool Purple Label Ban-Lon; Nos. 8, 9, and 12 crochet hooks; 5 toggles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 23in. (all sizes); sleeves, 12in. (all sizes). Tension: 4 shells to 3½in.

BACK
With No. 8 hook make 100 (105, 110) ch., plus 1 ch. for turn.

1st Row: 1 dc. into 2nd ch. from hook, * 4 ch., miss 4 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., rep. from * to end, 2 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) into 1st loop, * (1 ch., 2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr.) into next loop (1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) into next loop, rep. from * to end, 2 ch. for turn.

3rd Row: (2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr.) into centre of prev. 2 tr. * (1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) into centre of prev. 4 tr., (1 ch., 2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr.) into centre of prev. 2 tr., rep. from * to end, 2 ch. for turn.

4th Row: (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) into centre of prev. 4 tr., * (1 ch., 2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr.) into centre of prev. 2 tr., (1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) into centre of prev. 4 tr., rep. from * to end, 2 ch. for turn. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows inclusive.

Cont. until work measures 14in. (or length required) ending on the 3rd row of patt.

To Shape Armholes—1st Row: Sl-st. over 1st 4 tr., patt. to last 4 tr., turn. 2nd Row: Sl-st. over 1st 4 tr., patt. to last 4 tr., turn with 2 ch.

Cont. until armholes measure 6in. ending on 3rd patt. row.

To Shape Back Neck—Next Row: * (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) into centre of prev. 4 tr., (1 ch., 2

tr., 1 ch., 2 tr.) into centre of prev. 2 tr., 1 ch., rep. from * twice, turn. Next Row: Sl-st. over 1st 4 tr., patt. to end.

Next Row: * (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) into centre of prev. 4 tr., (1 ch., 2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr.) into centre of prev. 2 tr., 1 ch., rep. from * once, 2 ch., turn. Work 1 row patt., fasten off.

At the end of 6th shell from armhole edge, join in yarn at neck edge and work to correspond with other side in reverse.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 8 hook, make 47 (57, 67) ch. and work in patt. as for back. Cont. until work measures 14in., ending on 3rd row of patt.

To Shape Armholes—Next Row: Sl-st. over the 1st 4 tr., patt. to end, turn. Next Row: Patt. to last 4 tr., turn.

Cont. until armhole measures 4½in., ending on 3rd row of patt. at armhole edge.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Patt. over the next 6 shells, turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 1st shell and patt. to end.

Cont. to dec. at neck edge in same way until 4 shells rem. Patt. 6 rows and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work Left Front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 hook, make 76 ch., plus 1 ch. for turn and work in patt. as back for 6in.

Change to No. 8 hook and cont. until sleeves measure 12in. (or length required), ending on 3rd row of pattern. Shape top of sleeves as for armhole, rep. 1st row of shaping three times, then at each end of every alt. row until one shell rem. and fasten off.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Join in yarn at neck edge,

London calling...

See color picture bottom left page 8

Materials: 13 (14, 16) balls Villawool Purple Label Ban-Lon; 1 pair each Nos. 8, 9, 10, and 11 needles; 1 crochet hook; 10in. slide fastener; length of ribbon for tie.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 37½ (38, 38½) in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in. using No. 10 needles.

PATTERN FOR SKIRT

1st Row: K 3, * y.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., y.fwd., k 5, rep. from * ending y.fwd., k 3. 2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 1, * y.fwd., k 3 y.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., k 1, rep. from * ending y.fwd., k 1, k 2 tog.

5th Row: K 2 tog., * y.fwd., k 5, y.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., rep. from * ending y.fwd., k 2 tog.

7th Row: K 2, * y.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., k 1, y.fwd., k 3, rep. from * ending y.fwd., k 2. 8th Row: Purl.

Rep. these 8 rows inclusive.

PATTERN FOR BODICE

1st and 2nd Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: K 1, * yarn at back

Double take in crunchy white

See color picture bottom right, page 8

Cable dress with belt

Materials: 28 (29, 30) balls Patons Courtelle Double knitting yarn; 1 pr. No. 9 needles; cable needle; 16in. lightning slide-fastener.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; hips, 33 (35, 37) in.; length, 39in. (or length required); sleeve, 7½in. (all sizes). **Tension:** 11½ sts. to 2in. over 8 rows.

PATTERN

1st Row: * K 5, p 2, place next 2 sts. on cable needle and hold at front of work, k 2, k 2 sts. from cable needle, p 2, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5.

2nd Row: * P 5, k 2, p 4, k 2, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 5.

3rd Row: * K 5, p 2, k 4, p 2, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows 3 times, then 2nd row once. These 10 rows form pattern.

FRONT

Cast on 122 (135, 148) sts. and work in g-st. for 3 rows.

****Next Row:** * K 5, p 2, k 4, p 2, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5.

Next Row: * P 5, k 2, p 4, k 2, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 5.

Rep. above 2 rows 3 times, then work in patt. as given.

Cont. until work measures 14in. from beg. (adjust length here as required). Keeping patt. in order, dec. 1 st. each end of needle in next and foll. 20th rows 3 times altog. (116, 129, 142 sts.), then each end of foll. 10th rows twice (112, 125, 138 sts.). Cont. inc. 1 st. each end of foll. 20th rows until inc. to 116 (129, 142) sts. Cont. until work measures 31in. from beg. (or length required), ending on wrong-side row.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping patt. in order, cast off 7 (8, 9)

sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 96 (105, 116) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 5¼ (5½, 5¾) in. on straight, ending on wrong side.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Work 30 (32, 35) sts., cast off centre 36 (41, 46) sts., work to end. Cont. on these last sts. only, casting off at neck edge on alt. rows, 3 sts. once, 2 sts. once, and 1 st. 5 times. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 7½ (8, 8) in. on the straight, ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 7 (7, 8) sts. twice, and 6 (8, 9) sts. once. Return to rem. sts. on needle, join yarn to neck edge and work other side to correspond in reverse.

BACK

Work as front until dec. has been completed, ending on wrong-side row 112 (125, 138) sts.

Next Row: Work 56 (62, 69) sts., turn.

*Cont. in patt. on these last sts.

2nd Size Only: Cast on 1 st. at slide fastener (centre back) edge in next row (63 sts.).

All Sizes: Inc. 1 st. at side edge in foll. 20th rows twice, to correspond with front 58 (65, 71) sts. Cont. until work measures as front, ending at side edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 7 (8, 9) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. on same edge on alt. rows until dec. to 48 (53, 58) sts. Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 6 (6½, 6¾) in. on straight, ending at centre edge.

Next Row: Cast off 21 (24, 26) sts., work to end. Cont. casting off on centre edge on alt. rows, 3 sts. once, 2 sts. once, and 1 st. twice.

Cont. until armhole measures same as front armhole, ending at side edge. Shape shoulder to

correspond with front. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn to centre edge.

2nd size only: Cast off next st.

All Sizes: Work to correspond with other side in reverse, from *.

SLEEVES

Cast on 70 sts. (all sizes) and work 3 rows in g-st. Work from ** to ** of front, inc. 1 st. each end of needle in next and foll. 8th rows until inc. to 80 (86, 90) sts., taking all incs. into pattern. Cont. until sleeve measures 7½in. (or length required), ending on wrong-side row. Cast off 7 (8, 9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until 20 (24, 28) sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Using small back-stitch, join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Press seams lightly with a cool, dry iron. Insert slide-fastener.

COLLAR

Cast on 33 sts. and work in g-st. for 3 rows. Work from ** to ** of front, keeping 2 end sts. in g-st. throughout. Cont. until strip fits round neck edge. Work 3 rows in g-st. and cast off.

TO FINISH OFF

With wrong side of collar facing, and right side of garment facing, flat-seam collar to garment. Turn under g-st. border and sl-st. in position on outside edge.

BELT

Materials: 1 ball each of 2 contrasting colors Patons Charm crochet and knitting yarn; 1in. wide stiffening; 2 press studs; Milwards Phantom crochet hook No. 9.

Measurements: To fit 26in. waist (or required measurement); width of belt, 1in.

Tension: 10 d.c. to 2in. in width.

Note: Work in d.c. throughout. To join colors, work through last 2 loops of d.c. with second color. Keep thread not in use to wrong side of work.

TO MAKE

Using 1st contrast, make 11 ch.

1st Row: D.c. in 2nd ch., d.c. in next 3 ch.; join 2nd color on next d.c., d.c. in next 5 ch., 1 ch., turn (10 d.c.).

2nd Row: D.c. in 4 d.c., join 1st color on next d.c., d.c. in next 5 d.c., 1 ch. turn.

Rep. 2nd row until work measures 30in. (or length desired). With wrong side facing, dec. 1 d.c. at beg. of next row, then on alt. rows, twice. Dec. 1 d.c. each end of next 2 rows. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Cut stiffening to length of belt, shaping end. Place stiffening down centre of belt, using flat-seam sew down centre back. Stitch through stiffening to keep belt firm. Finish ends neatly. Sew on press studs. Press lightly.

Shift with lace trim

Materials: 24 (25) balls Patons Courtelle Double knitting yarn; 1 pr. No. 8 needles; Milwards Phantom crochet hook No. 7.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust; hips, 35 (37) in.; length, 38½ (39) in., with crochet edging (or length required).

Tension: 6½ sts. to 1in. over rib.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; dec., decrease; ch., chain; sts., stitches; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; sp., space; d.c., double crochet.

BACK

Cast on 121 (127) sts. and work in rib as follows:

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Go-anywhere tops

See color picture bottom right page 8

Pale blue with frill

Materials: 9 (9, 10) balls Emu Scotch 4-ply or Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply; 1 No. 11 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust, actual measurement will be 1in. larger for easy fit; length, 20½ (20½, 22) in.

Tension: 4 shells to 1½in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; tr., treble; d.c., double crochet; sl-st., slip-stitch; to make 1 shell: 2 tr. into same stitch or space.

BACK

**** Using No. 11 hook, make 21 (87, 93) ch.**

1st Row: 1 tr. in 5th ch. from hook * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. in next ch., rep. from * to end, turn.

2nd Row: 3 ch., 1 shell in 2nd tr. of prev. row, * 1 shell in next tr., rep. from * to end, 1 tr. in last tr., turn.

3rd Row: 3 ch., * 1 shell in centre of shell of prev. row, rep. from * to end, 1 tr. in last tr., turn.

4th Row: 4 ch., * 1 tr. in centre of shell of prev. row, 1 ch., rep. from * to end, 1 tr. in last tr., turn.

Rep. these last 3 pattern rows until work measures 14½ (14½, 16) in. or required length, ending on 3rd row of pattern.

To Shape Armholes—1st Row: Sl-st. over 1st tr. and 3 shells, 1 d.c. in centre of next shell, 1 ch., * 1 tr. in next tr., 1 ch., rep. from * to last 4 shells and 1 tr., 1 d.c. in next shell, turn.

2nd Row: Sl-st. over 1st d.c. and 1 tr., 1 d.c. in next tr., * 1 shell in next tr., rep. from * to last 2 tr., 1 d.c. in next tr., turn.

3rd Row: Sl-st. over 1st d.c. and 1 tr., 3 ch., * 1 shell in centre of next shell, rep. from * to end, 1 tr. in last stitch. ***

Cont. in patt. until armholes measure 3in. (all sizes), ending on 4th row of patt.

To Shape Neck—Right Back Shoulder:

1st Row: 3 ch., (1 shell into next tr.) 10 (11, 12) times, 1 d.c. in next tr., turn.

2nd Row: Sl-st. over 1st shell, 1 d.c. and 1 tr. in centre of next shell, patt. to end of row, turn.

3rd Row: 4 ch., (1 tr. in shell, 1 ch.) 7 (7, 8) times, 1 d.c. in next shell, turn.

4th Row: Sl-st. over 1st d.c. and tr., 1 shell in next tr., patt. to end, turn.

5th Row: 3 ch., 1 shell into prev. shell 4 (4, 5) times, 1 d.c. in next shell, turn.

6th Row: 4 ch., patt. to end.

7th Row: Patt. to end, fasten off.

Left Back Shoulder:

With right side of work facing, join wool at neck edge 10 shells from armhole edge. Work in patt. to correspond with right back shoulder in reverse. Fasten off.

FRONT

Work as for back from *** to ***. Cont. in patt. until armholes measure 2½in. (all sizes), ending on 3rd row of pattern.

To Shape Neck—Left Front Shoulder:

1st Row: (3 ch., 1 shell in centre of next shell) 10 (11, 12) times, 1 d.c. in next tr., turn.

2nd Row: Sl-st. over 1 d.c., 1 shell, then 1 d.c. in next tr., 4

ch., * 1 tr. in centre of shell, 1 ch., rep. from * to end, turn.

3rd Row: 3 ch., (1 shell in next tr.) 7 (7, 8) times, 1 d.c. in next tr., turn.

4th Row: Sl-st. over 1 d.c., 1 shell, 1 d.c. in next tr., 1 shell into next shell, cont. in patt. to end, turn.

5th Row: 4 ch. (1 tr. in shell, 1 ch.) 4 (4, 5) times, 1 tr. in last st., turn. Cont. in patt. until armhole measures same as back. Fasten off.

Right Front Shoulder:

With right side of work facing, join wool at neck edge 10 shells from armhole edge. Work to correspond with Left Front Shoulder in reverse. Fasten off.

COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. With wrong side facing, work 1 row d.c. round neck edge, turn.

With right side facing, proceed thus:

1st Round: 6 ch., * 1 tr. in next d.c., 2 ch., rep. from * to end, join with a sl-st. to 3rd ch.

2nd Round: 3 ch., 2 tr. in next space, 3 ch., * 3 tr. in next space, 3 ch., rep. from * to end of round, join with a sl-st.

3rd Round: 3 ch., * 3 ch., 3 tr. in next space, rep. from * to end, ending with 2 tr. in last, space join with a sl-st. to 3rd ch.

4th Round: * 3 d.c. in next space, 3 ch., rep. from * to end, ending with 1 d.c. in last st. Fasten off.

With right side facing, work 6 rows d.c. along lower edge of back and front and 4 rows d.c. round armholes.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth. If Bri-Nylon used press over dry cloth instead of damp cloth. Sew up side seams.

Navy-blue camisole

Materials: 5 (6, 7) balls Emu Scotch 4-ply or Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 7, 9, and 10 knitting needles; medium crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust, actual measurement will be 1in. larger for easy fit; length from shoulder, 18½ (19, 19½) in.

Tension: 6 sts. and 8 rows 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; w.r.n., wool round needle; w.b.k., wool back; dec., decrease; rep., repeat; d.c., double crochet; m-st., moss-stitch worked thus: K 1, * p 1, k 1 rep. from * to end, rep. this row.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 15 sts., break yarn, leave sts. on a spare needle. Cast on another 15 sts. and leave on a spare needle.

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 101 (105, 109) sts. and work in m-st. for 1in. Change to No. 7 needles and work in following pattern:

1st Row: P 1, * w.r.n., p 2nd and 3rd sts. on left-hand needle tog., w.b.k., k 1st st., slip the 3 sts. off tog. (this will be termed "twist 3"), w.r.n., p 1, rep.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. above 2 rows until work measures 31in. from beg. (or length required). Place markers each end of work, then inc. 1 st. each end of next 5 rows. Cast on 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. 141 (147) sts. Cont. in rib until work measures 6½ (7) in. from markers.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row, 8 sts. twice, 8 (9) sts. 6 times, 9 sts. 4 times. Cast off rem. sts.

FRONT

As back until work measures 3½ (3½) in. above markers at armhole edge.

To Shape Neck (right side facing): Rib 60 (63) sts., cast off 21 sts., rib to end.

Cont. on these last sts. only, leaving rem. sts. on spare needle. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on foll. 5 rows, then on alt. rows until 50 (53) sts. rem.

Cont. until work measures same as back, ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 8 sts. once, 8 (9) sts. 3 times, and 9 sts. twice. Return to rem. sts. on spare needle, join yarn to neck edge and work to correspond in reverse.

TO MAKE UP

Using small back-stitch, join seams. Gently press seams with cool, dry iron.

Crochet Edging: Work following round neck, armhole, and lower edges:

1st Row (right side facing): 4 ch., * miss 2 sts., 1 tr. in next st., 1 ch., rep. from * to end.

Join with a sl-st. to 3rd of first 4 ch.

2nd Row: Sl-st. to centre of sp., 4 ch., 1 tr. in sp., * 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next sp., 2 ch., (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) in next sp., rep. from * to end. Join with a sl-st. to 3rd of first 4 ch.

from * to last 4 sts., w.r.n., "twist 3," p 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 3, k 2, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 3, k 1.

3rd Row: P 1, * k 3, p 2, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 3, p 1.

4th Row: K 1, * p 3, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 3, k 1.

These 4 rows complete pattern. Continue in pattern, when work measures 12in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows (not counting made sts.), dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 4 times. 77 (81, 85) sts. Continue in pattern, when armholes measure 4 (4½, 5) in., ending on 4th row of pattern, work yoke as follows:

Change to No. 9 needles, work in m-st. over 15 sts. left on spare needle, work in m-st. across the 77 (81, 85) pattern sts., then m-st. remaining 15 sts. from spare needle 107 (111, 115) sts. M-st. 7 more rows.

9th Row: K 2 tog., m-st. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

10th Row: M-st.

Change to No. 10 needles.

11th Row: K 2 tog., m-st. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

12th Row: M-st.

Rep. 11th and 12th rows. Cast off firmly in m-st.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press with warm iron over damp cloth. If Bri-Nylon has been used press lightly with warm iron over dry cloth. Join shoulder seams neatly. Work 1 row d.c. round armholes easing in to fit firmly. Sew up side seams.



DRAWSTRING DRESS is cool and casual in knitted lace; edges are outlined in crocheted picot. Directions for 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust sizes are on page 6.

DOUBLE TAKE in crunchy white — one tailored with a cable design and contrast striped belt, the other a sleek shift with simple lace trim. Directions, page 7.

A second facet of summer ... the jelly-bean pastels



LONDON CALLING with a new thigh-high skimmer gently fitted under the bustline. If you're nervous of the knee look, make it any length you like. See page 6.

GO-ANYWHERE TOPS will take you to the beach in the morning, on to an al-fresco lunch, then to casual evening parties. Directions for both are on page 7.

